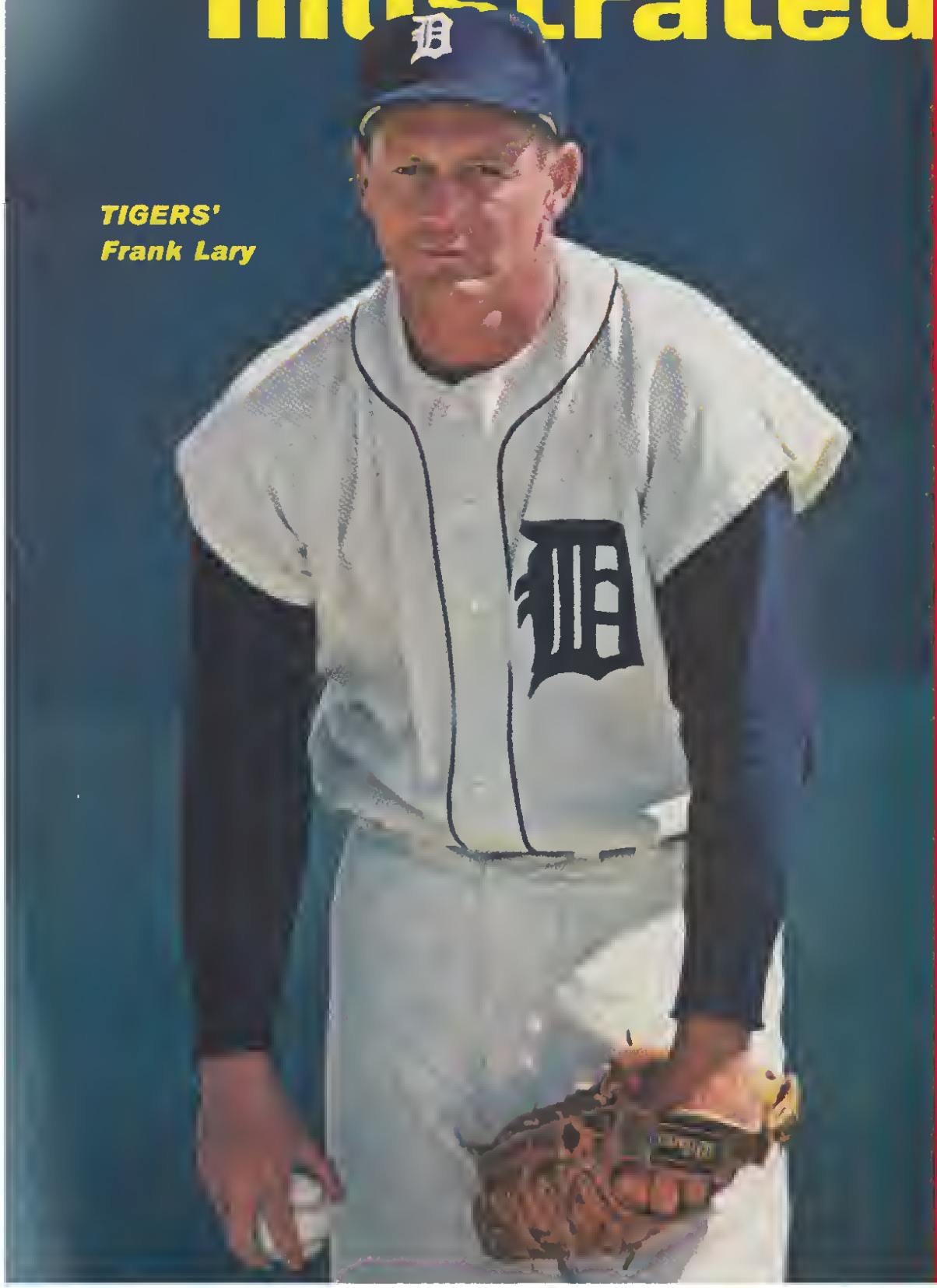
Sports Illustrated

APRIL 9, 1962 25 CENTS



TIGERS'
Frank Lary

SPECIAL ISSUE BASEBALL



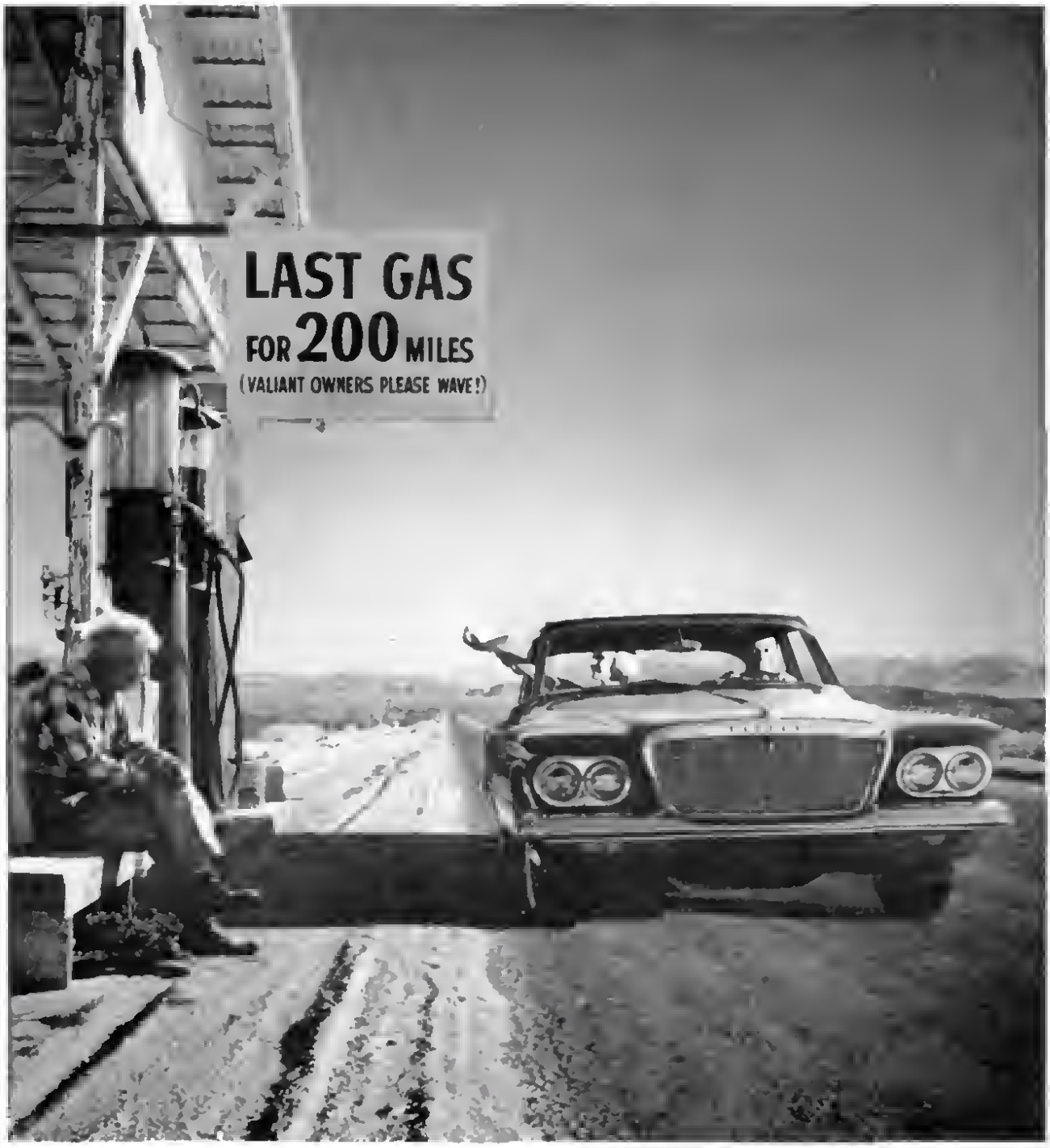
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YOUR COMMENTS INVITED. *Write: Chairman of the Board, Union Oil Company, Union Oil Center, Los Angeles 17, California.*

Union Oil Company OF CALIFORNIA

Contents

APRIL 9, 1962 *Volume 16, Number 14*

Cover photograph by John G Zimmerman

22 Some Play for Fun

With the infectious joy of youth, college students battle for championships in golf, swimming and—yes—pool

95 A Corner on American Muscle

Garrulous Bob Hoffman has made a fortune as the barbell king and the elder statesman of U.S. weight lifting

107 $10,000 Worth of Sweetbreads

Frills, skills and one-G hills made the Kaiser cookout contest in Hawaii a truly championship affair

BASEBALL 1962

28 Change and Challenge

Baseball promises a lot of new faces. This year it will be harder than ever to tell the players without a scorecard

30 They Make the Game Go

A color portfolio dedicated to those high-strung, long-muscled aristocrats of the national game—the pitchers

36 Perfect Man for the Job

Some observations on—and conversations with—Ford C. Frick, baseball's high commissioner and man of silence

44 Scouting Reports

AMERICAN LEAGUE		NATIONAL LEAGUE	
46	New York Yankees	72	Cincinnati Reds
48	Detroit Tigers	74	Los Angeles Dodgers
50	Baltimore Orioles	76	San Francisco Giants
52	Chicago White Sox	78	Milwaukee Braves
54	Cleveland Indians	80	St. Louis Cardinals
56	Boston Red Sox	82	Pittsburgh Pirates
58	Minnesota Twins	84	Chicago Cubs
60	Los Angeles Angels	86	Philadelphia Phillies
62	Kansas City Athletics	88	Houston Colt .45s
64	Washington Senators	90	New York Mets

112 Pennant Race

Baseball's pitcher-writer, Jim Brosnan of the Cincinnati Reds, dips into his diary for some inside information

The departments

13 Point of Fact
19 Scorecard
133 For the Record
134 19th Hole



SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, published weekly by TIME Inc., 540 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Ill., except one issue at year end. Second-class postage paid at Chicago, Ill. and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada and for payment of postage in cash. U.S. and Canadian subscriptions $6.75 a year. This issue published in national and separate editions. Additional pages of separate editions numbered or allowed for as follows: eastern, E1–E8; western, W1–W4.

Acknowledgments on page 133

Next week

THE BEST GOLFERS in the land will be placed in sharp focus as SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's color cameras help Editor Alfred Wright cover the 35th playing of the famed Masters.

DONNA DE VARONA, an Olympic swimmer at 13 and a world record holder at 14, is worried about "kids coming up." A report on the best of the superb young swimmers.

JONATHAN RHOADES reconstructs the days when, with the trout season almost under way, his father, an angling purist, was readying flies, rods and—mostly—a worm shovel.

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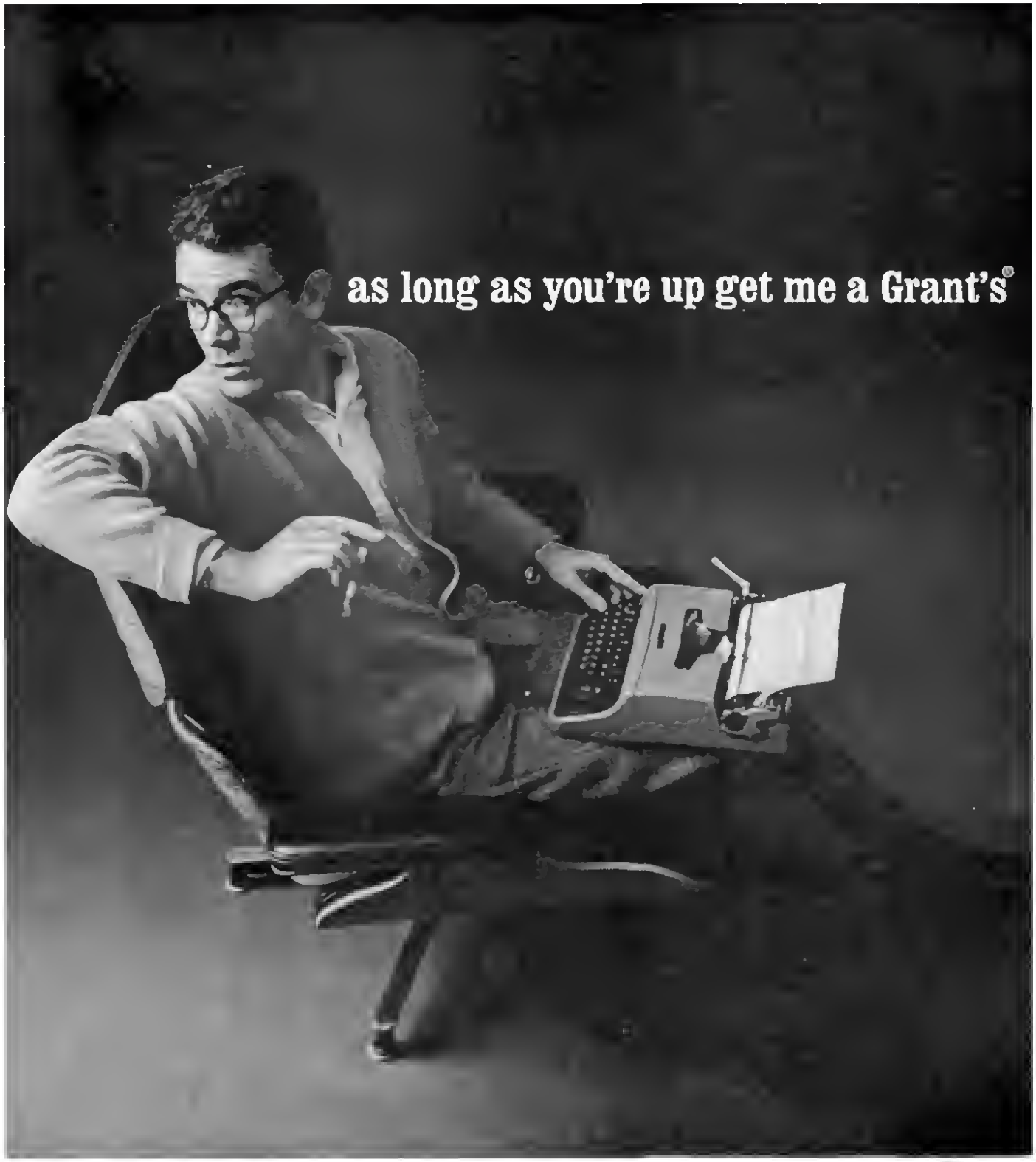
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INSURANCE FOR THE SPORTS-ACTIVE

FAMILY



Sports are more fun when you are free from fear of financial loss. How your insurance can be arranged to give you security from sports risks is pointed out here by The Hartford.

Special insurance needs above and beyond the average go along with sports activity. There is, for example, always the risk of loss or damage to expensive sporting equipment, or of a disabling accident to a member of the family, or of injuring someone else and facing costly liability.

Safeguarding your investment in equipment

Golf clubs, scuba outfits, fishing tackle, camping gear—virtually every kind of sporting equipment—should be protected against loss by theft, fire, and a host of other risks through modern insurance coverages. The individual situation of the sportsman determines the kind and amount of insurance which he needs.

First, check your Homeowner's policy

Under this modern, comprehensive "package policy"—now widely carried by homeowners—your sports equipment is probably at least partially covered. It is insured against loss by theft, fire, and a long list of other perils, while it is on your property, and for up to 10% of the "personal articles" coverage of your policy when you take it away from home. It is covered, for example, at a vacation cottage while you are living there, or when kept in your locked car. Depending on what equipment you own and how much you use it, this Homeowner's coverage may be enough. Chances are, though, you wouldn't wish to let it go at that. A chat with your insurance agent will show you exactly how much your Homeowner's policy covers, and whether you should consider taking out a special, but low-cost, Hartford Personal Articles "Floater" Policy.

"Floater" policies offer most complete protection

If your family's accumulation of sports equipment represents a substantial investment, the Personal Articles "Floater" may he just the policy for you. It can be issued to insure such varied items as golfing, hunting and fishing equipment; ice skates, toboggans and other winter sports accessories; cameras, binoculars and telescopes; outboard motors, outboard boats and their fittings, and boat trailers. The protection it gives is very broad—practically all risks of damage and destruction by the elements and accidental causes, as well as most theft or burglary losses, are covered.

If, on the other hand, your sports interest centers in just one area—say golf or boating, for example—the best and most economical way for you to in-

sure may be through a Golfer's Equipment "Floater," or the Outboard Motor and Boat "Floater." Such policies are available for just about every specific field of sport. They all cover so many risks so well that you will find it interesting and well worthwhile to discuss them with your local Hartford Group Agent.

If you are injured

Let's face it. There *is* an element of danger in many sports. If you are injured, the medical expenses can be costly. If you are disabled and unable to work for an extended period, your loss of income could be disastrous.

Here, again, insurance offers an answer.

Suppose you suffer a serious head injury in a diving accident. The medical bills run to several thousand dollars—far more perhaps than is covered by your hospitalization insurance. That's where Hartford Major Medical insurance could come in. Major Medical is sometimes called "catastrophe" insurance because it is often written to cover medical costs as high as $10,000. People usually take a $500 deductible on their Major Medical, counting on their basic hospitalization and surgical benefits insurance to cover expenses up to that amount. When the costs go above this, Major Medical takes over and pays most of the remaining hospital, surgical, and other medical expenses.

Income while disabled

Hartford's accident insurance is designed to keep money coming in when you're laid up and can't work. This protection can pay you a monthly income up to $600 while you're disabled by an accidental injury. These payments may be set up to continue for as long as you are unable to work—even for a lifetime. It also applies to *non*-sports accidents.

What if you injure someone else?

You water-ski into a swimmer. You accidentally shoot another hunter. A small child tries to start the outboard motor in your unattended boat . . . and is injured.

Accidents like these, for which you may be held legally liable, could cost you many thousands of dollars. Comprehensive liability insurance is the answer. If you already have a Hartford Homeowner's Policy it provides protection against such damage claims. This coverage applies to your sports activities at home and away from home.

Other insurance needs increased

Usually the sportsman finds himself on the road more than the average man. He's heading for the lakeshore and a weekend on the water . . . or away on a camping trip . . . or off to a skeet shoot. Because he uses his car more than the average driver, he would be wise to discuss the adequacy of his automobile insurance with a local Hartford Group Agent. Are the liability limits sufficient? Is the collision coverage realistic? Is he properly covered for the use of a trailer home?

Key to your planning—THE HARTFORD AGENT

Developing a protection program that is right for you requires the services of a knowledgeable professional – The Hartford Group Agent. Because The Hartford Group offers insurance of every kind, including home, car, life, and health – he can objectively analyze your requirements overall, and balance your insurance dollars to fit them best. Supplementing his capabilities are the extensive coast-to-coast facilities of The Hartford Insurance Group—its 260 claim offices, and 34,000 Agents, who all are ready to serve you wherever you travel. The Hartford Agent in your community is probably listed in the Yellow Pages under Hartford Insurance. Or look for him wherever you see the familiar Stag trademark displayed.



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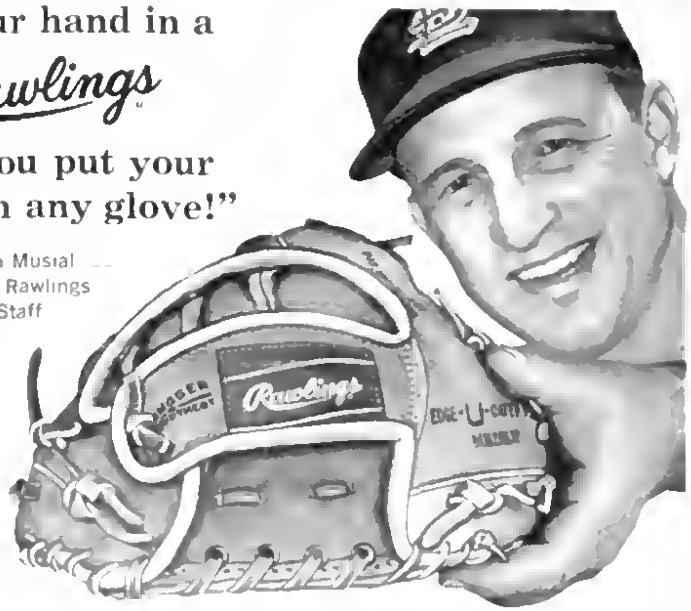
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POINT OF FACT

A major league baseball quiz to jog the memory and increase the knowledge of casual fans and armchair experts

The questions in this quiz refer only to records since 1900.

? *Casey Stengel shares a National League record with Willie McCovey of the Giants and Mack Jones, a young outfielder with the Braves. What is it?*

• Each made four hits in his first game in the major leagues. Casey had four singles in his debut with the Dodgers in 1912; McCovey hit two triples and two singles in 1959; and Jones had a double and three singles when he broke in last year.

? *Last season Roger Maris hit 30 home runs at home and 31 home runs on the road. Was either of these a record for home runs by one player a) at his home park? b) away from home?*

• No. a) Hank Greenberg of the Detroit Tigers hit 39 home runs at home (58 overall) in 1938. b) Babe Ruth hit 32 home runs on the road in 1927.

? *Vada Pinson of the Cincinnati Reds had 208 hits in 1961 to lead the National League, and Norm Cash of the Tigers had 193 hits to lead the American League. Who was the last player to get at least 200 hits in the AL?*

• Al Kaline of the Tigers had exactly 200 hits in 1955, the last time an American Leaguer reached that mark. Since then six National Leaguers have had 200 hits: Henry Aaron of the Milwaukee Braves (200 in 1956, 223 in 1959), Red Schoendienst, who split the season between the New York Giants and the Braves (200 in 1957); Richie Ashburn of the Philadelphia Phils, now with the N.Y. Mets (215 in 1958); Willie Mays of the Giants (208 in 1958); Vada Pinson of the Reds (205 in 1959, 208 in 1961); Roberto Clemente of the Pittsburgh Pirates (201 in 1961).

? *Has any player a) made three hits in one inning? b) scored three runs in one inning?*

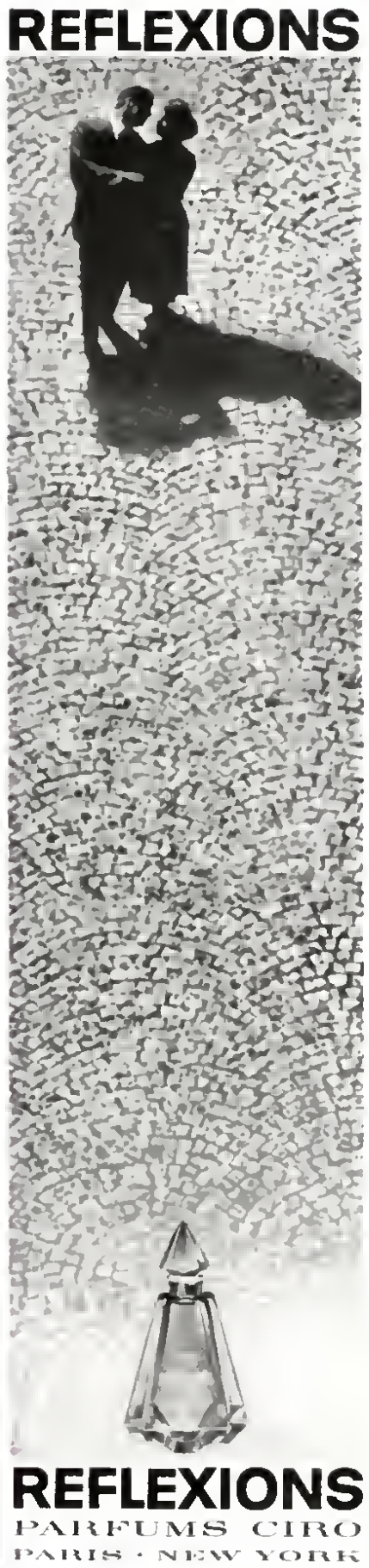
• In the seventh inning of a game between the Red Sox and the Tigers on June 18, 1953, Gene Stephens, a .210 hitter with the Sox (now with the Athletics), got two singles and a double. Sammy White, the Sox catcher (now with the Phillies), scored three times that inning. In all, 16 major league records were broken or tied as the Red Sox, who won the game 23-3, scored 17 runs on 14 hits in that one inning.

? *Who were the last five players to get six hits in one game?*

• Pete Runnels of the Red Sox in 1960 (five singles, one double), Dick Groat of the Pirates in 1960 (three doubles, three singles), Joe DeMaestri of the Athletics in 1955 (six singles), Jimmy Piersall of the Red Sox—now with the Senators—in 1953 (one double, five singles) and Connie Ryan of the Phils in 1953 (two doubles, four singles).

? *Jake Wood of the Tigers led the majors last season with 14 triples. When was the last time a player in the AL and the NL hit 20 triples?*

continued



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POINT OF FACT

• Willie Mays had 20 triples in 1957. Dale Mitchell of the Indians hit 23 triples in 1949.

? *Only 12 major league hitters have ever had 400 or more total bases in one season. Has any player had 400 total bases in more than one season?*

• Lou Gehrig of the Yankees had 400 total bases five different times—447 in 1927, 419 in 1930, 410 in 1931, 409 in 1934 and 403 in 1936. Chuck Klein of the Phillies totaled 405 bases in 1929, 445 in 1930 and 420 in 1932. Three players have done it in two different seasons—Babe Ruth (457 in 1921, 417 in 1927), Jimmy Foxx of the Athletics (438 in 1932, 403 in 1933) and Rogers Hornsby of the Cardinals (450 in 1922, 410 in 1929). The last National League player to achieve 400 total bases was Henry Aaron (400 in 1959), and the last American Leaguer to do it was Joe DiMaggio (418 in 1937).

? *What player led his league in home runs for the most consecutive seasons?*

• Ralph Kiner of the Pirates led the National League seven straight seasons (1946-1952). Babe Ruth holds the record in the American League with six consecutive years (1926–31).

? *Only four players have ever hit 20 or more doubles, triples and home runs in the same season. Who are they?*

• Frank Schulte of the Cubs had 30 doubles, 21 triples and 21 homers in 1911. Jim Bottomley of the Cardinals had 42 doubles, 20 triples and 31 homers in 1928. Jeff Heath of the Indians had 32 doubles, 20 triples and 24 homers in 1941, and Willie Mays hit 26 doubles, 20 triples and 35 homers in 1957. Mays also stole 38 bases that year.

? *What were the most runs ever scored in a game by one player?*

• Six. Mel Ott of the Giants did it in 1934 and 1944, Johnny Pesky of the Red Sox in 1946 and Frank Torre of the Braves in 1957.

? *Mickey Mantle led the majors in walks last season with 126. Has any player ever received 150 or more walks in one season?*

• Babe Ruth had 170 walks in 1923; Ted Williams had 162 walks in 1947 and 1949, and 156 in 1946, and Eddie Yost of the Senators (now with the Angels) had 151 in 1956. No National Leaguer has ever received 150 walks. The NL record is 148, set by Eddie Stanky of the Dodgers in 1945.

continued



Will there ever be another Babe Ruth?

Up at the plate, Babe Ruth was the picture of confidence. And no wonder. He had the most extraordinary reflexes and explosive swing of any man who ever held a bat.

The records prove it. He hit 60 home runs in one season, over 50 in 4, over 40 in 11. In his regular-season career, he hit 714, 180 more than his nearest competitor.

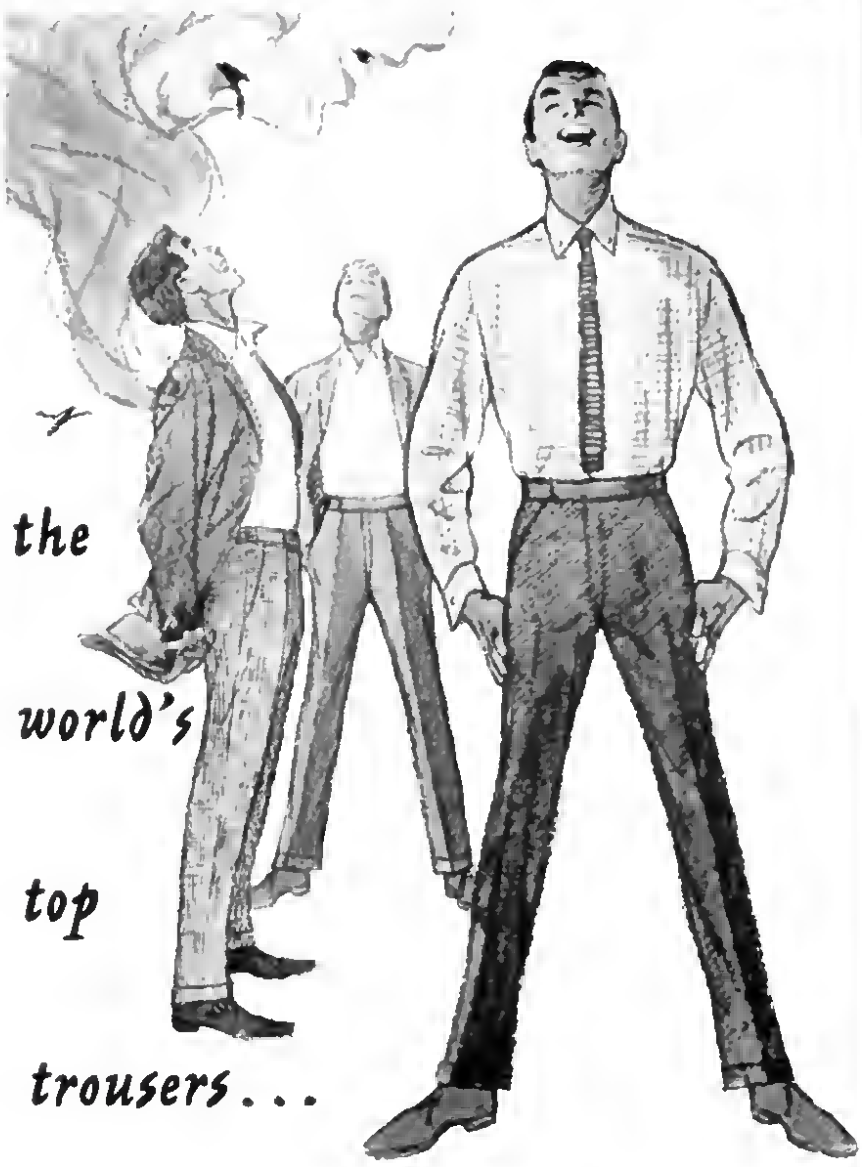
Yet a man like Babe can't really be measured by ordinary statistics. He was a legend—with a booming laugh that could be heard in the bleachers.

Never in the history of American sports have our kids had a greater hero than Babe Ruth. Today, they still idolize him. And the way they try to emulate him plays an important part in making our country physically fit.

Our national leaders have stated that physical fitness, particularly the fitness of our young people, has never been more important than it is today. It is essential that youth be given the chance to develop to its fullest both at home and in school. Equitable is proud that millions of youngsters have been given this chance through Living Insurance. The Equitable Life Assurance Society of the United States. Home Office: 1285 Avenue of Americas, New York 19, N.Y. ©1962

For an attractive 7¾ by 11 inch reproduction of this drawing, send your name and address and the words, Babe Ruth, *to: Equitable, G.P.O. Box 1828, New York 1, N.Y.*

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Daks are an international synonym for sartorial good taste. Men who wear them are noticed and admired. No other trousers create such a feeling of casual elegance, give such confidence and satisfaction. Choose your Daks (and jackets, too) from a magnificent array of weights, colours and shades. Tailored by S. Simpson Ltd., London, England and franchised to the world's most distinguished stores. From $31.50—slightly higher in the Western States.

• Simpson Imports, Inc., 9 East 37th Street, New York 16, N.Y.

POINT OF FACT *continued*

? *What player won the batting title in each league with the lowest percentage?*

• Elmer Flick of the Indians led the American League in 1905 with a .306 average, George Stirnweiss of the Yankees in 1945 with .309 and Pete Runnels of the Red Sox in 1960 with .320. Larry Doyle of the Giants had the lowest winning average in the National League with .320 in 1915. Edd Roush of the Reds hit .321 in 1919, and Dick Groat of the Pirates hit .325 in 1960.

? *Sixteen major league pitchers have had both the best won and lost record and the leading ERA in their league in the same season. Has any one of them topped his league in both departments in more than one season?*

• Only Lefty Grove of the Athletics and Red Sox and Walter Johnson of the Senators. Grove did it four times—1929 (2.82 ERA, 20-6), 1930 (2.54 ERA, 28-5), 1931 (2.05 ERA, 31-4) and 1938 (3.07 ERA, 14-4). Johnson did it twice—1913 (1.09 ERA, 36-7) and 1924 (2.72 ERA, 23-7). The last American League pitcher to win both titles was Whitey Ford in 1956 (2.47 ERA, 19-6), and the last National Leaguer was Johnny Antonelli of the Giants in 1954 (2.29 ERA, 21-7).

? *Sandy Koufax of the Los Angeles Dodgers had 269 strikeouts last season. This broke the National League record held by Christy Mathewson of the Giants (267 in 1903). Has any American League pitcher struck out more men than Koufax?*

• Yes. Bobby Feller of the Indians (348 strikeouts in 1946), Walter Johnson of the Senators (303 in 1912, 313 in 1910), Ed Walsh of the White Sox (269 in 1908) and Rube Waddell of the Athletics (286 in 1905, 343 in 1904, 301 in 1903).

? *What pitcher has hit the most home runs in one season?*

• Wes Ferrell of the Indians hit nine homers in 1931. Don Newcombe (1955) and Don Drysdale (1958) of the Dodgers each hit seven.

? *Warren Spahn of the Braves pitched the only no-hitter in the majors last season (1-0 win over the Giants). When was the last no-hitter in the American League?*

• On September 20, 1958 Hoyt Wilhelm of the Baltimore Orioles no-hit the Yankees 1-0.



Ted Williams tells schoolboys about his new Personal Model glove which Sears sells for $20.

How Sears developed a better fielder's glove —thanks to Ted Williams

Ted Williams, new full-time consultant for Sears, Roebuck and Co. on sporting goods, told us, "This new fielder's glove has more professional features and finer construction than anything I've ever seen. But it doesn't *feel* right." Read what we did to make it perfect.

According to Ted, "A glove has got to have a certain body. But at the same time it's got to be flexible. Too much body makes a glove stiff. Too much flexibility makes it floppy."

The first handmade model of Sears' new professional fielder's glove was too stiff to suit Ted. He suspected the leather used to make the liner was too thick. He asked us to have another glove made up using a softer, thinner piece of leather for the liner. (Technically, a change was made from 4-ounce #1 cowhide to 3½-ounce #1 cowhide.)

Ten days later, the new glove was ready to show to Ted. As he whomped his fist into the pocket, you could see right away he liked it. The "feel" was there—thanks to Ted's tip on the liner leather.

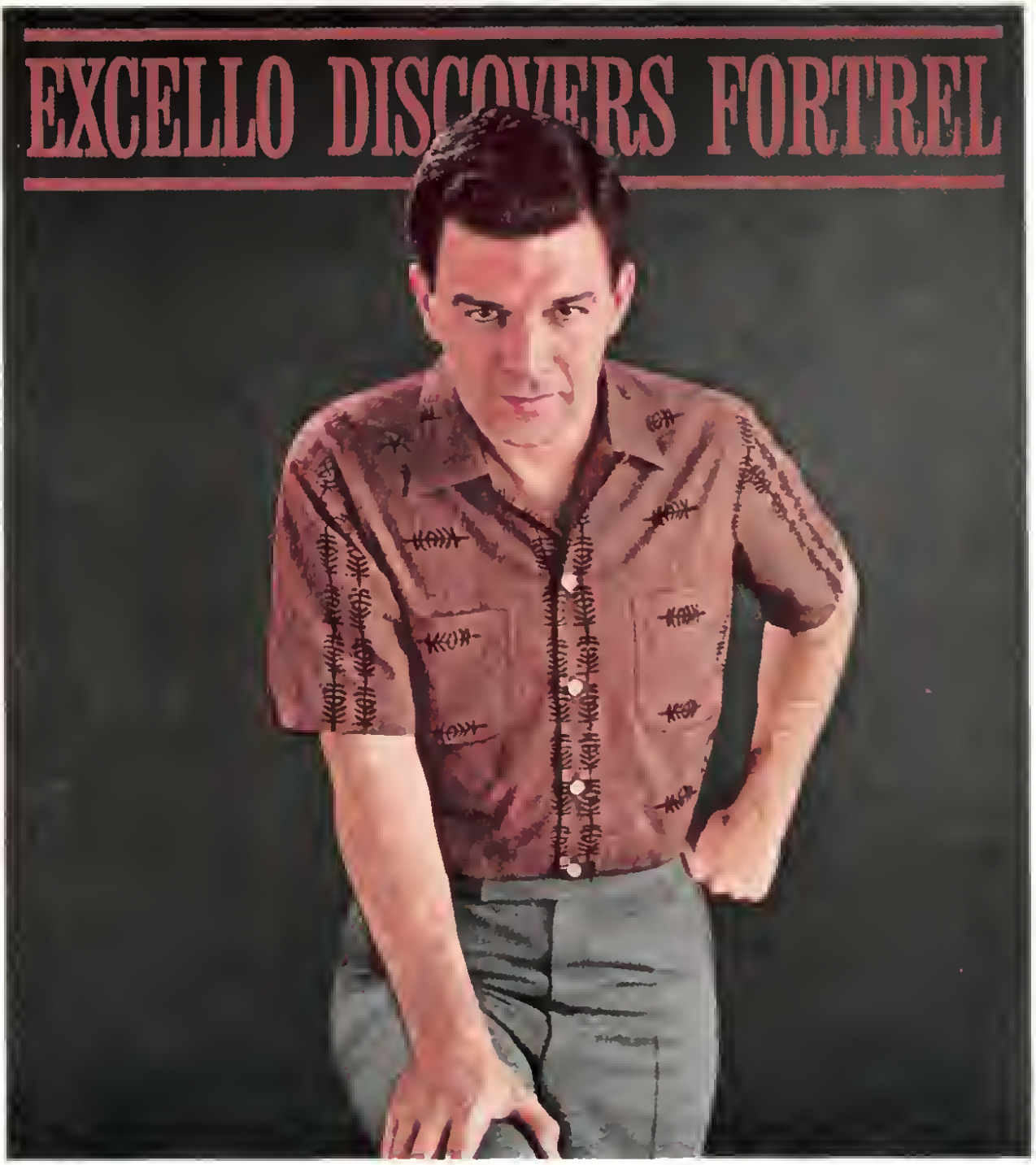
This glove is available only at Sears. It costs $20. With it you get a free 45 RPM record, "Tips on How to Be a Better Hitter," narrated by Ted.



1. Continuous palm, no set-in trap, whole glove is one big pocket
2. Double-hinge, snug narrow heel fits hand perfectly.
3. Spiral lacing forms retaining bead
4. Flat, laced-down padding—ball bounces in not out
5. Laced fingers for bucket action.
6. Outside finger loop plus adjustable thumb and finger loops.
7. Adjustable lace-down wrist strap.
8. Needs no oil—permanently impregnated in tanning process

The free instructional color film, "Batting with Ted Williams," is available to interested organizations. Order from Modern Talking Picture Service, 3 East 54th St., New York 22, N. Y.

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Take a good look at this **Excello** shirt. After a full summer day, you'll see remarkably little difference. Fortrel polyester keeps the striking Polynesian print crisply in press, free of wrinkles and muss. Care couldn't be simpler . . . machine-washing and tumble-drying produce excellent results, and a little touch-up ironing is all that's necessary. Earl-Loom fabric of *65% Fortrel polyester and 35% cotton.* Rust, sandalwood and driftwood in sizes S-M-ML-L-XL. About $10 at Weber & Heilbroner, 11 stores in greater N. Y.; The Denver Dry Goods Co., Denver; Frederick & Nelson, Seattle; The Halle Bros. Co., Cleveland; Macy's, Kansas City, Mo. Celanese Fibers Company, 522 Fifth Avenue, New York 36 (a division of Celanese Corporation of America) Celanese® Fortrel® is a trademark of Fiber Industries, Inc

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the fiber
that keeps
its promise

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POLYESTER FIBER

SCORECARD

THE STILL-SWEET SCIENCE

In the great, rolling chorus of protest that has followed the Griffith-Paret fight, some of the notes sounded clear and true. An apparently healthy young man has died after 10 long days in coma, and a lot of honest people are honestly concerned. But most of the score has been richly strident or cheaply sentimental, and the libretto has proved shallow, gratuitous or, worse, opportunistic.

Reflexive issue-grabbers have demanded the abolition of what they call an immoral and dangerous sport. Most of their words are nonsense. In percentage of fatalities boxing rates about 11th, behind such calm pursuits as cricket. Medically, it is very well supervised in New York, where there was not a single serious injury in the sport from 1952 until 1960.

Morally—well, the rules of boxing are clear. When they are conscientiously enforced they are plainly aimed at offering rewards for skill and bravery, not at presenting a brutal spectacle. We continue to believe that boxing is a fine and manly sport, and also that it requires strict supervision—to protect it from gangster control and to ensure that the risk of permanent bodily harm be reduced to a reasonable minimum.

We also believe there is nobility in reasonable risk for gain and glory. The race car driver, the boxer, the mountain climber, the matador—all represent an ideal of courage enforced by grace that is badly needed in a culture crying out for excellence.

THE ONE TO ASK

The managerial perch of Walter Alston, rumored to be unsteady because he has failed to bring Los Angeles a pennant in the past two years, swayed closer to the abyss. The Dodgers were playing an exhibition game against the Braves at Bradenton, Fla. During infield practice Randy Fox, 12, freckled and abashed by little on this earth, marched out onto the diamond to the vicinity of Coach Leo Durocher, heir apparent to Alston's job. "I always wanted to be a bat boy," he explained later, "so I just went up to Mr. Durocher and asked him if I could be the Dodgers' bat boy today. He said I could."

Why didn't he ask Mr. Alston, the manager?

"Oh, Mr. Durocher was out hitting ground balls to the infielders and making a lot of noise saying, 'C'mon, baby,' and all that. I just figured he was the one you were supposed to ask."

INSIDE TRACK

• Carleton Mitchell, only skipper ever to win three successive Bermuda Races, will not enter his yawl *Finisterre* in this year's event. Since June 1960 *Finisterre* has been used for only the most casual cruising, and Mitchell feels it would "not be fair to either the boat or the crew" to try for an encore.

• Watch for Air Force Academy to build a strong ice hockey team within the next few years. The Falcons have an exchange agreement with the Royal Canadian Air Force to take 20 cadets a year, and if any of those 20 happen to be hockey players it will not make the administration angry.

• Wherever the Houston Colts manage to finish this season, it will not be in the red. With season ticket sales already past $1,250,000 and an additional $1 million in the bank on radio and TV rights, the new National League team is already assured of breaking no worse than even.

• Chris Craft, traditional giant of the powerboat field, will launch its first sailboat about the first of June. The boat will be a 35-foot auxiliary sloop made of fiberglass, a material with which Chris Craft has long flirted but never before used for large hulls of its own design. Price of the production model will be announced after the prototype is launched and has its shakedown cruise.

• For the first time ever American ski instructors will demonstrate a standard U.S. skiing technique this week at the annual International Ski School Congress at Monte Bandone, Italy. The unified system, a modification of extreme shortswing, is long overdue for U.S. skiers, who have spent many years and many dollars being taught a different system at almost every resort.

• The East-West college basketball game played last week in Kansas City was probably the last to offer a complete roster of the country's outstanding seniors. New NCAA regulations limiting post-season all-star games to vacation periods make it impossible for all the top players to be available at the same time.

THERE'S THE OCTOPUS

The present generation of U.S. octopus watchers, brought up on a diet of the cruiser-sized monsters that writhe and wiggle through TV's *Sea Hunt*, are likely to be disappointed by the shy, one-foot models on display at most aquariums around the country.

"If we give our octopuses a shell," says Christopher Coates, director of the New York Aquarium, "they hide in it and people can't see them. If we take away the shell, they become ashamed and die. In either case, people read the sign on the tank and ask, 'Where's the



octopus?' All day long, it's 'Where's the octopus, where's the octopus?' "

Recently Mr. Coates decided to show them where's the octopus. He bought a big Pacific octopus from the Vancouver aquarium. To get the creature safely to New York he had to resort to hypothermia, a technique surgeons use to freeze a human heart when they operate on it. First the temperature of the octopus was lowered to 38°, then it was wet-packed in four layers of plastic bags and stuffed carefully into a large box lined with plastic foam.

Last week the frozen beast arrived by plane in New York. It took four hours for it to thaw out, but when it finally

continued

did, even the fussiest octopus watcher could see that Mr Coates's troubles were over. The body was as big as a basketball, and the tentacle span at the widest point a formidable 14 feet.

Where's the octopus? Look behind you, Ma'am!

CURTAIN FOR THE TOP BANANA?

Last Saturday, for the first time in memory of man or beast, Eddie Arcaro walked into the paddock of a New York racetrack before a stake race dressed not in silks but in civilian clothing. (Light gray suit, dark blue topcoat, dark tie, no hoops on sleeves, no cap.) Arcaro has not ridden a horse in this country in four months, and since he began a world tour last December there have been constant rumors that his retirement was imminent.

When asked directly if he was retiring Arcaro said, "No," but in the next breath he said, "If I do everyone will know about it at the same time." There is no doubt that Arcaro is having a difficult time in reaching a decision on retirement. "Horses like Kelso and Jaipur are fun to ride and they win a lot of money," he said, "but then there are all the others." While touring the world as a sort of diplomat on horseback Arcaro also picked up a few pounds. "The added weight makes me feel strong for the first time in a long time," he said.

He has been quietly looking into several job offers in which he could capitalize on his name and remain close to racing. If you are a betting man the odds are less than even money that within the next few days Eddie Arcaro will hang up his saddle and hop right into the field of public relations.

THE OLD AND THE NEW

Classified ad in the New Orleans *States Item and Times Picayune*: "Swap my Antonius Stradivarius violin, made in the year 1716, for 40 hp late model Mercury outboard, after 5 p.m. (Telephone 866-2149.)"

HAVE ONE ON US, IVAN

The use of airplanes as a prime instrument in hunting always has made us a little uneasy. Now things have gotten altogether out of hand. Items: 1) In Alaska an airplane hunter took 36 sheep out of a 10-square-mile area, far too many for the herd's future welfare. 2) Farther south, on the Alaska peninsula, a bear hunter and his wife disembarked from a small plane and then sent their pilot aloft to herd and harass a brown bear out of the alders. When the bewildered bear broke from the bush, the client fired a killing shot while his wife looked on proudly. The Alaskan game department tried to confiscate the guide's plane but could not get a court to go along.

Now it seems that the Russians, of all people, may solve this one for us. Last week a 12-plane flight of bush pilots, out after polar bear, flew too close to Russian territory. There was a fast scramble of Soviet jets, and the hunt broke up in record time with no casualties to either side or, happily, to the bear population. We would like to suggest the State Department consider a double standard with regard to Soviet interference with American aircraft.

TOUJOURS LE SPORT

After the Paret tragedy two strangers in a San Francisco bar got together on the platform that boxing should be abolished. One of them said tennis was the best sport in the world. "Whaddya mean, tennis," the other hawled. "Soccer, that's the only game worth playing." They went outside, not to play tennis or soccer, but to settle the matter with their fists. The score: no knockdowns, no damage and no decision, except the tacit one that boxing, in some form, will always be with us.

THEY SAID IT

• Archie Moore, on his latest victim, Argentine heavyweight Alejandro Lavorante, whom the old Mongoose had scouted for a round during Lavorante's quick tuneup knockout of Von Clay: "It doesn't take me more than 30 seconds to size up a fighter. In this case I was afforded almost two minutes to contemplate other matters."

• TV Sports Announcer Chris Schenkel, who carried out what may have been the most fateful experiment in the history of telecasting by saying not one word during the entire Patterson-McNeely light: "I just decided I would shut up and, you know, there wasn't one complaint."

• Don Perkins, Dallas Cowboys' halfback, on the lethal secondary pursuit in pro football: "You get past the line of scrimmage, run 10 yards and suddenly it's like being back at the line of scrimmage again."

• Ex-Brooklyn Dodger catcher Rube Walker, who signaled for the famous pennant-winning home-run pitch to Bobby Thomson in 1951: "If Thomson knew what was coming, he'd never have been in the batter's box. I signaled for a knockdown pitch."

• British Walker Cupper Major David Arthur Blair, on the return of plus fours to British golf courses: "I don't think you Yanks will ever follow suit. You wouldn't stand for the high stockings. They itch."

WHO'S GOT THE YARDSTICK?

Occidental College runner Steve Haas sped down the California college's track last week in what he thought was record time for the 220-yard dash on a turn. It wasn't. Officials found that the course was only a shade over 218 yards and accordingly did not credit Haas with a record. No one could have blamed the sprinter if he had been a bit miffed. Only the week before, Haas had streaked across the finish line in another record-breaking effort with exactly the same unresult. That course also was found to be shy of the required distance.

But short courses are old hat at the Occidental track. Southern California's Bruce Munn had an apparent world record in the 220 evaporate there last year, and for the same reason.

Now, in yachting or balloon racing, where the contestants disappear for days and hurricanes and blizzards ensue, there is some excuse for an occasional discrepancy in the location of the finish line. But on a flat, terrestrial track laid down at a university that presumably boasts at least one mathematician, someone should be able to fix a point that is 220 yards from another point.

FASTER THAN THE AVERAGE BEAR

Just as the other synthetic heroes of TV have faded in the bright glare of John Glenn's achievement, so is Yogi Bear now going into eclipse. He is the victim of the aeronautical exploits of a well-conditioned, carefully selected bear at Edwards Air Force Base, Calif. One bright day last week at an altitude of 35,000 feet this particular bear, neatly tucked inside an escape capsule, came blasting out of a B-58 supersonic jet. With all systems Go, the chute opened and the bear came wafting down to earth some eight minutes later. Bears, it seems, are more like people in size and weight than the chimps they had been using at Edwards. We won't know much more about this, of course, until the bear has been debriefed. **END**

IS YOUR SON READY FOR A MAJOR LEAGUE GLOVE?



✓ CHECK HIS STANDING HERE

	YES	NO
Does he play ball at least 3 times a week?		
Is he a member of an organized team?		
Does he practice conscientiously?		
Is his present glove worn out or too small?		
Would a major league glove give him more confidence?		

If you checked "YES" to 3 or more questions, then he is probably ready for a major league glove. Help him select a Wilson professional model glove at your sporting goods store.



Here's the Wilson A2000

Top glove in the major leagues

Help your boy make the most of his natural ability with the famous Wilson A2000—finest fielder's glove in baseball today!

The Wilson A2000 glove features a deep, concave web design that takes advantage of the ball's own momentum to trap it securely. Exclusive Snap-Action lacing enables the player to close the glove with a flick of the fingers, then open it quickly for lightning-fast throws.

The Wilson A2000 is a durable, major league glove that adjusts to fit a youngster's hand. Help your son select his major league glove today. Get the A2000 from Wilson—America's master glovemaker.

PLAY TO WIN WITH

Wilson

Wilson Sporting Goods Co., Chicago
(A subsidiary of Wilson & Co., Inc.)

Sports Illustrated
APRIL 9, 1962

SOME PLAY FOR FUN

Trained, indoctrinated and dedicated, college football and basketball players look just about as somber in action as they do in the examination hall. By contrast, the college kids' battles last week for championships in golf, swimming and—you better believe it—pool were full of infectious joy and wacky vitality. A dashing golfer (right) played a flirtatious round in Texas and almost won, coeds shot pocket billiards in Indiana without ripping the felt and an Ohio swimming meet ended in the happiest dunking since Colonel Glenn hit the Atlantic



GAY CABALLERO OF COLLEGE GOLF

The University of Houston won its All-America Intercollegiate Invitation Golf Tournament last week—as usual. Not only did Houston win the team championship for the fifth straight year, it took all five other titles as well. Although Homero Blancas (*right*) was second in medal play to Fred Marti (*next page*), he was first in the hearts of the coeds—also as usual. Blancas, of French, Cherokee and Mexican descent, gaily romanced five dazzled chicks during the final round and, laughing, lost by a stroke.

continued



"How can we increase the size of the orders we get in the mail?"

Answer: follow up orders by Long Distance—and sell related items!

When you get an order in the mail from an out-of-town customer, it's an ideal time to telephone him. You can acknowledge the order, thank him for it, and remind him of related items or some special offering.

Your established customers can often be your best prospects for profitable, additional business—and regular contacts with them by personal Long Distance can help you get it.

Many business problems are really communications problems. And they can be solved by effective use of Bell System services such as Long Distance . . . Private Line Telephone . . . Teletypewriter . . . Data Transmission . . . Wide Area Telephone Service. Talk with one of our Communications Consultants about them. Just call your Bell Telephone Business Office.

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Solve business problems with communications



VICTORY TALK BY A WILD ONE

Fred Marti (*left*) is known on the University of Houston golf team as The Wild One—not because he sprays shots into the boondocks but because of his outspoken approach to his approach shots. "Whoa!" or "Bite!" or "Stop, now!" Marti commands as his irons strike. Last week the ball obeyed frequently enough to enable him to win medal honors in Houston's intercollegiate tournament. Marti carded a three-over-par 291, defeating 63 competitors from 16 colleges. His fine golf is in the Houston tradition—Pros Jacky Cupit and Phil Rodgers are recent graduates —and raises Houston's hopes of regaining the NCAA title, which the school lost in 1961 after winning it a record five years in a row.

A JOYFUL BAPTISM AT OHIO STATE

This imminent mass immersion concluded the NCAA swimming meet at Columbus, Ohio last weekend. Jumping in for joy is the Ohio State team, which won its 11th championship but first since 1956. It had been a frustrating year for the Buckeyes. The faculty decided the undefeated football team couldn't go to the Rose Bowl, and the first-ranked basketball team lost to archrival Cincinnati in the NCAA finals. But, paced by diver Lou Vitucci and backstroker L. B. Schaefer, each of whom won two gold medals, and a record-breaking medley relay team, Ohio State defeated runner-up USC 92–46, and the victory bell, traditionally reserved for football triumphs, rang loud and clear.



continued

ANOTHER KIND OF POOL AT INDIANA

Red-bearded Douglas Saunders and red-headed Marian McKibben are far-out types to encounter in the murk and glare of a pool hall. But Saunders (*below*), an engineering student at the University of California, is the three-cushion champ of the National Intercollegiate Billiards Tournament, which was run off at Indiana University. Miss McKibben (*right*), who studies Russian at Bradley, finished third in coed pocket billiards. "I like to dance with girls so why shouldn't I like to play pool with them," says Saunders. "I had some obstacles at first," admits Miss McKibben. "People looked at me as much as to say, 'Mother told me there would be girls like that when I went away to college.'"







BASEBALL 1962



CHANGE AND CHALLENGE

Welcome, fans, to "the year of the scorecard vendor." They used to shout that you couldn't tell the players without a scorecard, and they used to be wrong. Baseball had a constancy. Then the great chestnut blight of expansion, dilution, flux and change hit the game. This year the scorecard vendor will be the most important man in the ball park. There are new teams, new managers and new stadiums, not to mention a harvest of bushy-tailed rookies and a whole old folks' home of elderly retreads. The new teams are the New York Mets and the Houston Colt .45s, created from culls and discards and sealing wax, and destined for the dark half of the National League standings. There are four new managers—Billy Hitchcock at Baltimore. Harry Craft at Houston, Mel McGaha at Cleveland and, newer than springtime, Casey Stengel at New York. The Mets, that is.

There are new stadiums in Los Angeles, Washington and Houston. The Dodgers and Angels will share the Los Angeles stadium, but they will call it by different names. The Dodgers: Dodger Stadium. The Angels: Chavez Ravine. The Senators' new park—District of Columbia Stadium—has a capacity of 43,500, which means there will be about 35,000 empty seats per game. Houston will play in Colt Stadium for one season, then—just to keep things interesting—will jump into a magnificent new domed arena a few hundred yards away. Along with the new stadiums there is an old one reopening—the Polo Grounds. It has fresh paint, fresh grass and remembrances of things past.

Some constancies remain. Like the Yankees. They are strong again, and they should win with only token resistance from the rest of the American League. The National League race will be refreshingly tight, as usual. The Reds and Cards have pitching, the Giants and Braves power, the Pirates balance. But the Dodgers have everything; the bookies think they will win, and so do we.

The game, of course, is not confined to managers, architects and owners. Some people think it could hardly go on without the players you can see in these pages.



THEY MAKE THE GAME GO

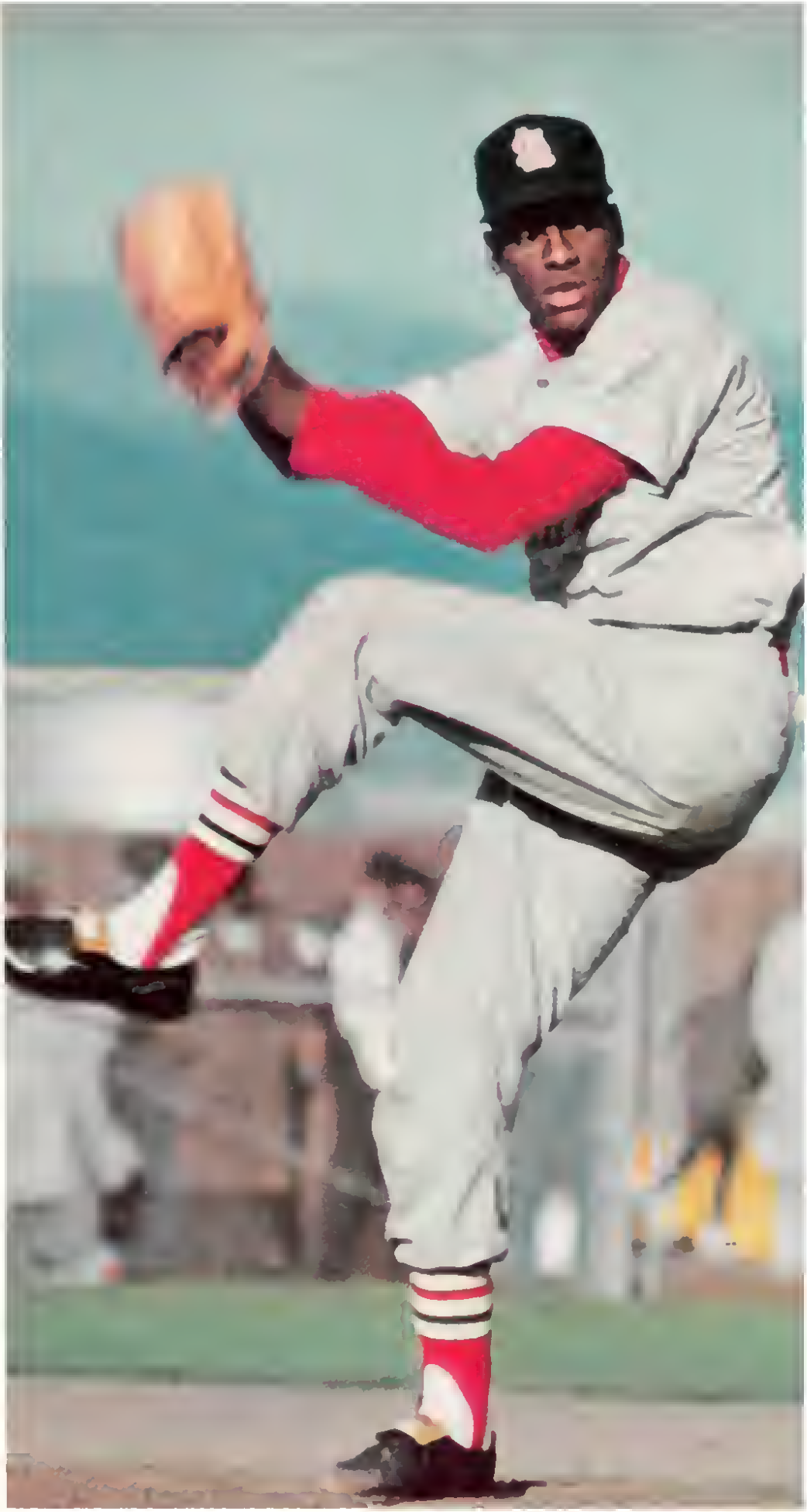
YANKEES' WHITEY FORD

The game begins with the pitcher standing in his private spotlight on the mound. Veteran or rookie, skilled or unskilled, he is the dominant character in



REDS' BOB PURKEY

the drama. His supporting cast cannot move until he has acted. Perhaps the ball displeases him. He is given a new one, and everyone must wait while he massages it. Perhaps he would



CARDINALS' BOB GIBSON

like to rearrange
the dirt on the
mound, juggle the
rosin bag, gaze at
the center-field
fence or tug at
his cap, his shirt,
his pants.
At last
he bends forward
and gets the sign.
Now he starts his

DODGERS' SANDY KOUFAX





motion, arms back, arms forward, arms back again. His body turns, his forward leg kicks high, but his eyes never leave the target. Around comes his throwing arm, and as he releases the ball the game begins.



ORIOLES' STEVE BARBER (LEFT)
TIGERS' DON MOSSI

Frightened by the Black Sox scandal, the major leagues set up the baseball commissioner's office in 1921 to police the national game. The first commissionar, Kenesaw Mountain Landis, was a firm authoritarian, but Ford Frick, the present commissioner, in the words of one critic, 'walks softly and carries no stick at all'

PERFECT MAN FOR THE JOB

Except for the late Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis, baseball officials have not been celebrated for their forcefulness. When Will Harridge was president of the American League, a midwestern sports columnist wrote, "An empty taxicab pulled up in front of the hotel here today and out of it stepped Will Harridge." The same, some critics allege, might be said of Ford C. Frick, the baseball commissioner. Others merely say he is the perfect man for the job.

In office now for 11 years, Frick has become known as an owners' man, one dedicated to inaction. Says a veteran baseball man: "Ford's motto is 'Speak softly and carry no stick at all.' " When the commissioner appeared as the mystery guest on the television show, *What's My Line*, panelist Bennett Cerf, in an uncommon burst of insight, was not long in guessing his identity. "Are you a top baseball executive?" Cerf asked. "Yes," said Frick. "Are you," asked Cerf, "the top man—when the owners let you be?"

Even baseball writers, who are notoriously loth to criticize anyone who has ever been a member of their lodge, have lampooned the commissioner. In a skit staged by the New York baseball writers at their annual dinner a few years ago, one reporter played Frick, another Mike Todd, the late showman. "Todd" said that he wanted to bring a baseball team to New York, but "Frick" said the commissioner's office lacked jurisdiction in the matter.

Todd I thought you were supposed to act in the best interests of baseball.

Frick No. The last commissioner had that sort of jurisdiction, but I don't.

Todd What happened?

Frick Well, they fired him. That'll never happen to me.

Todd But a commissioner must have some jurisdiction.

Frick Not if he wants to stay commissioner.

Unlike Judge Landis and Happy Chandler, his predecessors, Frick has neither an imperious mien nor hambone charm. His big vice is dunking doughnuts, and he spends his evenings quietly at home in suburban Westchester County, N.Y., reading or pasting stamps in his album. "Ford," said E. A. Batchelor Sr., Detroit's oldest baseball writer, "is one of those guys you can know for years, then sit down at a typewriter and try to write something about him and come up empty. He's just plain vanilla."

Essentially, Frick is a small-town boy who has followed most of the copybook maxims for success. When he speaks of baseball, drums roll and flags unfurl. A number of *Saturday Evening Post* covers about baseball, with the usual quota of snub-nosed, freckle-faced kids, line the walls of his Manhattan office. Frick's reverence for the national game is such that when he speaks as commissioner he usually refers to himself in the third person.

Now 67, Ford Christopher Frick was born in Wawaka, a farming community of 250 in northeastern Indiana. There weren't enough boys around to play football, and basketball didn't strike the state until later, baseball was *the* game. After graduating from high school Frick put in a year at a business college in Fort Wayne, worked briefly for a company making engines for windmills in the nearby town of Kendalville, and then enrolled at DePauw University.

Frick spent four hard years at DePauw, reporting part-time for newspapers, waiting on table and firing furnaces. "The only money I had was a $5 bill my uncle gave me at Christmastime in my sophomore year," he says. "I worked my way through, as many kids did. I take no bows for that."

Upon graduation in 1915 he went to Colorado to teach high school. In his spare time he played first base for a mining company team. He eventually landed in Colorado Springs, where he taught English at Colorado College and worked for the local newspaper, the *Telegraph*. He did everything on a newspaper, even editorial writing—"I could write the longest editorial not saying anything better than anyone who ever lived," he says—and he so distinguished himself on a couple of stories that a local printer sent them on to Arthur Brisbane, William Randolph Hearst's chief lieutenant. Impressed, Brisbane wired Frick to come to New York. Frick went, but only after characteristically checking the local telegraph office to make sure the wire wasn't a hoax.

continued

by ROBERT H. BOYLE

Har... Scherman



Wearing a souvenir St. Louis Cardinal cap, Baseball Commissioner Frick watches an exhibition game in Florida.

FRICK *continued*

Brisbane put Frick on the *American*, assigned to cover the Giants. "I never knew why that was," Frick says of the baseball assignment. "But you didn't ask questions of Mr. Brisbane." When, at Hearst's behest, Brisbane took over the *Journal* a year later, in 1923, he asked Frick to go with him, covering the Yankees. Frick consented with such alacrity that he abandoned the *American* office with a half-written story on the Giants still in his typewriter. "Mr. Brisbane had an abrupt peremptory manner," Frick says. "He didn't give you a chance to ask questions."

With the Yankees, Frick showed such devotion to duty (in addition to a high degree of professional reporting skill) that Dan Parker of the *Mirror* hung the kidding but affectionate nickname Cuthbert on him. By the time most of the writers on the road were climbing out of bed, Frick had already finished breakfast and was busy at the typewriter. When the club was in Chicago he unbent to the extent of playing golf with Judge Landis. For several years he served as Babe Ruth's ghostwriter, and he is proud of the fact that he wrote the first Ruth book, *Babe Ruth's Own Book of Baseball*. Occasionally, moved by his muse, Frick would break into verse in the *Journal*. Sample:

You view the Game as the thing, My Lad.
For that is the youthful way.
And you count it a sin when you fail to win
In the game that you choose to play.
But there's got to be someone to lose,
My Lad,
It's sad—but it's always true,
And day by day, in the game you play
It's sure some time to be you.

"You'll notice he's never been mentioned for poet laureate," says Dan Parker, "not even of Bulgaria."

In 1930 Brisbane picked Frick to do a radio news broadcast for the *Journal*, and he was such a success that he wound up doing two daily news and sports programs. Later he became announcer for the André Kostelanetz show sponsored by Chesterfield. A friend recalls that before the first show Frick tried to adopt a suave manner, but when he opened his mouth at rehearsal an alarmed Chesterfield man sprang up and shouted, "Hey, give us that homespun Hoosier stuff with plenty of twang! That's what we're paying you for."

By 1934 the combined writing and broadcasting chores had become too much for even Frick to handle, and he gave up his position at the *Journal* in the spring of that year to become publicity man for the National League. He was allowed to continue sports broadcasting,



FRICK SHAKES HANDS WITH PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT AT 1937 ALL-STAR GAME IN WASHINGTON. BETWEEN THEM IS JUDGE LANDIS

and he was assured that he would be considered for the league presidency when John Heydler resigned. That fall, sooner than Frick expected, Heydler quit, and at the age of 39 Frick became president.

He did a good job. Half the clubs were on the point of bankruptcy, and he found owners to shore them up. He started a modest umpires' pension plan, and he conceived the idea of the Hall of Fame. When Judge Landis died in 1944, Frick was an early favorite to succeed him. But when the voting fell into a deadlock between Frick and Jim Farley, the owners passed over Frick, selecting an outsider, Happy Chandler, as a compromise. Frick's finest moment undoubtedly came in 1947 when the St. Louis Cardinals threatened to strike in protest against Jackie Robinson of

continued



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FRICK *continued*

Brooklyn, the first Negro in the major leagues. "If you strike, you're through," he told the players, "and I don't care if it wrecks the league for 10 years."

In 1950 Frick got another crack at the commissionership when the owners refused to renew Chandler's contract. Not only had Chandler cracked an occasional whip across their backs, but he had bungled the sale of the World Series television rights, letting Gillette have them for six years for a flat $6 million.

This time the owners, tired of being cuffed about, were more cautious. The National League owners appointed a steering committee, headed by Phil Wrigley of the Cubs, to make specific recommendations about the commissioner's office. In a confidential memorandum Wrigley and the committee reported back:

"Even though it was the action of a small group of *players* that caused the establishment of the Commissioner's office, some people—and especially some of the newspaper writers—think the main role of the Commissioner is that of wielding a club to force a state of righteousness on a group of potentially wicked and irresponsible *owners*. From articles on some of the sports pages, it has been made to appear that the Commissioner is the sole bulwark preventing the *owners* from victimizing the public at the gate and reducing the players to slavery. . . .

"In order to get our own public relations straightened out as to the actual functions of the Commissioner's office, it is necessary first to get straightened out in our own understanding inside the game as to what his job is and to revise the Major League agreements [defining the commissioner's powers] to the extent necessary to give an accurate statement of the duties and limitations.

"The next step is to find and elect a man who will fill the job that actually exists today, recognizing that the type of man who could perfectly fulfill the demands of the office at the time of its inception might well be totally unfitted for the job today. When we have done these two things, the public relations part of it should pretty well take care of itself and the public will realize that the commissioner is a leader of a group of men who have the interests of the game at heart rather than a whip-cracking enforcer."

Frick, bypassed once, now was a natural. He had already told friends, "What baseball doesn't need is another cop walking a beat with a club in his hand. It needed a man like that when it chose Landis, but times have changed."

Even so, there was some opposition to Frick among the owners. Clark (The Old Fox) Griffith of the Senators, said, "I was against Frick in 1945, and I am opposed to him now for the same reasons. Ford and I are old friends, and I recognize his abilities as a baseball executive. But it would be a tremendous disservice to baseball to pick Frick or anybody else now associated with the game. . . .

"So many of our club owners forget that the commissioner is not just one of their employees. He represents the fans, the players, as well as the major leagues. And we are in a sport. . . .

"Baseball should not elect a pussyfooter. We must have a big stick, and it would be fatal to handicap the new commissioner with a board of directors. I have received from the screening committee a questionnaire to outline the type of commissioner I want. Now there is plain poppycock. The kid in the street knows the answer to that."

The majority of owners disagreed. They nominated two baseball men: Frick and Warren Giles of the Reds. The election was close, but Frick won. Soon after, Giles succeeded Frick as president of the National League.

Frick has lived up to the expectations of the owners. He cracks no whip. Publicly, he warned that the major leagues were "eating their own young" by televising their games into minor league territory. Privately, the commissioner did little. Meeting with major league owners a few years ago, Frick said (so reported Bill Furlong of the *Chicago Daily News*, who eavesdropped through an air vent), "The minor leagues have asked me to tell you if you are going into a minor league city, please don't go in on the day they're playing a home game. . . . They can stand it on a Saturday, but feel that Sunday will kill them. There now. I've delivered the message."

Ever since Frick took office as commissioner he has had much to say about expanding the major leagues. Unfortunately, he has done nothing, and when expansion did come the owners acted so greedily they made the Oklahoma land rush look like a YMCA footrace. When plans for the Continental League were afoot in the spring of 1959, Frick announced, "Since there is no existing plan to expand the present major leagues, the two major leagues declare that they will favorably consider an application for major league status within the present baseball structure by an acceptable group of eight clubs which would qualify." When the new league was formed on paper in July of that same year, Frick gave it his blessing, even telling a Senate subcommittee, "I feel deep in my heart that the Continental League will become a reality." That fall, however, American League club owners, drooling at the thought of new cities, not in any Continental League but in their own, announced expansion plans. "At no time," said Frick, "was there any commitment to sit still and wait for a new league to be formed."

In a recent interview the commissioner talked about American League expansion:

Q Don't you think it was too quick?

A I said so at the time.

Q Why didn't you stop it?

A How can you?

Q But you're the commissioner.

A That's the thing I'm telling you. Damn it, you can't tell people you can't sell property or you have to sell property.

Q But you can say, "You can't go in there."

A I said, "You cannot go into Los Angeles until you have changed the rules." I said *that*.

Q But if you thought expansion was too quick why couldn't you have stopped it? There's no rule to back you up on that?

A No, you can't stop that. That was never the conception of the office. There's no way in God's world. And there's no law in God's world. And there's no law in the land, nor could you pass a law that I could stop it. That was never the conception of the office.

Q Can you stop franchise shifts?

A No. I can *argue*. I could go to the league and say, "For God's sake, you're making a mistake." No, you cannot stop a man under any law in the country from selling his property if he wants to, from moving his store where he wishes. You cannot make him sell if he doesn't want to. *And nobody ever has.*

Q Would you like the power to be able to?

A No! I don't think you should. I think that would be completely unconstitutional. I think it's the wrong slant people have about that. . . . Yes, I was hopeful that they would wait till this year [to expand], and I said so at the time. Of course, they got into little personal battles between each other, and

continued

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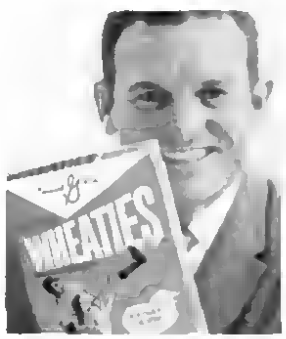
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FRICK

one faction jumped the gun on the other.

Asked if Judge Landis hadn't forced owners out of baseball, Frick replied, "Look, I loved Judge Landis, and I don't want anything in this that reflects on that but, as a matter of fact, Judge Landis never put any owner out of baseball. Mr. Navin, Ruppert, he was gonna make them sell racehorses. Hell, they kept their horses all the way through, down to the time of their death."

The interview turned to franchise shifts. After rooting for dreary teams, Washington fans had seen Owner Cal Griffith move the first promising team in ages to Minnesota. No longer was the club the Washington Senators; it was now the Minnesota Twins. In exchange, the Washington fans got a new Senator team loaded with has-beens. A few years earlier Brooklyn fans saw Walter O'Malley move the Dodgers to Los Angeles, even though the Dodgers had averaged a profit of $500,000 a year in Brooklyn. Neither Brooklyn nor Washington fans begrudged Los Angeles or Minnesota major league representation, but they wondered why it had to be at their expense when a long-range expansion program could have set up decent teams in new cities and made everyone happy all around.

Q Don't you think fans are angered when baseball, which is always the first to wave the flag and demand flag loyalty, allows a club, a moneymaking club, that they have supported to move?

A I haven't seen any instance of it. Sure, Mr. O'Malley made a little money in Brooklyn. Not too much.

Q Brooklyn was a byword in baseball.

A Sure, it was.

Q It was a great part of the tradition of baseball.

A That's right.

Q And this tradition was just torn to shreds.

A Oh, no, it wasn't! Not a damn bit.

Q You don't feel that fan loyalty has been uprooted or destroyed?

A I think that with this club, the Mets, coming in, your loyalties in New York will be right back where they were. I know that up in my community, Bronxville, people who were Brooklyn fans were baseball fans, and now they will become Met fans.

Later the commissioner hearkened back to Brooklyn fans. "People say they get sore," he said. "For a while. One generation, then pretty soon it's over."

Whatever the sentiments of the fans, Frick is convinced that baseball remains the national game. He became indignant when told that horse racing outdraws baseball by almost 30 million customers a year. "For actual paid attendance," he said, thumping his desk, "the dollars that go over the counter, for people who go to the racetrack as compared to people who go to baseball, there are more who go to baseball. Why, hell, there are more games, there are more teams, a longer season." Asked his source, the commissioner vaguely recalled once seeing figures from "the Bureau of Recreation." What the Bureau of Recreation is, or where it is, he didn't say. "We don't compile figures," he said. "All this talk about who holds the whip hand doesn't concern us. We go about our own business."

The commissioner was bullish about the future of baseball. Within the next several years, he believes it likely that the majors will either expand to 12 teams each or form three leagues of eight teams each. When this happens the schedule will revert to 154 games. Until then, both leagues will play 162-game seasons, and all pertinent records will be set aside in special categories. "There are a lot of things baseball could do, and we're working on plans," Frick said. "But I'm sure baseball has made more strides in the last three years or 10 years than in 20 years previous. We've established a good relationship between the players and owners, salaries are better, there's better security through the pension plan, teams are in more cities and there are better ball parks. People say baseball is dying? You've got new ball parks in operation in Milwaukee, Kansas City, Washington, San Francisco, Los Angeles, plans for a new park in Pittsburgh, plans under consideration in St. Louis, a contract let for a new park in New York. That's why I don't worry about the commissioner's authority on these things."

Frick doesn't worry, either, about criticisms of his office. "I can retire any day I wish," he said, "and collect the same retirement pay. The idea that I'm afraid to take action! I'm the most independent guy in the world right now. I'm acting for two people — my own conscience and a game called baseball. And in 10 years I've never made a decision that went against my conscience, and my conscience has never hurt me for failing to make a decision." **END**



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SCOUTING REPORTS

NEW YORK YANKEES

The only sure thing in baseball

Strong points: As usual, the Yankee cup runneth over. Hitting, pitching, defense, reserves, hot dog vendors—you name it, they got it. Take hitting, for instance. Last year the team hit 240 home runs, 51 more than Brand X. Roger Maris (61) and Mickey Mantle (54) did the major damage, but Bill Skowron, Yogi Berra, Elston Howard and John Blanchard hit more than 20 each. When called to arms, Bob Cerv and Hector Lopez are also capable of destruction. It's an awesome lineup. Defense? Third Baseman Clete Boyer has a nasty habit of turning base hits into outs, as viewers of last year's World Series will remember. Bobby Richardson is just as good, if not as acrobatic, at second. Skowron at first base is pale beside his teammates, but he is capable. Howard is all a pitcher could want in a catcher. In the outfield Maris and Mantle can run, catch and throw, abilities that are rare among home run hitters. Berra, the converted catcher, doesn't look much like an outfielder until a ball is hit his way. But Berra is a true athlete and last year he took care of left field in Yankee Stadium as it hasn't been handled in years. His defensive play on Al Kaline in the crucial Detroit series last September helped win the pennant. The quality of the Yankees' pitching is subject to debate. It is true that the team's heavy hitting contributed greatly to these records: Whitey Ford 25–4, Ralph Terry 16–3, Bill Stafford 14–9 and Luis Arroyo 15–5. But it is also true that the staff's earned run average was second in the league only to Baltimore, and heavy hitting isn't responsible for that.

Weak spots: After Ford, Terry and Stafford, and Arroyo, the little relief man, Yankee pitching becomes merely ordinary—Jim Coates and Roland Sheldon, both 11–5 last year. And until Tony Kubek is discharged from the Army, the Yankees will not have an experienced shortstop.

The big ifs: The Yankees have three pitchers who have won big—Robin Roberts, in from Philadelphia, Bob Turley, feeling good again, he says, after an autumn elbow operation, and Bud Daley. If any one of these pitchers can win again, the Yankees will say goodby to the rest of the league early.

Rookies and new faces: The problem of filling in for Kubek at shortstop has been left in the somewhat shaky hands of two youngsters, Tom Tresh (23) and Phil Linz (22). Both have hit well in the minors, and the Yankees have plans for them in the future, but right now Manager Ralph Houk will be satisfied if one of them is able to hold the fort until the soldier comes home.

***OUTLOOK:** Even if the soldier doesn't return until October, even if Roberts, Turley and Daley fail to win a game, even if Roger Maris quits baseball to become a sportswriter, the Yankees will win another pennant.*

For love as well as money

Yogi Berra sat on the bench in front of his locker. His left leg was braced against the locker as he rolled down the tops of his uniform socks. In his sandpaper voice he said, "A lotta people been askin' me about would I like to be a manager, I don't know. All I do is one thing at a time." He shrugged his shoulders and added, "Now I'm still playing. If this is the last year and I start going bad, then I'll think about it. I'd like to stay in the game. I love baseball, always have." Yogi's big face broke into that characteristic childlike smile.

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"Stafford's going to be the next great right-hander in this league," Pitcher Ralph Terry said.

"I don't know about that," 23-year-old Bill Stafford said. "After the way I started out last year I was lucky I wasn't sent to the minors. If I'd had anyone but Ralph Houk as manager I guess I would have been sent down. I was in the service part of last year and I was six weeks late for spring practice. That's bad, because I've been a slow starter all my five years in pro ball.

"Houk used me in relief in about seven of the first 11 games and I was terrible. I had an 0–2 record and an ERA of about 5.00 when I got hurt and had to lay out for a while. That is when Ralph came to me and said not to worry, that everything would work out. You appreciate that and it gives you confidence to know that they haven't lost faith in you."

Stafford stood at the end of the left-field foul line, leaning part of his weight against an iron pipe. He cocked his cap further back on his head and continued. "Just being with a team like this makes you a better pitcher. You know you're almost never going to have less than three runs to work with in a ball game. There is no better infield anywhere and we have some real good outfielders. You're not afraid to let the batter hit the ball.

"What's even more important for me is Elston Howard. He's the best. This guy really helps you. Did you ever notice how he always looks at a batter's feet? Sometimes a hitter can cross you up by changing his stance. From the mound that's hard to see, but Elly can pick it out and let me know.

"He's great at working with a pitcher, too. He can read your mind. I'll be out there with a, say, 3–1 count on a man and maybe I'll want to throw a slider. When I look in for the signal I can almost bet that he's calling for a slider. He thinks with you."

•

There is something strange about his left arm when he stands up. It is bent, and standing behind him you see, not the side of his hand, but rather his open palm.

"Yes, the arm is turning," Luis Arroyo explained. "For seven years, always a little more. Like Carl Hubbell, yes. It is the screwball." He snapped the arm and gave it the unnatural outward twist needed for such a pitch. "Soon it turns all the way. It has no pain. I pitch for a living. I have wife and five children."

MIGHTY MICKEY MANTLE led the major leagues in slugging as well as walks, ranked high with a .317 batting average and 128 RBIs.




7
6

DETROIT TIGERS

First in the non-Yankee league

Strong points: An outstanding outfield, good power, three strong starting pitchers. Rocky Colavito, Bill Bruton and Al Kaline form one of the best outfields in the majors. Kaline is unmatched in the effortless way he plays right field, and as a hitter he was good for 19 HRs, 82 RBIs and a .324 BA. Bruton flies around center and, although he had trouble hitting AL pitching last year, he should get back to his accustomed .280 level. He had a career high, however, of 17 HRs in 1961 and stole 22 bases. Colavito has a reckless arm and heavy feet in left, but at the plate he had 45 HRs, 140 RBIs and a .290 BA. First Baseman Norm Cash surprised everyone as he led the league with a .361 average (41 HRs, 132 RBIs). Frank Lary (23–9, 3.24 ERA), Jim Bunning (17–11, 3.19 ERA) and Don Mossi (15–7, 2.96 ERA) would be among the first four starters on any club in the league—and that includes the Yankees.

Weak spots: Shortstop, catching, secondary pitching. Tigers desperately need a shortstop who can at least field his position. Chico Fernandez is poor on the double play, but on the other hand he can't hit (.248). Dick McAuliffe, who will be out of the Army at the end of April, is little better in the field or at bat (.256). Catcher Dick Brown looked as if he might finally become a hitter in the first half of the year, but he broke his finger and was ineffectual after that. The Tigers have only Mike Roarke, a .223 hitter, behind him. After the big three, the quality of the pitching drops off—Phil Regan (10–7, 5.25 ERA), Paul Foytack (11–10, 3.92 ERA) and Ron Kline (5–3, 2.72 ERA).

The big ifs: Manager Bob Scheffing gambled with rookies at second and third last year and it paid off. Now Second Baseman Jake Wood has to cut down on his strikeouts. Third Baseman Steve Boros broke his collarbone after a fast start last year. Tigers hope his pre-injury average (.300) is a true indication of his batting ability (.270 at the end of season). Terry Fox did valuable work in relief (5–2, 1.42 ERA) but he has a history of arm trouble. Hank Aguirre, the other reliever, had fair success last year. Rookies Doug Gallagher and Bob Dustal could help in the bullpen.

Rookies and new faces: The only veteran additions to this "set" club are Sam Jones (36) and Vic Wertz (37). Jones, obtained from the Colts, will be used as a reliever and spot starter. Wertz, from the Red Sox, hits the long ball, will be a prime benchman.

***OUTLOOK:** If the Yankees weren't in the league the Tigers would win the pennant. The best Detroit can do is finish a strong second.*

Bunts help some, Angels help others

At Al Lopez Field in Tampa, Jake Wood, the Tiger second baseman, was staring at the batting practice pitches and mumbling to himself "good" or "bad." Wood needs to look at a lot of pitches because last season he set a major league record of 141 strikeouts. (Jim Lemon of the Twins held the old record of 138). "Last year I was not waiting on pitches long enough," Jake explained. "I had another fault, too. I wouldn't keep my eye on the pitch to see what it was going to do. I was trying to hit every ball too hard and, well, you know what it did for me. I've changed the weight of my bat, got a heavier one. But the thing I'm going to do this year is look the pitches over a lot more. I got something else up my sleeve for this year. I got a little bit of speed. [Actually, Wood has more than a little bit of speed; he stole 30 bases last year to rank third in the league.] I'm gonna use that speed this year to advantage. You can look for me to bunt a lot more. Just drop those cute little ones down the third-base line and be long gone. I worked two hours every morning for two weeks to learn to drop 'em down real good." Wood excused himself to go into the batting cage and began looking at pitch after pitch until he got the right one, the seventh. Then, without seeming to change his stance at all, he pushed a bunt up the third-base line. And was long gone.

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Over 150 churches, service clubs, schools and fraternal organizations heard Billy Bruton speak about Democracy in Sports last fall and winter. "I put 13,000 miles on the car going through northern Illinois and southern Wisconsin," said Bruton. "I talked about sports being a great teacher of democracy but I also talked about the plight of the Negro in baseball, particularly in the South. All we want is to be treated like men if we act like men . . . to seek an education if we have the right and the money."

When asked how he felt about being traded from the National League Braves to the Tigers last year, Bruton said, "I knew that if anyone was going to go from Milwaukee it was going to be me. I just knew it. But baseball is a job. Think it over, there are only 20 teams in the big leagues and I'm on one of the 20 and on a good one. No, I wouldn't say that the pitching in the National League was any tougher than it is in the American. They sure don't have any better fast balls."

Why had his batting average slipped 29 points in the American League?

"To me it seemed harder to hit in the American League," said Bruton, "because I didn't know what the pitchers were throwing. I'd never seen most of them before and, after all, when you've been in one league for eight years like I was in the National, you get to know the pitchers."

Could Bruton explain why he had hit Los Angeles Angel pitching for .352?

"Well, the answer is very simple," said Bruton. "If you stand up there at the plate every day with a bat in your hand and you seem to have troubles all around, finally somebody or something will come along that will make you feel real good. For me it was the Angels. They were very nice to me and I can assure you that I will do nothing whatsoever to hurt that relationship."

HANDS ACROSS THE PLATE by Rocky Colavito (after a home run), Norm Cash (*center*) and Al Kaline (6) will be usual Detroit scene.

BALTIMORE ORIOLES

New trouble at an old strongpoint

Strong points: A sound infield, a solid catcher and a deep bullpen. Brooks Robinson (24) is the best third baseman in the league; he fields his position flawlessly and hits well (.287). Dapper First Baseman Jim Gentile is the Orioles' big powerman. 46 HRs, 141 RBIs and a .302 BA. Second Baseman Johnny Temple, acquired from the Indians, is a big-league hitter (.288 for 10 years). Despite a questionable arm and less range, he is still a fiery competitor. Shortstops Jerry Adair and Ron Hansen (in the Army but available for a number of games) are fine fielders, fair hitters. Catcher Gus Triandos handles pitchers well, hits with power (averaged 21 HRs last four years). The man with *the* knuckleball, Hoyt Wilhelm, appeared in 51 games last year, had a gaudy 2.29 ERA. Reclaimed left-hander Billy Hoeft (7–4, 2.02 ERA) also throws a good knuckler as a spot starter and long reliever. Wes Stock, relieving 34 times, won 5, lost none, had a 3.00 ERA.

Weak spots: Power, speed. Jackie Brandt was the only Oriole outfielder to hit with any force last year (16 HRs, 72 RBIs). The rest—Earl Robinson, Whitey Herzog, Russ Snyder and Dick Williams—produced a laughable total of 22 HRs, 102 RBIs. Except for Gentile, the infielders looked just as bad (19 HRs, 128 RBIs). Lacking power, you would think the Orioles had speed. But the team stole only 39 bases last year and only Brandt, Earl Robinson and Adair know how to run.

The big ifs: Pitching. Yes, pitching. Even though the Oriole staff gave up the fewest hits, the fewest runs and the fewest homers while compiling the best ERA in the majors last year, their pitching strength is questionable this season. The big winner, Steve Barber (18–12), is in the service and will try to pitch on weekends—a dubiously rewarding endeavor. Milt Pappas (13–9) and Jack Fisher (10–13) are both ailing. Pappas probably won't be ready until the second week of the season (after recovering from an appendectomy), and Fisher has had shoulder trouble all spring. Chuck Estrada (15–9), the oldest of the group at 24, is the only one who can be counted on. Manager Billy Hitchcock will have to find some more young arms or use his spot pitchers—37-year-old Hal Brown (10–6, 3.18 ERA), 31-year-old Dick Hall (7–5, 3.10 ERA) and Hoeft—more often.

Rookies and new faces: The Orioles lose all sense of proportion when they look at John (Boog) Powell. Only 20 and massive (6 feet 4, 235 pounds, with a neck almost as wide as his head), Powell looks to be the power-hitting outfielder Baltimore has always dreamed about. He had 32 HRs, 92 RBIs and .321 BA at Rochester in only his second full year in pro ball. Left field is all his, despite a bad glove, if he can rough up big-league pitching. Because of the current pitching dilemma, Art Quirk (24) may stick as a starter.

***OUTLOOK:** Ex-Manager Paul Richards got a lot out of this team with tight pitching and defense. Now the pitching is questionable and New Manager Hitchcock will need all the help he can get to keep the Orioles from sliding backwards.*

Flakey Brandt and Big Boog

Jackie Brandt is a good defensive outfielder and hits with some power but there are some who suggest that he is a bit too nonchalant about the whole thing. "This year," he said, "I'm going to play with harder nonchalance," and what that means only 162 games will tell.

Manager Hitchcock is giving Jackie some extra responsibility in 1962. Jackie is going to be the leader of the outfield, and the other two fielders are going to position themselves on Brandt in center, keying their shadings on him. But Jackie is still a "Flakey," as they say in baseball. He is actually the league-leading Flakey. "My 2-year-old calls me Flakey," he said, "and I like it."

Flakeyness, for the unknowing, means screwball. In Brandt's case, it can go like this: One day he slipped into the dugout and took a chest protector and several gloves and put them into the blouse of his uniform so that his stomach looked huge. He put some balls under the shoulders of his jersey to widen them, pulled up his pants so they looked more like knickers. He walked to the plate, pointed dramatically and took a silly swing. Then he started around the bases. "I'm Babe Ruth," he said. He still looked an awful lot like a fat "Flakey" Brandt.

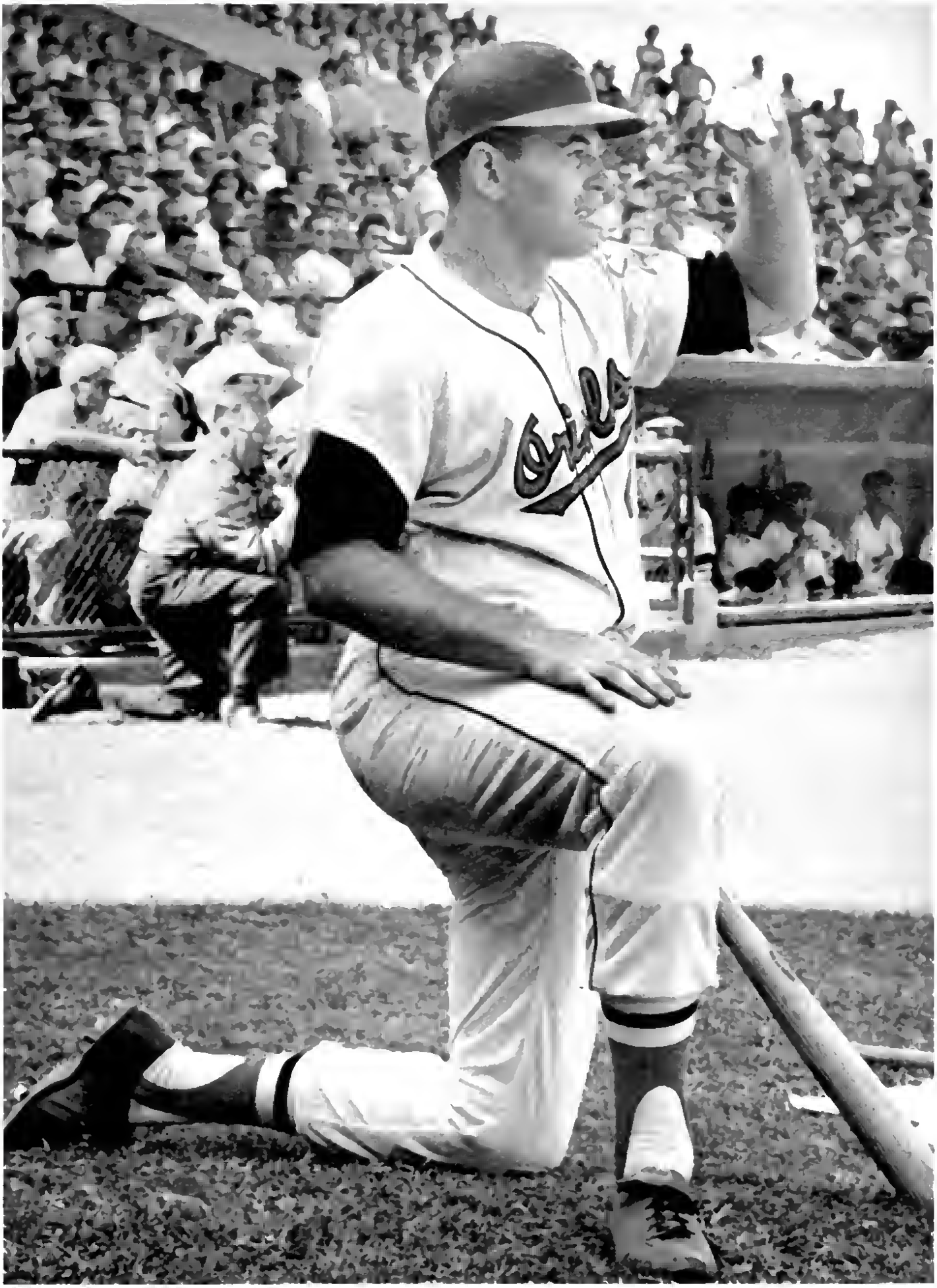
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For Baltimore this is the spring of John (Boog) Powell. Each morning in spring training he would walk under a clubhouse sign which said, "It Can Come True in '62," and he would think about that for a few seconds. When he got onto the field he would listen as his more famous teammates made television commercials exhorting the breathless populace back in Baltimore to "Be a Bird watcher in '62." He would chuckle at that. But wherever he went he carried his bat with him the way Linus carries his blanket.

And he *can* hit. One day, on five swings, he knocked three balls over the right-field fence and two up against it. The fans in the stands gave him loud applause; he tipped his cap, smiled and stumbled over the batting-cage wheels. He can sit, too, and in the late afternoons he would sit in the hotel lobby and smoke things over. He sits real good—feet spread wide apart, back flush against the chair, hands dangled over the ends of the chair arms.

But while he can hit and sit, he can't field. On the first fly ball of spring he made a bad error—also on the third. When the reporters came to him, however, he was marvelously straightforward about the errors. "No sir, the sun did not get in my eyes. I butchered it." Or, "It's not a new glove and it's not the glove at all. It's me." Or, "There was nothing wrong with the sky and the background didn't confuse me. I just got to learn to play left field. Man, I better learn to play left field or I'm gonna be gone."

DANDY JIM GENTILE hit five homers with the bases loaded, was the most valuable player in the American League after Maris and Mantle.




CHICAGO

CHICAGO WHITE SOX

Back to speed, defense and, maybe, pitching

Strong points: The White Sox have defense, hitting (singles-type) and speed—a return to the formula that won them a pennant in 1959. It is still Luis Aparicio and Nellie Fox at shortstop and second base, baseball's senior double-play partnership. Aparicio, 27, is as remarkable as ever, but Fox, 34, must rely on memory, hustle and luck. Two new men, Charlie Smith and Joe Cunningham, will play third and first. Smith is skilled, Cunningham passable. Camilo Carreon will do most of the catching, supported by 37-year-old Sherm Lollar. Jim Landis (.283), Floyd Robinson (.310), rookie Mike Hershberger and Al Smith (.278) give the Sox maximum security in the outfield, although Smith is several strides slower than the other three. And the White Sox will make life miserable for catchers. Hershberger, Robinson and Charlie Smith, along with Aparicio and Landis, make the Sox the best base-stealing team in the league.

Weak spots: An important element in that 1959 pennant-winning formula—pitching—is missing. Juan Pizarro was the team's top winner last year with only 14. He has the arm (his left) to win 20. Ray Herbert (12 wins), a right-hander, is a reliable starter. After those two comes a long line of people, some old, others young, some great yesterday, others promising, but all as undependable as the weather. Early Wynn is 42 and started only 16 games last year. Left-hander Frank Baumann, a winner in 1960, slipped to a hideous 5.60 ERA in 1961. John Buzhardt (25) and rookie Joe Horlen (24) are young and this spring they looked sharp, but summer may be something else again. Herb Score is still with the Sox, but the time for hoping is about over. In the bullpen are Turk Lown (37) and Russ Kemmerer (30). They worked hard last year (106 games between them) and had better be prepared for more of the same this year.

The big ifs: The pitching staff can make this a surprisingly good team if men like Horlen, Buzhardt and Baumann help Herbert and Pizarro. If they don't, and if Pizarro proves a one-year flash, the Sox will need a long ladder.

Rookies and new faces: General Manager Ed Short has shown considerable courage trading off a pack of high-priced, big-name stars—Roy Sievers, Minnie Minoso, Billy Pierce were the biggest—for younger men like Cunningham (from the Cardinals), Charlie Smith and Buzhardt (from the Phillies). The team won't set off the exploding Comiskey Park scoreboard as much but it will be more exciting to watch.

OUTLOOK: This is a better team than most people think. If the pitching shapes up, the White Sox may well challenge the Tigers for second place.

The long wait for Herb Score to say yes

"I hate to say it," said Manager Al Lopez, "because I've said it so often, but I still think Herb Score can pitch." Lopez produced a series of pictures taken of Score pitching in 1955, before the eye injury that smothered his career. "You see," said Lopez, "he wasn't turning his right knee so far around then. It was almost pointing at the plate. Now he swings it around toward first and his arm comes too far back. He just slings the ball. We're working on it with him."

Perhaps Score's trouble is his knee, but perhaps not. Shortly before a spring-training game Score was asked if he was going to pitch that day. "I guess so," Score replied. The day Herb Score says "Yes" he may be ready to win.

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There is a quaint occupation in baseball called the third-string catcher. He warms up pitchers before games, sits anxiously in the bullpen, sometimes pinch-hits in a 12–8 scramble, often gives the manager advice on who is ready and who isn't for a tough spot. Like all rinky-dinks, the third-string catcher takes his swings when he can.

Bob Roselli is Chicago's third-string catcher. He was catching batting practice while the White Sox hitters swung in game rotation before an exhibition game in Florida. Luis Aparicio took his five cuts, Nelson Fox followed. The third hitter was absent.

Roselli ripped off his mask, picked up a bat and stepped in. "Throw it," he shouted quickly. The pitcher threw, and Roselli cracked a line drive over third. "That's a hit," laughed Aparicio. "Maybe you should always hit with your gear on."

Third-string Catcher Roselli didn't have time to laugh. He was too busy taking those rare cuts.

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Four impressive victories in the first month of the 1961 season put Early Wynn within a dozen wins of becoming a 300-game winner. But in a game against the Yankees in late May his right arm began aching. There were visits to doctors, long periods without pitching—and just four more wins before Wynn was sent home for good in early September.

"I've had gout for around eight, nine years," Wynn said as he sat in front of his locker. He wore an olive sweat jacket, and rivulets of water trickled down his forehead and converged at the bridge of his nose. "I get it in the arm, right around the elbow. My elbow becomes aggravated and swollen. In the spring, when I do a lot of running, I get it around the heels because the shoes rub there so much.

"I have to watch what I eat. Even some vegetables, like peas and beans, are out. Pork is definitely out and so is beef. Pizza, spaghetti, ketchup, highly seasoned foods, they're no good for me.

"Gout's been called a rich man's disease, but I always say that I have a lot of rich friends. I've eaten most of my meals out in the past 26 years since I got into baseball and that makes it hard to watch your diet. I'm not supposed to eat spareribs or anchovies, but I had both of them last night." He rubbed his stomach and smiled.

FLASHY LUIS APARICIO has a powerful arm and quick reflexes at short but, most of all he has speed—53 stolen bases in 1961, 51 in '60.

CLEVELAND INDIANS

The hitters need help from the pitchers

Strong points: The Indians have a handful of excellent hitters (led the majors in hits last year). Strong-armed Woodie Held has good range at short, hits with power (23 HRs, 78 RBIs). Speedy Bubba Phillips is an able fielder at third and, after six light-hitting seasons in the majors, he suddenly found some muscle (18 HRs, 72 RBIs). First Baseman Tito Francona had his third solid year in a row (.301, 16 HRs, 85 RBIs), and Right Fielder Willie Kirkland produced a lot of runs (27 HRs, 95 RBIs) despite a low batting average. Stocky John Romano is the most powerful catcher Cleveland has ever had (.299, 21 HRs, 80 RBIs). Gene Green, the catcher-outfielder obtained from the Senators, will alternate with Francona at first. He also swings a heavy bat (.280, 18 HRs). Chuck Essegian in left has fair power (12 HRs, .289 in 166 ABs).

Weak spots: Indian pitching, best in the league for first half of '61, collapsed in second half, dragged the club into fifth place. Last year's most dependable man, Mudcat Grant (15–9), is in the Army. The present staff is potentially good but lacks a sure winner. Jim Perry has had one bad year, Gary Bell two in a row. Barry Latman won 13 last year but was hit hard. Indians haven't had a good left-handed starter since Herb Score's pre-injury days. The bullpen is thin but capably manned by fast baller Frank Funk and lefty Bob Allen.

The big ifs: The trading of First Baseman Vic Power to the Twins for Pitcher Pedro Ramos this week further complicated Manager Mel McGaha's muddled infield. Francona at first is a converted outfielder and Green's life is endangered wherever he plays. Ken Aspromonte (.224) and ex-Cub Jerry Kindall (.242) are nothing more than journeyman second basemen. Rookie Ty Cline, a slap hitter with good speed and defensive ability, is supposed to make the fans forget last year's center fielder, Jimmy Piersall. If Cline doesn't make good, Bubba Phillips or Woodie Held (both former outfielders) may play center, opening the way for a new game of musical bases. Perry, an 18-game winner in 1960, lost 11 out of 14 decisions in the second half of last season, finished with a 10–17, 4.70 ERA record. He is the most talented Cleveland pitcher and must be a consistent winner if the team is to rise. Newcomer Ramos has never won more than 14 games (1958), and for the last four years has lost 18, 19, 18 and 20 games. But he is young (26) and worked hard this spring with the Twins to develop better breaking pitches.

Rookies and new faces: Sam McDowell and Cline are excellent rookie prospects. Left-hander McDowell, only 19, has a good fast ball and a dipping curve, but lacks control. Catcher Doc Edwards (.331 at Salt Lake City) and Outfielder Al Luplow (.302, 17 HRs at Salt Lake City) will be reserves. The most significant addition besides Ramos is aging (34) right-hander Dick Donovan, obtained from the Senators. He led the league with a 2.40 ERA last year and will help take the pressure off the Indians' young pitching staff this year.

***OUTLOOK:** Good years from Perry and Ramos and a creditable year from the rest of the pitching staff will boost Cleveland back into the scramble for a position behind the Yankees and Tigers.*

Make-believe world of a ballplayer

In the summer a baseball player's phone rings constantly. Reporters ask him questions. Fans boo him when he drops a fly ball or goes nothing for four.

"I like to get away from all that when the season's over and go where it's quiet," said Woodie Held. "I've always liked to ride horses, so last year I bought this dude ranch in Dubois, Wyoming. We've got 600 acres near Yellowstone. It's beautiful country and it gets me away from all the noise and pressure and excitement of baseball. I ride out early in the morning sometimes and just smell the fresh air and look at the land and inspect the cattle.

"I guess you could say I play cowboys and Indians all year long."

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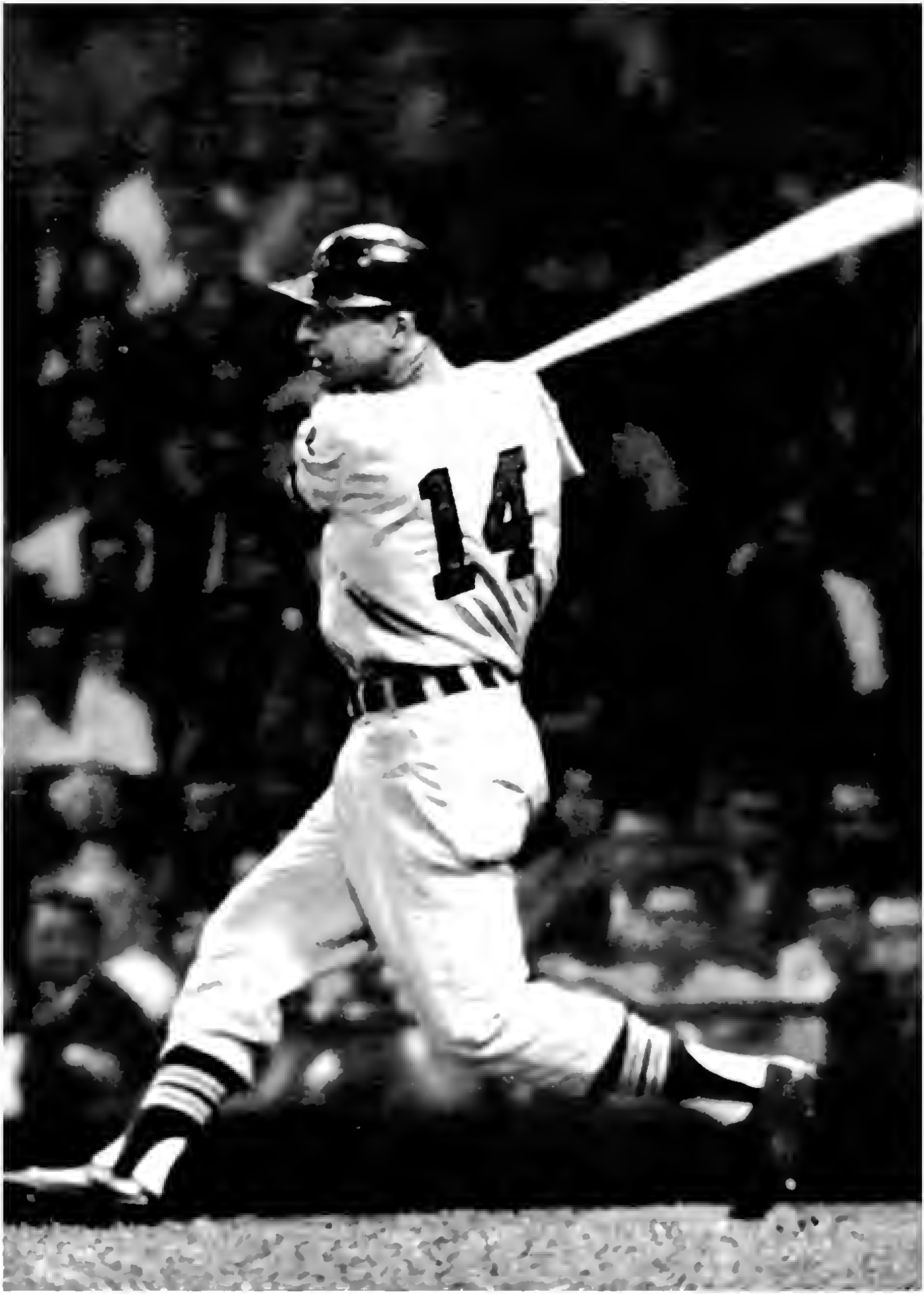
Pete Ramos led the major leagues last season in losing games (20), giving up home runs (34) and owning cowboy suits (9). "I like that cowboy stuff," said the 26-year-old Cuban-born right-hander. "Most of the suits are brown, black or white. One day last year I am in Kansas City and I see a beautiful one and walk right into the store and buy it for $150. I don't know how many cowboy shirts I got. Lots! I buy them in Los Angeles and Minneapolis. Got lots of boots, too, and good black and brown holsters. I got a .45 and a .38 special and a .44 magnum. Sometimes people let me go in the rodeos and sometimes I just put the suits on and walk around the house. Maybe, someday somebody wants to put me in the movies. This year, however, I don't want to talk so much about the cowboy suits. I want to talk about the pitching. This year they are going to call me 'Pete the Barber Ramos.' I'm gonna be like Sal Maglie—don't hurt nobody, just brush 'em back and get 'em out. I'm gonna be mean! The last few years I was too sweet. This winter I worked two months on my overhand curve ball and now it's good. And I only throw a fork ball three, four times last year. Now, aha! Nobody's gonna hit the long ball so much. Pete not gonna be so sweet. Gonna be the Barber."

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The pitching coach of the Indians, Mel Harder, is considered one of the sharpest men in his trade.

"A pitcher," Harder said, "can sometimes throw too fine. He can be so busy looking for the corners and outsmarting the hitters that he can't get the ball over. That happened to Jim Perry last year. He tried to be too fine. Then he would get behind and have to come over with a good pitch. He can win again if he doesn't overpitch."

SWINGING FOR DISTANCE is Tito Francona, a strong .300 hitter who has been switched from the outfield to first base this season.


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BOSTON RED SOX

Going up with talented youngsters

Strong points: The Red Sox have pitching and defense, maybe not of championship caliber, but plenty good enough. Big Don Schwall (24) won 15 games and Bill Monbouquette (25) won 14 games last year. Tracy Stallard had an unimpressive 2–7 record, but he was pitching well toward the end of the season. At 24, he may be ready to win. Gene Conley makes an acceptable fourth starter. The Red Sox infield is sound. Pete Runnels presents a small target at first base but fields the position capably. Chuck Schilling is a wizard at making the double play, an art the Red Sox have always managed to botch in the past. Frank Malzone at third is no longer the pre-1960 model, but there are still few better. At shortstop the Red Sox have Ed Bressoud, via Houston and San Francisco. Bressoud replaces Don Buddin, who was booed right out of Boston. No matter what Bressoud does, and it doesn't figure to be much, Red Sox fans will consider it an improvement. The Red Sox outfield of Carl Yastrzemski in left field, Gary Geiger in center and either Carroll Hardy or Lou Clinton in right is fast, especially when Hardy is playing.

Weak spots: It wasn't too long ago that the Red Sox could make brave pitchers cower at the sight of a lineup that included hitters like Williams, Wertz and Jensen. These men are gone now and the Sox start the season with hitters who may not be able to reach that short left-field wall. The team's best hitters, Runnels (.317) and Yastrzemski (.266 but strong second half), are left-handed and don't hit home runs anyway. Malzone, Clinton and Catcher Jim Pagliaroni are right-handed and should hit a few, but not many. Last year the Red Sox hit fewer home runs than any team in the league if you don't count Kansas City (few do). Red Sox runs will come hard again this year.

The big ifs: The Sox are young. Last year four rookies made the team—Schwall, Yastrzemski, Schilling and Pagliaroni. Much of the Red Sox fortunes in 1962 depend on the development of these four players. Much will also depend on several new men who are coming along this year.

Rookies and new faces: Out of the Don Schwall mold come two more fine-looking pitchers: Dick Radatz, 25, and Dave Busby, 20. Radatz was an outstanding relief pitcher with Seattle last year. Busby, who was 21–7 with Waterloo, may be a year away, but then that's what everyone said about Schwall last spring. Right-handed power hitter Bob Tillman, 25, will be a reserve catcher.

***OUTLOOK:** The Red Sox have what the sociologists call "upward mobility." They will be fighting for the first division this year and have a rosy chance.*

The bunt's the thing

Gary Geiger, the Red Sox' slender center fielder, hit 18 home runs last year and drove in 64 runs. That was more homers and RBIs than Geiger had ever had. But people were grumbling. Geiger's batting average, they noted, had dropped 70 points because he had suddenly started swinging for the fences.

Geiger admits he swung all-out a few times—when he should have been bunting instead. "The year before," he said, "I beat out 13 or 14 bunts. That's one big reason why I hit .300. It made a difference of about 25 points on my average. But last year I beat out only two or three. I got in a hot streak in late June, early July and started hitting the long ball. I forgot about bunting."

This year Geiger will let Roger Maris play low-average, high-homer baseball. He'll try to bunt his way into the big money.

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Earl Wilson is a right-handed pitcher. He is big, strong and very wild. He has been up to the Red Sox twice, but wildness sent him back each time. Wilson is up for another try this year; he is fitted out with glasses and restocked with confidence. He feels he should make it, and if not *this* year, well then, the year after that.

"I'm pretty touchy about it," he said. "Sometimes I've felt like packing up and going home. Actually, I've been wild two ways—wild like when you throw all over the place and wild like when you just miss. I think I got the wildness beat now."

Wilson's control has been pretty bad in the past, and from San Jose to Montgomery to Minneapolis to Boston to Seattle people have been telling him how to make it better. Some places the word has been "release the ball sooner (or later)," other places "tell the catcher to give you a lower target," others "move to this (or that) side of the rubber," still others "try it without a windup" (that worked fine one winter but come spring he couldn't get anybody out). This year, at Pitching Coach Sal Maglie's suggestion, Wilson is throwing three-quarter arm rather than straight overarm and releasing the ball a bit later. The idea is to get his pitches down into the strike zone. Wilson is pleased with the results, and so are the batters: in his first six innings of exhibition work, they clipped him for 14 hits.

Johnny Pesky, who managed Wilson at Seattle last year, has said that if Earl would just rear back and fire the ball he'd be all right. Wilson is not so sure. "I've always tried to throw too hard," he said. "When I do that I start walking guys, and then I think, 'Get that ball over.' So I take a little off the pitches, and boom-boom—I'm finished."

Wilson is only 26, and he's down to one option with the Red Sox. This spring Boston writers were calling this his now-or-never year. Wilson does not agree, and if he is sent to the minors again he will keep up the struggle. "I don't think I'm just a wild pitcher," he said. "I feel that finding my control is a matter of some one little thing. If I can pitch regular, I think I can find that thing. If not, I can't tell what will happen. I might hit anybody around."

BEST OF THE SOX pitchers is 6-foot-6 Don Schwall, who came out of the minors last May to win 15 games and become Rookie of the Year.

MINNESOTA TWINS

Short pitching and shorter defense makes the odds too long

Strong points: Excellent right-handed hitting power, one strong pitcher, one superb catcher. Only the Yankees and Tigers have hit more home runs over the last two seasons than Minnesota. Harmon Killebrew (46 HRs, 122 RBIs), Bob Allison (29 HRs, 105 RBIs), Jim Lemon (71 HRs, 200 RBIs in 1959-60) and Earl Battey (17 HRs) are all good long-ball hitters who are on close terms with the friendly left-field fence (330 feet) at Metropolitan Stadium. The dandy Cuban curve baller, Camilo Pascual, led the league in strikeouts last season with 221, tied for the lead with eight shutouts and was second in complete games with 15. Earl Battey (.302) is exceptionally gifted behind the plate.

Weak spots: Pitching and defense. The Twins desperately need dependable starters behind Pascual and some relievers who can get somebody out. Slim left-hander Jack Kralick (25) appears to be the only sound starter (13–11, 3.61 ERA) behind Pascual. Rounding out the Twins' slim starting staff is left-hander Jim Kaat, a 17-game loser last season. Young left-hander Bill Pleis (23) was the only man in the bullpen who could be counted on. Center Fielder Lennie Green (.285), Right Fielder Allison and reserve Bill Tuttle can all run and throw. Killebrew or Lemon in left, however, is a sight to behold. Zorro Versalles (.280) makes all the plays at short except the double play. Rookies Bernie Allen at second and Rich Rollins at third are supposed to have good gloves but neither has played two seasons in pro ball. The only sure glove in the infield belongs to flamboyant Vic Power (obtained from the Indians), the peerless first baseman. He is still a dangerous batter although he was off 21 points last season from his lifetime .289 batting average.

The big ifs: The Twins are going with youth at three of their infield positions—Shortstop Versalles (21), Second Baseman Allen (23) and Third Baseman Rollins (24). They know what Versalles can do but the big question mark is the two rookies. Allen, the former Purdue quarterback who received a $50,000 bonus last June, didn't hit well in his first half season of play (.241 at Charlotte) but he surprised everyone with his bat this spring. Rollins, who hit .294 for the Twins in 13 games last year, was signed after graduating from Kent in 1960. Pitcher Kaat is young (23) and in his last 15 starts he posted a fine 3.28 ERA. He could be a winner this year. Jim Lemon won't ever help the defense, but the Twins would like to get his big bat functioning again. He hit only 14 home runs (52 RBIs) last season.

Rookies and new faces: Left-hander Dick Stigman, obtained from the Indians, was selected for the All-Star Game as a rookie in 1960. Last year he hurt his elbow and was ineffectual. If he is healthy, he would help the Twins' bullpen. First Baseman Don Mincher (23) is up for the third time (.211 BA in 1960-61), will spell Power at first.

***OUTLOOK:** The Twins were a solid seventh in the American League last year: seventh in hitting, pitching and position. There is little to indicate that they can do much better this year.*

The single-handed twister

A throw came high from the third baseman. Vic Power leaped to his left and caught the ball in the webbing of his glove. His right hand was far from the play.

"I always catch the ball like that," Power said. "It's not hot dog. I'm just comfortable that way. I never worry about catching the ball one-handed." Despite his single-handed method, Power is considered the finest-fielding first baseman in the game.

"I have a funny hitting stance, too," he said. "That's natural for me. Only last year was not so good.

"I rested up this winter. For the first time in 15 years I stayed in New York. I didn't go home to Puerto Rico, so I didn't have to play ball. If I go home, they make me play."

How did Power stay in shape during the off-season?

"I twist nearly every night," he said. "Good for the legs."

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"No," said Manager Sam Mele, "I definitely would not say that what went on last year was dissension. Sure I fined a lot of the players but I'm not going to say which ones I fined. Eight or nine of them got it because they wouldn't follow the rules I laid down. They'd raise hell when I took them out for pinch hitters or they'd arrive at the ball park late. It became a matter of who was going to be boss, and to tell you the truth I'm going to be the boss." There is no doubt that Mele is now the boss of the Twins and has gained the respect of his ballplayers. This year as the Twins went through spring training you could see them fielding and hitting and looking around to see if Mele was watching them. They know who the boss is. It cost a lot of them $100 last year to find out.

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Earl Battey lifted his batting average 32 points in 1961, his second full year as a regular. "Sam Mele helped me an awful lot," said Battey. "He taught me to keep my weight on my back foot and not to lunge at the ball. He also showed me how to hold my body in check and made me close up my stance a couple of inches. It certainly helped my batting average last year.

"The only thing that's been bothering me this year has been my weight." Most ballplayers talk about being five or 10 pounds overweight in the spring. But this spring Battey was 32 pounds overweight. "I've got a thyroid condition," he said. "When spring training began I wore a rubber shirt and lost 17 pounds in seven days and there wasn't any kick to me at all. I was too fatigued, so I took off the rubber shirt and decided to get rid of the weight with pills and good sweat. The pills and good sweat better get me down to 220 before the season opens."

THICK-LEGGED CATCHER Earl Battey has occasional trouble with low pitches and that's about all. He is league's best man behind plate.


HOHX
Rawlings



LOS ANGELES ANGELS

Sluggers will have to prove last yaar was no fluke

Strong points: Improved balance. Last spring the Angels had an overage of paunchy sluggers and a dreadful shortage of all else. This spring, thanks to astute trades and player development, club has fewer soft spots. Brightest area could be the bullpen, which, with Tom Morgan, Art Fowler and Ryne Duren, was one of the league's best last year. After a slow start, Morgan smoothed out his delivery, went on to post 1.31 ERA in second half of season. Veteran Fowler almost wore arm out at times last year, but his "hummer" won five games, saved seven others. Duren has improved his knee-high fast ball and changeup, could show form of best Yankee year.

Weak spots: Last year's Angels set major league records for fewest complete games by pitchers (25) and most strikeouts by batters (1,068). But the biggest weakness was defense, which blew a remarkable number of "won" games. After Eli Grba, Ken McBride and Ted Bowsfield—who may form the least inspiring "big three" in history (34–36 combined last year)—starting pitchers are mostly untried rookies.

The big ifs: In spacious Chavez Ravine, where the Angels will play this year, good fielding will be essential to win tight, low-run games. Prospects for marked improvement are uncertain. At first base massive Steve Bilko is still the immovable object, and Lee Thomas, the other first baseman, is a converted outfielder. Joe Koppe, at short, and Billy Moran, at second, and the outfielders—Ken Hunt (84 RBIs), Albie Pearson (.288) and Leon Wagner (.280)—are adequate at best. If 35-year-old Eddie Yost, who broke his hand and never did get going last year, can play 100 games at third, the infield will be steadier. Tiny Wrigley Field, last year's home park, could have had something to do with the pitching staff's terrible ERA (4.31), but the small dimensions of the park also took some of the glitter off the team's high home run total (second only to the Yankees in the majors). Wagner hit 19 of his 28 homers at Wrigley Field, Hunt 17 out of 25, and Catcher Earl Averill 16 out of 21. Will they be sluggers in Chavez Ravine?

Rookies and new faces: Top Angel rookie, and one of the best in the league, is Bob Rodgers, who takes over catching with strong credentials: good eye, speed and arm. In infield, Manager Bill Rigney is praying that slick-fielding Shortstop Jim Fregosi, 20, can stand up to major league pitching; if so, he has the job. Another youngster, Tom Satriano, 21, will spell Yost at third. Red Witt, once 9-2 with Pirates, and outspoken rookie Bo Belinsky may be starters.

***OUTLOOK:** The Angels will hit fewer home runs, probably make fewer mistakes. If team can adjust to bigger ball park, Angels will at least hold on to eighth place.*

The bug speaks up

When Robert Belinsky, a left-handed pitcher, arrived in the Angels' camp, one of the first things he did was hold a press conference and complain about his contract. This is expected of, say, Roger Maris, but Bo Belinsky has never thrown a pitch in the major leagues.

As he lounged by the pool in Palm Springs, Belinsky told startled reporters that: 1) he would have preferred to play for the Mets; 2) he was king of the twisters in Venezuela last winter; 3) he did not play high school ball "because I couldn't see that yes-sir-no-sir bit or all that sis-boom-bah for the old Red and Black."

He was reporting nine days late, Belinsky said, because he was tired and because he had had to play in a pool tournament back in Trenton, N.J. Later he leaked word that he and General Manager Fred Haney had "a misunderstanding" about his salary. The press was delighted (ANGEL ROOKIE ANOTHER GOOFY GOMEZ?). Haney was peeved. "Belinsky," he said with a faint smile, "is a bug."

Bo Belinsky, in truth, *is* a bit of a bug. He is cocky but engaging. He speaks with fractured syntax but flashes of common sense. He is utterly convinced that "in this game you gotta protect yourself" and that fate, not lack of ability, has kept him in the minor leagues for six years.

"*All* my clubs in the minors were three-*time* losers," Bo says distastefully. "Down in Little Rock last year my team gives 40 unearned runs behind me, but people don't know the club, so they ask me, 'So how d'ya want more money?'

"My trouble is, I been a patsy too much. I've let guys with half the arm and half the record I got make half again as much money. And they get a lot better treatment, too. Like when I was in the Baltimore chain. After my season in C ball [2.24 ERA at Aberdeen], I was called down to Baltimore. That hotshot, Steve Dalkowski, was with me, and they're treatin' him like Gentleman Jim. 'You room with Dalkowski,' they tell me. So we go to the hotel room and there's one bed. His. So I call the secretary and I says, 'Where do you want me to sleep, on the floor?' He says, 'It won't hurt you for one night.' Well, it hurt me all right. I got in the car and went back to Jersey."

At Baltimore's spring camp Belinsky acquired a distaste for Manager Paul Richards. "Richards treated me like I was never there. This is a game of personalities. It's a feminate, tender game, like pool, not rip-roaring. It has tender tendencies, and personality clashes can hurt it bad. All I want is to become financially independent, so I don't have to keep playing winter ball and tiring my arm out." But first he must make the club. That should be no sweat. "If Rigney sticks with me, I'll be able to help 'em. I figure I could be 12–8, 12–9 or like that."

What if he doesn't make it? Belinsky shudders. "I don't want even to think of going down again. I had my share of that bull. Maybe I don't have the guts for minor league ball. But right now I'm lookin' for rosier pastures."

VERSATILE ALBIE PEARSON is an actor, disc jockey, rock 'n' roll singer, fisherman and first-rate golfer as well as the Angels' best hitter.

KANSAS CITY ATHLETICS

No pitchers, no punch, no prospects

Strong points: The A's have a fine young infield, and that's about all. Norm Siebern (.296, 18 HRs, 98 RBIs) at first, Jerry Lumpe (.293) at second, Wayne Causey (.276) at third and Dick Howser (.280) at shortstop (average age 26) had the highest batting average of any infield in the majors. Lumpe, the ex-Yankee third baseman, and Howser, one of last year's top rookies, work well together on the double play (Howser, however, led both leagues in errors). Siebern, an ex-Yankee outfielder, has turned into a competent first baseman, and Causey, who never made it as an Oriole bonus baby, has settled down at third.

Weak spots: Woeful lack of power, no outfield and no pitching. Team had just 90 home runs (lowest in the majors), averaged a skimpy 12 total bases a game and hit .247 (despite the infielders) last season. No player except Siebern hit more than eight homers or had more than 54 RBIs. Athletics' answer to this was to cut the left-field line by 39 feet, the right-field line by 15 feet, in hope that A's will benefit more than opposition. Only four outfielders—Leo Posada (.253, 7 HRs), Gino Cimoli (.234, 3 HRs with Pirates and Braves), Bobby Del Greco (.239, 7 HRs) and Gene Stephens (.203, 4 HRs)—have had major league experience. Catching is in the hands of Haywood Sullivan, whose lifetime batting average (.216) matches his weight. Jim Archer, a left-hander with three different curves and a good fast ball, had a low ERA (3.20) despite a 9–15 record. Norm Bass, a strong, young (23) right-hander (and brother of Dick Bass, the Los Angeles Rams' halfback), worked hard on his control this spring, figures to improve on his 11–11 record. The pitching staff allowed the most hits and runs in the majors last year and, aside from Archer and Bass, no pitcher completed more than four games.

The big ifs: The A's have two pitchers—Art Ditmar (28 wins with the Yankees in 1959-60) and Jerry Walker (11 wins as a 20-year-old in 1959 with the Orioles)—who were once major league winners. A return to form by either of them would make the summer more pleasant in Kansas City. Young right-hander Lew Krausse throws a big curve and a hopping fast ball. He was sent to the minors, but Manager Hank Bauer expects him to be back soon when he gains control and some experience.

Rookies and new faces: Rookie Outfielders Manny Jimenez and Jose Tartabull hit well in spring training and won regular jobs—Jimenez in left, Tartabull in center. Both are good, strong-armed fielders. José Azcue (.297 at Vancouver) works well behind the plate, could wind up as first-string catcher. Best young pitcher is Dave Wickersham, a 26-year-old right-hander, who was 2–1 with the A's at the end of last season. Best old pitcher is Bob Grim, a 20-game winner with the Yankees in his rookie year (1954) and 2–2 in the minors last season. He had a try-out this spring and looked impressive.

OUTLOOK: Manager Bauer, under orders from Owner Charles Finley to build a young team, has some talent to work with, but not enough to move anyplace.

No more beer and cigarettes

"You know what happened to me after I won that first game," said Lew Krausse, the 18-year-old $125,000 bonus pitcher who shut out the Angels in a pleasant debut last season. "I got cocky, that's what. That night after the game I was lying in bed thinking that this big-league stuff wasn't so tough and wishing I had been able to pitch against a better team than the Angels. That's terrible.

"In my second game I had a 1–0 lead in the seventh against the Red Sox. They had a man on first and then someone bunted and I threw high trying to get the man at second. The man at second took a big lead, and my catcher tried to pick him off. He threw the ball into center field. I guess I was upset about that and my own bad play, and I threw three straight balls to Gary Geiger. Then I came right down the middle and he hit it for a three-run homer.

"Worst of all, I suppose, I didn't know what it meant to be in shape. When I first came up I weighed 170. By the time I was there three months I was up to 190. It all went right here." Krausse cupped his hands in front of his stomach. "There was a lot of beer in there. Now I'm down to 180 and solid. I quit the beer and I stopped smoking. I want to make this team."

•

Shortstop Dick Howser stood in front of a cinder block wall, threw a baseball at it and caught the rebound with both hands. He did this for about 15 minutes one day this spring.

"I'm not trying to knock down any wall," Howser said. "All I'm doing is trying to improve my fielding. I did some things wrong last year and I think I can overcome them.

"I've been catching one-handed all my life. When I catch the relay on the double play I have to learn to take it with two hands so I can get rid of the ball faster. The way I did it last year, I caught the toss with one hand and then had to bring my bare hand up to the glove before I could get the ball and throw it. My glove also got in the way of my throws and it kept the ball hidden, which made it hard for the man I was throwing to. He couldn't see the ball.

"My throwing is another thing. I started out throwing overhand last year, but as the season went along my arm kept dropping lower and lower when I threw. I was almost throwing underhand at the end. You can do that in the minors, but up here the infields are cut back so deep that you have to make longer throws. The only way to make good throws when they are that long is to get on top of the ball when you release it. You have to throw overhand to get more power. I made 38 errors last season and most of them were on throwing. I'm sure I can cut that down."

FAR-RANGING SHORTSTOP Dick Howser was handed uniform No. 1 and named team captain as a rookie, responded with .280 BA.




SENATOR

WASHINGTON SENATORS

New park, same old Senators

Strong points: Manager Mickey Vernon has a fairly reliable infield and outfield, which is a big improvement over last season's ragtag beginning. Jimmy Piersall (.322), obtained from the Indians, is baseball's most voluble player but also one of its most talented center fielders. Piersall will add color and, certainly, controversy to the team. His fine defensive play will also take some of the pressure off Left Fielder Charley Hinton and Right Fielder Gene Woodling, both poor fielders. But Woodling, even running on 39-year-old legs, adds hitting power (.313) to the outfield. Ready to relieve Woodling and Hinton will be Willie Tasby and Jim King. In the infield Vernon has Bob Johnson at short (.295) and Chuck Cottier, an accomplished gloveman, at second. The veteran Danny O'Connell helps stabilize the infield with his hustle and steady if unspectacular play at third.

Weak spots: The pitching, at best, is fair, and the hitting is terrible. Right-hander Bennie Daniels (12–11, 3.44 ERA) is the only winning pitcher on the staff, and Pete Burnside (4–9, 4.54 ERA) the only left-hander of note. The rest of the starters—Joe McClain (8–18), Ed Hobaugh (7–9) and Tom Cheney (1–3)—will try again. Part of the pitchers' troubles can be blamed, however, on the Washington hitters. The team was last in batting in the league and runs scored. Dale Long, who is a part-time first baseman at 36, is the team's only power hitter.

The big ifs: Last year, when the team was new to the AL, spirit and enthusiasm helped win a few games in the spring. Perhaps the move from shabby old Griffith Stadium to the Senators' modern new park this year will touch off a spark. That's about all that can help this team.

Rookies and new faces: To get Piersall the Senators had to give away Dick Donovan, the league's ERA leader. Pitching help will have to come from the likes of Ray Rippelmeyer, a big right-hander who has been kicking around the minors since 1954; Dave Stenhouse, obtained from the Reds' farm system; and rookie Carl Bouldin, who throws a knuckler that curves (109 SOs in 78 innings in Class D last year). Bob Schmidt, a power-hitting catcher (when he hits, .132 BA) obtained from the Reds, won the first-string job with his bat in spring training. The most promising newcomer is Catcher Ken Retzer, who hit .340 in 16 games with the Senators at the end of the season.

***OUTLOOK:** The Senators did not fall irretrievably into the cellar until they lost on the final day of last season. This year they will get there sooner.*

Anything can happen in the spring

Pete Daley, one of the Senators' catchers, has a lifetime batting average of .239 to show for seven seasons in the majors. Last year he hit .192. Is Pete depressed by it all? Listen to him talking this spring:

"I think I'll do pretty well. Last spring I hit .360 and was the catcher on Opening Day. I kept on hitting the ball hard but it was going right to someone all the time. Then I got in a little slump and I looked for my average and could hardly find it.

"Gene Woodling and I got talking and he said, 'You can't do any worse than you are'—he wasn't trying to be smart, he was right—'so why don't you try hitting like me?' I switched to a big, heavy bat: 38 ounces, 36 inches. I got down in that crouch like he does and it worked.

"The guys on the team laughed when I started using it. Yogi really laughed at me from the dugout the first time he saw me use it in New York, but I hit a line drive that almost tore the pitcher's head off. He didn't laugh anymore.

"It gives me more straightaway power, too, which is good, because I've always been a pull hitter. I'm going to stick with it. The last two months of the season I hit .295 that way. I know, I keep track of those things."

•

Last year the new Washington Senators lost 100 games and finished 47½ games out of first place. The result was just what most experts had figured for the new franchise. As late as June 15, however, Washington was playing .500 ball and was tied for fourth place. It is difficult to name a single loss as a turning point when a team loses 100 games. But one of the Washington players thought he could do it.

"I remember the one that turned our season around," said Relief Pitcher Marty Kutyna. "We were moving along real good, giving everybody a little hell, including the Yankees.

"We were playing Boston in the middle of June. We go into the ninth inning with a 12–5 lead. Everything seemed just fine. We were winning our share, baseball seemed like a lot of fun, and I was doing a good job in relief. In fact, Ed Hobaugh and I were planning on becoming another Gomez and Murphy."

What happened then?

The relief pitcher laughed. "Errors, base hits, pop flies, long balls, everything. Next thing we know we're in the clubhouse, beaten 13–12. The bottom just fell out and we got to believing we were as bad as everybody said we were."

•

Gene Woodling started his professional career in 1940. He is the American League player representative and has the respect of all his teammates. Gene Woodling is considered a pro.

The other day Woodling walked out of the Senators' clubhouse a few minutes before a game. A player came along with his uniform shirt hanging out of his trousers and his cap perched back on his head like a sandlotter. Woodling turned to the sloppy young ballplayer. "Tuck your shirt in," he said. "Look like a big leaguer."

Gene Woodling, age 39, is a little heavy and doesn't look like a professional athlete. No matter. His uniform was neat and his cap was straight.

TEMPERAMENTAL PIERSALL, one of the league's most talented men with bat and glove, gives the new Senators their first big gate attraction.

A NEW LOOK AT AN OLD SEASON

Official major league statistics do not always disclose the reasons a team finished where it did—or the real value of a ballplayer to his club. Here is a more meaningful report on the 1961 season

EFFECTIVE TEAM SCORING

The Orioles had the most effective pitching staff in the American League, but their poor team-scoring average (next to last in the league) nullified any chance for the pennant.

NATIONAL LEAGUE

	RUNNERS ON BASE	RUNNERS SCORED	PERCENTAGE SCORING
San Francisco	1,915	773	.404
Cincinnati	1,866	710	.380
Los Angeles	1,977	735	.372
Milwaukee	1,933	712	.368
Pittsburgh	1,903	694	.365
St. Louis	1,963	703	.358
Chicago	1,935	689	.356
Philadelphia	1,786	584	.327

AMERICAN LEAGUE

	RUNNERS ON BASE	RUNNERS SCORED	PERCENTAGE SCORING
New York	2,039	827	406
Detroit	2,192	841	384
Chicago	2,082	765	.367
Cleveland	2,013	737	.366
Los Angeles	2,042	744	.364
Minnesota	1,983	707	.357
Boston	2,077	729	.351
Kansas City	1,947	683	.351
Baltimore	1,997	691	.346
Washington	1,886	618	.328

EFFECTIVE TEAM PITCHING

The Reds had the widest margin (20 points) in the National League between their own batting average (.270) and their opponents' BA. Result: a pennant for the Reds in 1961.

NATIONAL LEAGUE

	OPPONENTS' AT BATS	OPPONENTS' HITS	OPPONENTS' BA
San Francisco (.264)	5,255	1,306	.249
Cincinnati (.270)	5,194	1,300	.250
Los Angeles (.262)	5,259	1,346	.256
St. Louis (.271)	5,204	1,334	.256
Milwaukee (.258)	5,260	1,357	.258
Philadelphia (.243)	5,311	1,452	.273
Pittsburgh (.273)	5,259	1,442	.274
Chicago (.255)	5,390	1,492	.277

AMERICAN LEAGUE

	OPPONENTS' AT BATS	OPPONENTS' HITS	OPPONENTS' BA
Baltimore (.254)	5,397	1,226	.227
New York (.263)	5,388	1,288	.239
Detroit (.2663)	5,569	1,404	.252
Los Angeles (.245)	5,478	1,391	.254
Minnesota (.250)	5,517	1,415	.256
Cleveland (.2661)	5,529	1,426	.258
Washington (.244)	5,399	1,405	.260
Boston (.254)	5,535	1,472	.266
Chicago (.265)	5,573	1,491	.268
Kansas City (.247)	5,519	1,519	.275

EXTRA-BASE POWER

A number of the NL high-percentage batters also ranked high in extra-base power. In the AL, power was rarely synonymous with a high batting average—Roger Maris (.269), for instance.

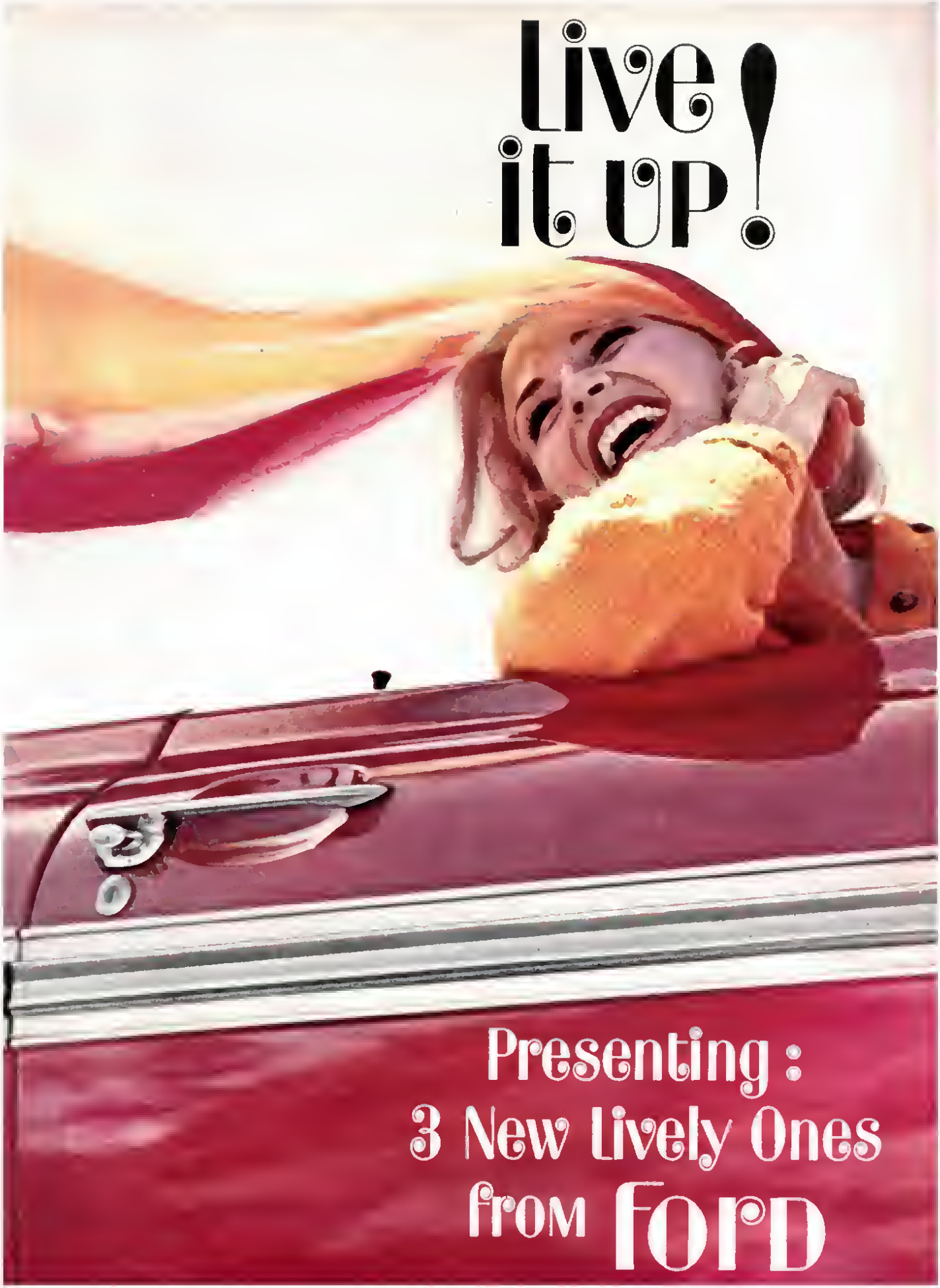
NATIONAL LEAGUE

	TOTAL HITS	EXTRA-BASE HITS	PERCENTAGE
Stuart, Pirates (.301)	160	71	.444
Robinson, Reds (.323)	176	76	.432
Cepeda, Giants (.311)	182	78	.429
Altman, Cubs (.303)	157	67	.427
Mays, Giants (.308)	176	75	.426
Aaron, Braves (.327)	197	83	.421
Demeter, Phillies (.251)	103	43	.417
Banks, Cubs (.278)	142	55	.387
Musial, Cardinals (.288)	107	41	.383
Coleman, Reds (.287)	149	57	.383

AMERICAN LEAGUE

	TOTAL HITS	EXTRA-BASE HITS	PERCENTAGE
Maris, Yankees (.269)	159	81	.509
Gentile, Orioles (.302)	147	73	.497
Killebrew, Twins (.288)	156	73	.468
Hunt, Angels (.255)	122	57	.467
Mantle, Yankees (.317)	163	76	.466
Colavito, Tigers (.290)	169	77	.456
Smith, White Sox (.278)	148	61	.412
Sievers, White Sox (.295)	145	59	.407
Kirkland, Indians (.259)	136	54	.397
Allison, Twins (.245)	136	53	.390

CONTINUED


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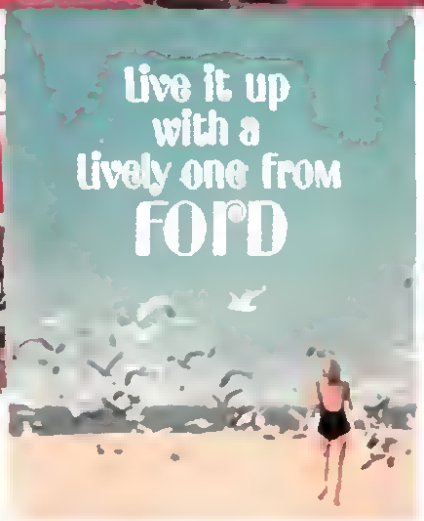
New Galaxie 500/XL!

Start this one and you really start something. Available with a 405-hp. Thunderbird V-8, coupled to a 4-speed stick shift, the XL will outperform America's costliest cars. All-new bucket seats with a Thunderbird-styled console are standard. Among the other items is Cruise-O-Matic transmission. The XL needs service only twice a year, or every 6,000 miles—that means lots more time for the lively life. Hardtop or Convertible. Definitely not for pedestrian tastes!











New Falcon Sports Futura!

Here's a hot new number from the compact leader. The tempo starts fast with bucket seats, a console in between, carpeting and an optional 4-speed stick shift . . . hits a new high note with a stylish new Thunderbird roof (vinyl-covered if you want) . . . then goes into the lively melody of an optional 170 Special Six. Economy with a flair is the Sports Futura idea: more gas savings . . . and a price below many standard compacts. For those who won't take "dull" for an answer.





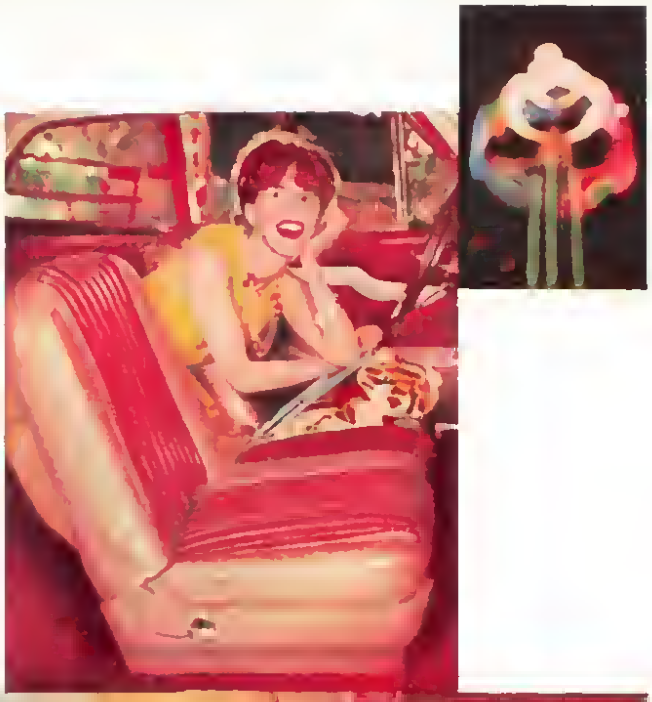




New Fairlane 500 Sports Coupe!

Don't flirt with this one unless you mean it. It's got sporty new bucket seats with a console in between . . and a live-it-up, all-new Challenger 260 V-8 * Fairlane offers compact-car handling, economy and low price—yet its big-car room, ride and performance definitely take it out of the compact class. Service it only twice a year, or every 6,000 miles. Meet the new Fairlane Sports Coupe—and all the lively ones—at your Ford Dealer's, the liveliest spot in town!

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BEST AT GETTING ON BASE

Norm Cash's amazing on-base percentage (nearly once every two times at bat) is further emphasized by the fact that four players—Clemente, Pinson, Boyer, Aaron—had more hits.

NATIONAL LEAGUE

	TIMES AT PLATE	REACREO BASE	OR-BASE PERCENTAGE
Moon, Dodgers (.328)	561	242	.431
Robinson, Reds (.323)	636	257	.404
Mathews, Braves (.306)	672	270	.402
Boyer, Cardinals (.329)	663	263	.397
Mays, Giants (.308)	659	259	.393
Clemente, Pirates (.351)	614	239	.389
Hoak, Pirates (.298)	586	226	.386
Aaron, Braves (.327)	671	255	.380
Pinson, Reds (.343)	659	248	.376
Santo, Cubs (.284)	655	237	.362
Cepeda, Giants (.311)	636	230	.362

AMERICAN LEAGUE

	TIMES AT PLATE	REACHEO BASE	OR-BASE PERCENTAGE
Cash, Tigers (.361)	672	326	.485
Mantle, Yankees (.317)	646	289	.447
Gentile, Orioles (.302)	601	254	.423
Pearson, Angels (.288)	535	222	.415
Killebrew, Twins (.288)	656	266	.405
Colavito, Tigers (.290)	708	284	.401
Kaline, Tigers (.324)	665	260	.391
Siebern, Athletics (.296)	649	249	.384
Sievers, White Sox (.295)	563	212	.377
Romano, Indians (.299)	580	218	.376

EFFECTIVE BASE STEALING

Although Maury Wills and Vada Pinson stole the most bases, it was Frank Robinson who compiled the best percentage (of those who had 15 or more attempts) in the National League.

NATIONAL LEAGUE

	ATTEMPTS	STOLEN BASES	PERCERTAGE
Robinson, Reds	25	22	.880
Gonzalez, Phillies	20	15	.750
F. Alou, Giants	15	11	.733
Javier, Cardinals	15	11	.733
W. Davis, Dodgers	17	12	.706
Wills, Dodgers	50	35	.700
Aaron, Braves	30	21	.700
Pinson, Reds	33	23	.697
Taylor, Phillies	16	11	.688
Mays, Giants	27	18	.667

AMERICAN LEAGUE

	ATTEMPTS	STOLER BASES	PERCERTAGE
Kaline, Tigers	15	14	.933
Hinton, Senators	27	22	.815
Howser, Athletics	46	37	.804
Aparicio, White Sox	66	53	.803
Geiger, Red Sox	20	16	.800
Landis, White Sox	24	19	.792
Bruton, Tigers	28	22	.786
Wood, Tigers	39	30	.769
O'Connell, Senators	20	15	.750
Keough, Senators	17	12	.706

EFFECTIVE PITCHERS

Na single Giant pitcher was particularly stingy when it came to giving up hits, yet the Giants' pitching staff overall was the most effective in the NL (lowest opponents' batting average).

NATIONAL LEAGUE

	OPPONENTS' AT BATS	OPPONERTS' RITS	OPPONERTS' BA
Koufax, Dodgers (18-13)	954	212	.222
Jay, Reds (21-10)	918	217	.236
Sadecki, Cardinals (14-10)	824	196	.238
Gibson, Cardinals (13-12)	778	186	.239
O'Toole, Reds (19-9)	953	229	.240
Williams, Dodgers (15-12)	879	213	.242
Spahn, Braves (21-13)	970	236	.243
Cardwell, Cubs (15-14)	988	243	.246
Willey, Braves (6-12)	595	147	.247
Broglio, Cardinals (9-12)	669	166	.248

AMERICAN LEAGUE

	OPPORERTS' AT BATS	OPPORENTS' RITS	OPPORERTS' BA
Estrada, Orioles (15-9)	768	159	.207
Pappas, Orioles (13-9)	643	134	.208
Pascual, Twins (15-16)	946	205	.217
Barber, Orioles (18-12)	891	194	.218
Donovan, Senators (10-10)	617	138	.224
Pizarro, White Sox (14-7)	726	164	.226
Grant, Indians (15-9)	912	207	.227
Bunning, Tigers (17-11)	1,104	232	.229
Ford, Yankees (25-4)	1,056	242	.229
Stafford, Yankees (14-9)	724	168	.232
Terry, Yankees (16-3)	697	162	.232

BEST AGAINST FIRST DIVISION

Despite so-so overall records, McDaniel, Gibbon, Duren and Lown were at their best against first-division teams. Big winners Joy and O'Toole capitalized on second-division teams.

NATIONAL LEAGUE

	SEASOR RECORO	FIRST-OIVISION RECORO	PERCENTAGE WINS
McDaniel, Cardinals	10-6	9-3	.900
Gibbon, Pirates	13-10	10-5	.769
Haddix, Pirates	10-6	6-3	.600
Jackson, Cardinals	14-11	8-7	.571
Marichal, Giants	13-10	7-5	.538
Brosnan, Reds	10-4	5-0	.500
McCormick, Giants	13-16	6-8	.462
Miller, Giants	14-5	6-1	.429
O'Toole, Reds	19-9	8-4	421
Jay, Reds	21-10	8-4	.381

AMERICAN LEAGUE

	SEASOR RECORO	FIRST-OIVISION RECORO	PERCERTAGE WIRS
Duren, Angels	6-13	5-6	.833
Lown, White Sox	7-5	5-1	.714
Ramos, Twins	11-20	7-14	.636
Walker, Athletics	8-14	5-10	.625
Schwall, Red Sox	15-7	9-3	.600
Regan, Tigers	10-7	6-3	.600
Perry, Indians	10-17	6-10	.600
Monbouquette, Red Sox	14-14	8-8	.571
Lary, Tigers	23-9	13-3	.565
Terry, Yankees	16-3	9-1	.563

CINCINNATI REDS

No magic in the Rhineland this year

Strong points: Pitching and power. The front-line pitching is impressive: Joey Jay (21–10, 3.53 ERA), Jim O'Toole (19–9, 3.09 ERA) and Bob Purkey (16–12, 3.73 ERA). Behind the Big Three are hard-throwing youngsters Ken Hunt (24 years old) and Jim Maloney (21). When the starters sputter, erudite Jim Brosnan (10–4, 12 saves) and laconic Bill Henry (12 saves, 2.21 ERA) pick up the loose ends from the bullpen. Right Fielder Frank Robinson (26), the league's MVP, and Center Fielder Vada Pinson (23) are an exciting, young one-two punch (.333, 53 HRs, 211 RBIs combined). Both are sure fielders, inseparable buddies off the field. Complementing them are power hitters Gordy Coleman (26 HRs) and Wally Post (20 HRs). And always ready to break up a ball game is Jerry Lynch, the best pinch hitter in baseball (.341 in four years).

Weak spots: Catching and defense. The Reds hope that 23-year-old Johnny Edwards and 26-year-old Jesse Gonder are ready to be regular catchers. Edwards has played only 52 major league games and hit .186. But he is big and strong and handles himself with grace behind the plate. Gonder, obtained from the Yankees, has played even fewer major league games—22. He impressed the Yankees with his power last spring but batted only .226 in the minors last year. Behind them is Darrell Johnson (34), who delivered a late-season lift to the pennant push but can't be counted on for regular duty. The infield has a knack of turning ground balls into singles. The team was last in double plays in 1961, and for good reason. Coleman, a dangerous man with the bat, is just as dangerous at first. Don Blasingame at second and Eddie Kasko at short have limited range. Post in left has even less range.

The big ifs: The Reds' hitters and pitchers all had big years in 1961 and they won the pennant by four games; then the Yankees chewed them up. This season Cincinnati has to prove that the pennant race (see page 112) —not the World Series debacle—was the team's true worth. Of more immediate concern to Manager Fred Hutchinson is finding a replacement for Third Baseman Gene Freese (26 HRs), who broke his ankle in spring training. Cliff Cook, the American Association's MVP and home run leader (32), has the job if he can hit in the majors. If he doesn't, Kasko moves over to third, where he is adequate, and Utility Man Leo Cardenas (.308) plays shortstop.

Rookies and new faces: The only veteran additions are relievers Dave Sisler and Johnny Klippstein and Utility Outfielder Marty Keough, all obtained from the Senators. Aside from Gonder and Cook, the rookies with best chance to stick with the team are two smooth-fielding infielders—Tommy Harper (21) and Cookie Rojas (23)—and Don Pavletich (23), a power-hitting catcher.

***OUTLOOK:** The Reds came from sixth place to win the pennant last year. In the well-balanced National League it will be easier for the Reds to finish sixth again than to repeat as pennant winners.*

A good living on the bench

"I'm being well paid to pinch-hit," said Jerry Lynch, the highest-paid pinch hitter in the history of baseball. "Sure, you always want to play regular, but I don't care anymore. I probably never could have made as much playing regular.

"It's funny," Lynch went on. "Some guys hate to come off the bench cold. I love to pinch-hit. It's a challenge. The spot is tough, the pitcher is bearing down and it is his best against your best. It makes you really want to do well. I play the whole game on the bench. I watch the pitcher and I watch the guy warming up in the bullpen. I follow the score and I know the game situation. Sometimes your job is just to move a guy along, sometimes just to try to start a rally. You have to be thinking out there."

Does Jerry Lynch ever think he won't hit when he's up in a tough spot? "I'll tell you," he said, "when I've had a few hits I figure of course I'll get a hit the next time I go up to the plate. That's why I'm here.

"Then again, there's the time you get up and you've been without a hit for a while."

He pumped his bat gingerly and looked out on the field. "That's when you figure you just may have to do something else for a living."

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Gordy Coleman is a muscular 27-year-old first baseman with freckles on his face, a crinkly smile and a gentle nature. He has a pretty wife, a handsome son and a pleasant home in Rockville, Md. He knocked in 87 runs for the Reds last year, batted .287 and was one of the few to show well in the World Series for his team. This spring Coleman was the only first baseman on the team roster. This all should add up to a contented young man with a bright future. It does not.

"I'm a worrywart," said Coleman as he peeled his undershirt after a stiff workout. "When I hit, I worry I'll stop. When I don't, I worry I won't start." (Manager Fred Hutchinson constantly had to reassure Coleman last season that he *was* a good hitter.)

A slow starter, Coleman hopes the confidence expressed by the manager will help him. "I guess if I'm the only first baseman on the roster, he thinks I can do the job. That means I'll get more work early in the season than I usually do. It could help."

A little later, Hutchinson was talking about his team. "Coleman is the only first baseman, but we have two or three other guys who could play first base."

"That's right," said Coleman, when told of his manager's statement. "That's why you have to worry. There are always guys looking over your shoulder who aren't even there."

TWO KEY PLAYERS, Vada Pinson (*left*), a .343 hitter, and Jim O'Toole, a 19-game winner, are vital to Cincinnati's slim chances.


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Angeles
12
Angeles
3

LOS ANGELES DODGERS

Loaded with talent, but who's on first?

Strong points: The Dodgers once again have superb pitching, excellent speed, adequate power and fielding. Now they also have a home—the $18.5 million Chavez Ravine—that is more suited to their talents than the misshapen Coliseum (a 40-foot-high screen 251 feet from home plate, a vast right-field area where no one could hit a home run). Chavez, with its balanced dimensions (LF and RF 330 feet, CF 410 feet), will certainly be more comfortable for all the batters, especially left-handed pull hitters Willie Davis, Duke Snider, John Roseboro and Ron Fairly. Even left-handed Wally Moon (.328), who has to all fields but mastered the knack of pushing home runs over the screen, is looking forward to the change. The Dodger pitchers are also happy about Chavez: they need no longer be timid about throwing *changeups* to *right-hand hitters*. The four starters—Johnny Podres (18–5, 124 SOs), Sandy Koufax (18–13, 269 SOs), Don Drysdale (13–10, 182 SOs) and Stan Williams (15–12, 205 SOs)—come equipped with vast supplies of self-assurance. Larry Sherry, Ron Perranoski and Ed Roebuck give Los Angeles strong late-inning help. Shortstop Maury Wills (35 SBs) and Outfielder Willie Davis (12 SBs), together with Outfielder Tommy Davis, Second Baseman Jim Gilliam and Catcher Roseboro, stole 71 bases last year, more than the team total of 13 other major league clubs. They will be running even more in Chavez.

Weak spots: First base is the big problem. Gone in the expansion are Gil Hodges and Norm Larker, the Dodgers' only veteran first basemen. Manager Walt Alston will probably platoon good-looking, good-hitting (.322) Ron Fairly and long-ball hitter Frank Howard at first. Fairly is certainly no Hodges and Howard isn't even a Fairly.

The big ifs: Not counting groundkeepers, 13 men were used in the Dodger infield in 1961 and 11 in the outfield. Alston will probably platoon his players a lot in 1962. But if he platoons as much as he did last season he may once again cause some of the younger players to press too hard in fear of being benched. Frank Howard, as usual, is still the most important *if* for the Dodgers. Winter ball has helped him cut down his strike zone, which two years ago seemed to go from his head to his feet.

Rookies and new faces: Rookie Joe Moeller is 6 feet 5 inches tall, 19 years old, and everything he throws jumps and moves. He could be a fifth starter for the Dodgers. Sharp-fielding Larry Burright (24) will be given a good look at second base, and if he hits might brush Gilliam aside. Andy Carey, the onetime Yankee, was obtained to relieve Daryl Spencer at third.

***OUTLOOK:** The talent is all there, but most of it was there in 1961, too. Manager Alston knows that if he doesn't win this time around, he probably won't get another chance. His job looks safe.*

A fine new fence just 330 feet away

"Oh sure," Duke Snider was saying. "I hit them as hard now as I've ever hit them. I hit them just as far as I've ever hit them, too." He smiled. "The only trouble is that I don't hit them quite as often as I used to. Sometimes when I'm taking batting practice I'll get ahold of one and watch it go and wish that there was some way to freeze it and keep it and not use it until I'm really hungry."

In the four years that Duke Snider has been a Los Angeles Dodger he has hit only 68 home runs; in the last four years that he was a Brooklyn Dodger he hit 165. He knows now what home run hunger is and he also knows that the main causes of it have been a bad knee, a bad elbow and the long right-field fence at the Los Angeles Coliseum.

"The injuries certainly didn't help me," he said, "and the pitchers threw me nothing but inside stuff because they knew that even if I caught one I'd have to pound the devil out of it. I don't think I'll see as many inside pitches this year. Actually, I've got a pretty good feeling that the new ball park is going to help me a lot psychologically. When I went up to the plate in the Coliseum I'd see that short screen in left and, hell, it had to affect you. I tried to go to left a lot more than I ever did in my life. It almost seemed like you had to. I think that the momentum from the end of last year is going to help me. I hope the pitchers forget what I did in the last two months of last season." Pitchers seldom forget, however. In the last two months of 1961 the Duke was doing .362.

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Jim Gilliam was sweating in a batting cage and looking forlorn, as a mechanical gadget served up pitch upon endless pitch. "Man, I don't go for this spring stuff at all. I don't take my real good swing. February and March don't count for nothin'. It might help the legs a bit when you run around the field. But what does this machine do? It throws up balls and you are supposed to hit them. But most of them are bad balls and no machine is going to make me a bad-ball hitter."

Jim Gilliam is an excellent judge of a pitch and he takes pride in his ability not to strike out.

"Jim," he was asked recently, "you led the league in fewest strikeouts last season. How many was it?"

"Thirty-four times," he said.

"Do you know about how many times you were up?"

"I think it was 439."

"Is there any one pitcher that gets you to strike out more than the others?"

"Oh, sure. Lou Burdette of the Braves."

"How many times did he strike you out?"

"Twelve."

"You mean that he has your number so well that he struck you out 12 of those 34 times?"

"No, no. What I mean is that Burdette has struck me out 12 times in the last eight years."

THE SPEEDY DAVIS BOYS, Tommy (12) and Willie (3) along with Gilliam, Wills and Roseboro, give Dodgers fastest legs in the league.

SAN FRANCISCO GIANTS

A tough team to beat

Strong points: The Giant outfield is very good, could be the league's best in all-round ability. Center Fielder Willie Mays improves with age. He played over 150 games for the eighth straight year, had his biggest home run (40) and RBI (123) production since 1955. Left Fielder Harvey Kuenn had his worst major league season (.266) but is a good bet to rejoin .300 hitters (.309 lifetime) after year of adjustment to new league. Strong, swift Felipe Alou is in right field, should maintain .289, 18-homer hitting, improve on 52 RBIs. In reserve is Matty Alou, strong-armed and speedy like his older brother, and a .310 hitter last year. Kuenn is the only questionable defensive link and he is adequate. To long-ball hitting of Mays and Alou add the crushing power of First Baseman Orlando Cepeda (46 HRs, 142 RBIs—both tops in the league) and the sporadic power of Catcher Ed Bailey and reserve Willie McCovey (18 HRs). Aside from second base, infield defense is spotless. Cepeda is a good first baseman, and Jose Pagan at short and Jim Davenport at third are excellent glovemen. Giants also have in Stu Miller, the small, economy-sized junk pitcher, the best reliever in baseball (14–5, 2.66 ERA).

Weak spots. Second base and catching. The Giants are going all the way with Chuck Hiller at second base. He is, however, a questionable hitter (.230 in 70 games last year) and has trouble making the double play. Catcher Ed Bailey has never lived up to his early promise. Behind him the Giants have only weak-hitting Joe Pignatano (obtained from A's) and youngster Tom Haller.

The big ifs: The strength of the pitching staff is questionable. Mike McCormick and Jack Sanford lose just about as often as they win (26–25 combined last year). Juan Marichal (13–10) may be a big winner someday; Giants hope it's this year. Billy O'Dell always posts a fine ERA (three times under 3.00) but he has not become the winner the Giants need. Much hinges on the showing of Billy Pierce and Don Larsen (acquired from the White Sox). Larsen worked hard this spring and showed a snappy fast ball. He could be a valuable long man and spot starter. Pierce moved right into the starting lineup, and Manager Al Dark expects him to win enough "to take the pressure" off McCormick and Marichal.

Rookies and new faces: Except for Pierce, Larsen and Pignatano, the team is essentially unchanged. The Giants are high on three rookie pitchers: Ron Herbel (16–5 at Tacoma), Gaylord Perry (16–10 at Tacoma) and Gerry Thomas (20–7, 2.40 ERA at Springfield). Manuel Mota, also up from Tacoma, clobbered spring pitching, can play outfield and second base.

OUTLOOK: Giants are geared for all-out rush at the pennant, have their best chance since fateful 1959 (when they lost in last week). Strong catching and smooth fielding at second base could bring home the flag.

One Giant who can't miss

"Hey, you should have seen me yesterday," Willie Mays said to a visitor in the Giant clubhouse. "I stood at the plate and this pitch come inside. I pull my bat away and fall down on my back. Guess where the ball goes? That's right, over third base for a hit."

"Imagine that," said a teammate. "Some guys try to hit a ball and they can't. Mays tries to miss it and he can't."

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"He likes to feel wanted," Catcher Joe Pignatano was saying of Don Larsen, the big right-hander who has so much talent but has produced so little in his nine years in the majors. "I roomed with him at Kansas City last year. I know how he thinks. He wants to work. When he pitches he's all right. Sometimes he has a bad day. Then they forget him for a while. He starts to get down on himself. He figures if they don't want him to pitch he might as well go out and have a good time. If this club lets him work, I think he can be a winner."

Larsen, tall and crew-cut, walked into the clubhouse at the Giants' training camp. Several players gathered around to pat his broad back and shake his hand. The man who once pitched a perfect game in a World Series was receiving the applause of his teammates for throwing eight strong innings in a B-team game. Nobody hugged him as Yogi Berra did in that victory in 1956, but Larsen was wanted.

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Mike McCormick was 17 years old when he broke in with the Giants in 1956 as a high-priced bonus player. Now, at 23, he is considered one of the best left-handers in the league.

"You learn, you change, you experiment," McCormick said. "Lots of guys have good arms, but it's what you do with your stuff that counts. This is where a catcher comes in. Hobie Landrith and I were roommates. We thought alike about certain hitters. If a catcher goes with your best stuff, you can concentrate on the hitter.

"That's why it was tough for a while when Ed Bailey joined us. He's an All-Star catcher and all that but he never caught me. It's different when he just hits against you. He doesn't think the same as when he's catching you. It takes time for a catcher to adjust to a pitcher. Bailey was catching Jay and O'Toole and Purkey at Cincinnati. Now he's catching different types of pitchers. When he joined us last year, we weren't thinking alike. This year it should be better."

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The wind in Candlestick Park is legend among the San Francisco Giants. Each player has his own favorite story about it.

Stu Miller, the 165-pound reliever, who was blown off the mound at the All-Star Game by the Candlestick wind, gives you a baseball glove to hold when he tells his windy one.

"You feel that thing. It's heavy. One day I put it flat up against a fence and walked away. It stayed right there. It was pressed against the fence by the wind."

WONDERFUL WILLIE MAYS is baseball's most exciting player to watch, and no one gets more kick out of playing the game than Willie.




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MILWAUKEE BRAVES

Old age and fond memories

Strong points: The Braves, with the best home run punch and the tightest infield defense in the league, are a pitcher's dream. Third Baseman Eddie Mathews (.306), Center Fielder Henry Aaron (.327) and First Baseman Joe Adcock (.285), clustered in the middle of the batting order, socked 101 of Milwaukee's 188 home runs and totaled 319 RBIs. Mathews, Second Baseman Frank Bolling and Shortstop Roy McMillan are among the best in baseball at their positions and Adcock is satisfactory around first base. Del Crandall is an exceptional handler of pitchers, and young Joe Torre has a strong arm and fine defensive ability behind the plate. Warren Spahn is going for his seventh 20-game year in a row (21–13, 3.01 ERA in 1961). "Why should Spahnie stop now?" asks Manager Birdie Tebbetts.

Weak spots: Pitching depth. After Spahn and his sidekick, Lou Burdette, an 18-game winner last year, the Braves are hurting for steady pitching. Bob Buhl, the third starter, is 33, had an ERA of 4.12 and a 9–10 record last year, and asked to be traded this spring. Behind him are Bob Shaw, obtained from the Athletics (25–27 the last two seasons), and Carlton Willey, who has won just 17 games in the past three years. Youngsters Bob Hendly, 22, a hard-throwing left-hander, and Tony Cloninger, 21, who throws a rising fast ball, are promising but inexperienced. Reliever Don McMahon was effective last season (6–4, 2.84 ERA) but he needs more help.

The big ifs: Although Torre did a fine job filling in for the injured Crandall last year, the Braves need Crandall's experienced catching. If he is healthy, Milwaukee will have the best receivers in the league. After the bastion that is Henry Aaron, the outfield drops off sharply. Lee Maye is a spotty hitter, and Tebbetts may go with Howie Bedell, who hit .327 at Louisville, in left field, and Mack Jones in right. Spahn (40) and Burdette (35) appear to be ageless but either one or both could go all of a sudden.

Rookies and new faces: The most exciting youngster in the Braves' camp, as he was last spring, was Mack Jones (23). "If he puts all his talents together, he's a great one," says Tebbetts. A left-handed batter with fine power to the opposite field, Jones hits with his left elbow cocked high like Duke Snider and runs as well as anybody on the club. Shaw, the only major addition to the team, likes to work, throws hard and has the control to win in the NL.

***OUTLOOK:** If the pitching surprises and the young outfielders come with a rush, the Braves will be a solid contender. Unfortunately, old age and pleasant memories of past glories dominate the Braves' picture. The fringe area of the first division will more likely be the team's resting place.*

Birdie has some nice problems

As a 19-year-old in 1949, Del Crandall caught 63 games for the Boston Braves. In eight straight seasons before last year Crandall caught 100 or more games and averaged 19 homers. In 1961 Crandall caught five games and was out most of the year with a sore shoulder. During the winter he lifted weights under a doctor's supervision to strengthen the shoulder. He says: "Catching is a vulnerable position. You can't hide a bad arm. My hitting feels the same and I feel good otherwise. If the arm's better, I'll be the same as always."

With 21-year-old Joe Torre batting .278 last year, Crandall, at his best, still has to fight for his job. "It's bound to make us both play harder," said Torre.

"This is the kind of problem I like," said Manager Tebbetts.

As Crandall leisurely threw a ball along the sidelines this spring, Torre watched intently. Tebbetts studied the throw. And Del Crandall, 32 years old, said he didn't feel any pain.

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Only 10 pitchers in all of baseball have won more games than Warren Spahn of the Milwaukee Braves.

What's the explanation?

"He can throw strikes any time he wants," says Braves' Pitching Coach Whitlow Wyatt. "He gets the hitter to swing at the ball he wants. Control is the secret of the art. Spahn can put the ball over the plate. He does it more often and with more pitches than anybody. Screwball, slider, changeup, fast ball, everything."

"He thinks," says Farm Director John Mullen, who watches hundreds of young pitchers every year. "Spahn always knows what to do. He makes it his business to find out every hitter's weakness."

"It won't be a mortal that will stop Spahn," says Manager Tebbetts.

Spahn walked into the Braves' clubhouse. Sweat soaked his uniform. His hat was turned backwards on his head. His shirt was loose and flapped against his unfastened belt. He grabbed a towel and snapped it against the shorts of Catcher Del Crandall.

Warren Spahn had come from a tough workout. Now, in the privacy of the clubhouse, he played the clown. At 40, the great left-hander still thought there was some fun in baseball.

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Henry Aaron was taking batting practice in St. Petersburg, leaping at pitches in his unique way, drilling some on a line over the fence and into the bay, others through the infield with such force they sent dirt into the air. After Aaron had sent the last pitch hooking meanly down the left-field line, the batting practice pitcher, a rookie, called to him. "Pretty good, hey Hank?" he said. "I mean, they were all right in there."

"Yeah," Aaron answered as he trotted toward the outfield, "and right out of there, too."

SPAHN THE NONPAREIL needs only 17 more victories this season to become the winningest left-handed pitcher in baseball history.

ST. LOUIS CARDINALS

A pennant depends on two old men . . .

Strong points: Depth in pitching, two big runmakers. St. Louis has more than its share of quality pitchers (led league with 3.74 ERA last year) in strong right-handers Larry Jackson (14–11, 3.75 ERA), Bob Gibson (13–12, 3.24 ERA), Ernie Broglio (a 21-game winner in 1960) and left-hander Ray Sadecki, a 14-game winner at 20 last year. Old Whiz Kid Curt Simmons (32) was effective in spots, will be a once-a-week pitcher for Manager Johnny Keane. And highly touted rookie Ray Washburn (23), a poised sinker baller, is ready to take a regular turn. Lindy McDaniel, despite an off year in '61, is still one of the most capable relievers in baseball. Ken Boyer (.329) and Bill White (.286) hit 44 home runs and knocked in 185 runs between them, supplied almost all of the Cardinals' power last season.

Weak spots: Spotty catching, power and defense. The Cardinals desperately hope that Big Gene Oliver, who hit 40 home runs last year (36 at Portland, tops in the minors; 4 at St. Louis), is ready this year. He won't help the defense but he would add muscle to the Cardinals' low-power attack (tied for fewest HRs in the league). If Oliver doesn't make it, Cards will have to fall back on oldtimer Carl Sawatski (34) or young Tim McCarver (20) behind the plate. Boyer at third and Julian Javier (.279) at second are excellent fielders, and White has worked hard to make himself a good first baseman. But shortstop has been a glaring hole for the past few seasons. Cards will have to go with either erratic Julio Gotay (10 errors in 10 games last year), inexperienced Gerry Buchek (19 years old) or Utility Man Alex Grammas (.212 BA). Curt Flood is an exceptional center fielder. He'll have to be to cover up for the lack of range of Left Fielder Stan Musial (after all, he is 41) and Right Fielder Minnie Minoso (39), who has a tendency to outhustle too many fly balls.

The big ifs: Stan Musial stopped hitting .300 three seasons ago but he is still a big man in the Cardinals' attack (70 RBIs last year). The Man was in superb condition this spring. ("He has the body of a man 10 years younger," says Player Personnel Assistant Eddie Stanky.) At 41, however, a bat can get mighty heavy in August. Ernie Broglio hurt his shoulder last year and won only nine games. The Cardinals will have the deepest staff in the National League if he returns to his 1960 form.

Rookies and new faces: The most important addition is Minoso, who knocked in 82 runs for the White Sox last year. Buchek and Washburn are the best-looking rookies. Bob Duliba and Ed Bauta, both right-handers and both 27, could take some of the pressure off McDaniel in the bullpen.

***OUTLOOK:** The Cardinals feel they have as good a chance as anyone to win the pennant. A lot depends on the tired old legs of Musial and Minoso. If they hold up, the Cardinals could surprise the experts.*

. . . But Minnie keeps the Cerdinels loose

"Hey, you, catch!" Minnie Minoso hollered while playing pepper before a game. He missed the ball on purpose, and threw the bat gently. His teammates skipped and laughed. When a player talked to a writer, Minoso rolled a ball to the player to distract him. When the pitchers warmed up, Minoso grabbed a glove and moved alongside of them. "This is my slip pitch," he said. He kicked high and threw a ball that skipped into the dirt. "See? It slip." In the outfield Minoso made several one-handed catches.

"I also could catch, pitch, play first base if the boss tell me to," he said. "I love to play anyplace."

Minoso brings a .304 lifetime batting average to the Cardinals. It could help their chances. He also brings a lot of laughs. That could help, too.

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"Something was wrong from the very start of last season," Lindy McDaniel was saying. In 1960 McDaniel was the best relief pitcher in the National League (12–4, 2.09 ERA, 22 saves), but last year he had trouble (10–6, 4.88 ERA, 5 saves). "I was striding too far when I threw," McDaniel said. "That changed my delivery so that my fork ball—my best pitch—wasn't dipping. In 1960 I must have struck out 60 men with it and I can't remember giving up more than two hits. But last year they hit it pretty good."

It was only in the fading weeks of last season that McDaniel corrected his stride and began pitching as he did the year before. When the season ended he hurried home to Hollis, Oklahoma, where he threw every day for three weeks with his brother Von as the catcher. "I didn't want to lose it," he said. "I wanted to be sure I'd remember this spring how I was doing it. I must be striding just right now because my fork ball is dipping again. It's a good feeling."

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Only a superior fielder would be assigned to cover the area separating Stan Musial and Minnie Minoso, the Cards' elderly outfielders. The job belongs to Curt Flood, who can handle it with ease. Flood hit .322 last season, and at 24 is counted on to improve. He sat on a stool in the Cards' clubhouse and reflected on his career.

"You never figure you have it made," the soft-spoken youngster said. "I'm happy I had the year I did in 1961. That means I have to work twice as hard this year. When you figure you are a regular it helps your confidence. There's nothing like the security of a job. This is the first time I've ever felt important to the team. Like I really belonged. It's a good way to be."

Flood changed his shoes slowly and put on a clean sweatshirt. "Excuse me, please," he said gently. "I gotta go. While I'm in here talking to you, some guy's outside stealing my job. I know it can happen because I took somebody else's job. That's how the game goes."

MATCHLESS STAN THE MAN has slowed to a walk in the outfield and is playing his last year, but his bat is still vital to the Cards' chances.




P
RAT

PITTSBURGH PIRATES

Law is the difference again

Strong points: The Pirates are still a hitting team; they were first in the league last year (.273), just as they were in 1960, when they won the pennant. Dick Stuart and Roberto Clemente were last season's musclemen—Stuart with his 35 home runs and 117 runs batted in, Clemente with his .351 batting average, best in the league. The rest of the Pirates are the same gang of pests who won the 1960 pennant with singles and doubles to the opposite field: Dick Groat, Don Hoak, Bob Skinner, Bill Virdon, Smoky Burgess and Bill Mazeroski. Hoak (.298) and Burgess (.303) hit well last year while the others slumped, but they are all sound hitters. The Pirate defense rates a B-plus. Mazeroski and Groat at second and short led the league in double plays last year, but Groat, now 31, covers an ever-decreasing area at short. Hoak at third has a good glove and arm. First Baseman Dick Stuart said this spring, "It's wonderful. You hit .301 and suddenly people begin to call you a good fielder." It is true that Stuart is no longer the defensive catastrophe he used to be, but he isn't ready to give lessons either. Virdon and Clemente can run and throw in the outfield. Clemente is the only outfielder in the league who can throw a baseball from the right-field corner of Forbes Field over second base, over third base and into the fifth row of box seats. He can also throw runners out. Last year he led the league in double plays by an outfielder.

Weak spots: The Pirate pitchers, like the rest of the team, are World Series holdovers. The names may be the same—Vernon Law, Bob Friend, Harvey Haddix, Vinegar Bend Mizell and ElRoy Face—but the arms have aged. Disaster struck the staff last year when Law hurt his pitching shoulder and had to quit baseball for the year. The load fell on Bob Friend and, while he struggled manfully, his record suffered (14–19). Haddix and Mizell slumped, completing only seven of 39 starts. That made so much work for Face that his ERA jumped from a league low of 2.25 in mid-July to 3.82, his highest since 1953. Joe Gibbon, a left-hander, began to blossom last year (13–10) and may be the Pirates' top pitcher soon. Tom Sturdivant, rescued from the minors, gave the Pirates a part-season 5–2 record.

Big ifs: Manager Danny Murtaugh hopes that Law is back to normal. On Law's health depends the health of the Pirates.

Rookies and new faces: Bob Veale, a 6-foot-6 left-handed Don Newcombe up from Columbus (14–11, 2.55 ERA), could give the Pirates another starter, and Diomedes Olivo, a 42-year-old rookie with a 2.01 ERA at Columbus, might help in the bullpen. Power hitter Donn Clendenon will fill in at first base and the outfield.

***OUTLOOK:** Assuming Law is back in form, the Pirates should have a role in the National League pennant race. Without Law, Pittsburgh will be an also-ran again.*

All in the same rut

In 1960 Dick Groat, captain of the Pirates, hit .325, and the Pirates won the pennant. Last year Groat hit .275, and the Pirates finished sixth.

"We are all around 30," Groat was saying, "so we should be young enough to come back. In 1960 everybody had a good year together. We got hot and stayed hot. Last year we all had a bad year together. Seven of us had terrible years. We weren't overconfident. We just got into a rut all at once and stayed there. Losing Vernon Law was the big blow. It's tough to give up 20 games. But that wasn't all. Nobody hit. Nobody did anything. If it wasn't for Clemente and a couple of the other guys we probably would have been worse. I'll tell you something. We were so bad last season we were lucky to finish sixth."

Groat tugged at his cap and looked grim. "They're counting us out this year already. They counted us out every day in '60. We were lousy last year. We know it better than anybody else. We'll be better this year. We know that, too."

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"I began chewing tobacco out of self-defense," Bill Mazeroski said as he sat on the bench between turns at bat. "Murtaugh was a coach with the team when I came up in '56 and his favorite trick was to spit juice on your spikes as you went by. I started chewing so I could spit on his shoes. He still spits on mine, but I don't get him any more. He's the manager now.

"There are only two times I chew—when I'm on the field or when I'm out hunting. It helps me relax. Sometimes after a real hard inning I'll notice that I've chewed the tobacco into a hard little ball.

"I remember I didn't have any in my mouth when I hit that homer off Ralph Terry [to win the 1960 World Series]. When I came in from the field I know I tossed it away, but I don't know why I did it.

"During the season I generally use a pack a day. I always chew on the left side. That's because of what happened when I had it on the right side once while I was hunting. I pulled the gun up to my right shoulder to shoot but I had the tobacco on that side and I couldn't see a thing."

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"Since when do we sit on the bench?" Manager Danny Murtaugh said in a frigid tone.

A slightly stunned Dick Groat looked up, then jumped to his feet. Two other players, rookies Willie Stargell and Orlando McFarlane, also hustled off the bench.

"Groat, he saw you sitting and he thought it was all right," Murtaugh said. "Didn't you, Willie?"

Stargell looked at Murtaugh but did not say a word.

As he entered the dugout, Murtaugh winked at Pittsburgh Sportscaster Bob Prince and said, "Did you see Willie's eyes pop when I said that?"

PIRATE CAPTAIN GROAT lost a few steps at shortstop and 50 points on his BA last season, was one of the reasons for the team's decline.

CHICAGO CUBS

Raw power but no sense of direction

Strong points: Power, two strong starters. Despite dismal team record (15 straight years in second division), the Cubs always have a batch of long-ball hitters. This year they have four—Ernie Banks, George Altman, Ron Santo, Billy Williams. Williams had 25 HRs and 86 RBIs as NL Rookie of the Year. Banks, bothered by a bad knee and switch to the outfield, had poor year at plate: .278, 29 HRs, 80 RBIs in only 138 games. Altman's .303 BA, 27 HRs and 96 RBIs show he has arrived as major league hitter. Santo, a powerful pull hitter, had 23 HRs, 83 RBIs. Right-handers Glen Hobbie and Don Cardwell give the Cubs a pair of the hardest-working, hardest-throwing pitchers in the league, although a strained back held Hobbie down to 29 starts, seven victories last year. Cardwell led the league in games started (38). After a rocky first half, he improved his control, got his fast ball to sink, wound up with 15 wins, 3.82 ERA.

Weak spots: Catching, defense. The loss of promising Dick Bertell (.273) to the Army leaves the Cubs with the worst catching in either league: Moe Thacker (.171), Cuno Barragan (injured most of year), Sam Taylor (.238). Last year's Cub outfield was filled with chicken arms and uncertain gloves ("a disaster area," one rival called it). New First Baseman Banks may be the strongest link in shaky defensive infield, which will have rookie Ken Hubbs at second, erratic Andre Rodgers at short and Santo, still learning his trade, at third.

The big ifs: Aside from Hobbie (25) and Cardwell (26), Cub pitching is a question mark. The only other sure starters—junk dealer Jack Curtis (25) and fast-baller Dick Ellsworth (22), both left-handers—are green but promising. Reliever Don Elston's ERA soared to 5.61 last year; he has been in constant demand for four years, may simply be wearing out. If so, more short work will fall on 35-year-old knuckleballer Barney Schultz.

Rookies and new faces: Two rookies, Hubbs and Center Fielder Lou Brock, will step into starting jobs. Hubbs, a converted shortstop, is making the jump from C ball. Tall and lean, he makes all the plays, showed poise and some power in spring training. Brock, also up from Class C, has speed and a promising bat. His outfielding, however, is erratic, which will make him a good companion for Left Fielder Williams and Right Fielder Altman. If 19-year-old Danny Murphy, the $125,000 bonus baby, is ready, he will help the outfield defense considerably; he can run and has a mighty arm.

OUTLOOK: Cubs' rotating-coach system may produce enough good ballplayers to make a respectable team someday. Until then, they are a cinch for the second division.

The travails of a head coach

Baseball managers are an unathletic lot. Most of them spend spring training sitting in the shade of the dugout, leaning on the batting cage or standing in the sun with hands in pockets. Elvin Tappe is a head coach, rather than a manager, which may explain his active approach to the game of baseball. Tappe skips around briskly and brightly, as befits a young executive in Philip Wrigley's organization. He pitches batting practice, sometimes warms up a pitcher or plays pepper.

One day last month Tappe was seen catching batting practice. Tappe was a catcher in his playing days, but even rookie catchers try to avoid working batting practice: it is a hot, dusty, unrewarding job. Yet there was El Tappe, squatting on his haunches in the cage, pounding his mitt vigorously and rattling off a peppy line of chatter. When a foul glanced off the top of the screen and rolled a few feet toward the pitcher's mound, Tappe sprang to his feet and brushed by the batter. "I got it, I got it," he yelled. He scooped the ball up, fired it to the pitcher and trotted back into the cage. None of the players looked surprised, but an awed outsider finally asked Tappe if he was trying to stay in shape or what. "Naw," laughed the head coach. "I just screwed up. Sent too many catchers over to the B game."

•

Ron Santo, the Cubs' fine young third baseman, was getting a lecture from Coach Lou Klein. It was a gentle lecture, but Santo was at first irritated, then angry. "Damn it, Lou," he said, "last year I hit the ball hard. But you guys are constantly on me about double plays. . . . Yeah, I know I pull too much." The argument sputtered along until Santo broke it off to take his turn in the batting cage.

"Hitting into double plays is a real problem for me," Santo said later. "Last year I tied Frank Bolling of the Braves for the league lead. My lack of speed hurts some, but pulling the ball is what really does it. Last year I was hitting real good but pulling all the time. I bet I didn't get six base hits to the right side of second base. I even pulled outside fast balls. Everything was right toward the shortstop, right into the double play. It got bad toward the end of the season. It started to be a mental problem."

Santo shook his head. "I can't let that happen this year. I have to stop pulling all the time. I don't want to pull. I just seem to get around too quick on the pitch. So they pitch me outside. Earlier in the season you can pull the outside pitch over the fence. Later you get tired and you hit into the dirt. That's when the double plays start and you feel terrible. Heck, you can take the team right out of an inning that way."

What has to be done? Different stance, different stride? "No, it's a matter of waiting a split second longer before you swing. In the majors you try to get around quick, because the guys throw real hard. If I can wait a bit longer, I'll get some hits to the right side. Once the pitcher knows you can hit over there, he doesn't know where to pitch you. And it doesn't have to be often. If just once during a series I can hit one to right, that'll be enough. That will make them think, and that's what I want."

POWERFUL CUB TRIO, Ernie Banks, Billy Williams and George Altman (*left to right*), smashed 81 home runs, drove in 262 runs last season.


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PHILADELPHIA PHILLIES

A long-term gamble on youth

Strong points: Manager Gene Mauch is going with youth at almost every spot in an attempt to build a new Whiz Kid team. Everyone in the probable starting lineup is in his mid-20s except First Baseman Roy Sievers (35) and Left Fielder Wes Covington (30). The only certain strong point on the Phillies, however, is the power hitting of Sievers (27 HRs, 92 RBIs) and Don Demeter (21 HRs, 70 RBIs).

Weak spots: Lack of runs, poor defense. The Phils made the fewest hits and scored the fewest runs in the majors last year. Sievers was obtained from the White Sox to remedy that. The Phils may score a few more runs but they will give just as many away. Clay Dalrymple made more errors (14) than any other catcher in the majors, and Demeter at third is a converted outfielder. Sievers, at best, is only adequate at first and Tony Taylor at second slumped appreciably in his fielding last year. The only sure glove in the infield belongs to Ruben Amaro, the slick little shortstop who is on leave from the Army. Center Fielder Tony Gonzalez and Right Fielder John Callison are fast and sure-handed but Covington is in the lineup only for his bat.

The big ifs: Philadelphia pitching was the worst in the league last year. "We lost with pitchers everyone knew; we can't do worse with the kids," says Mauch. So the Phillies got rid of a handful of pitchers with a combined 10–30 mark and will go with fresh faces. Best of the baby corps is Art Mahaffey, 23, a sturdy right-hander who won 11 games last year and pitched well enough to win a lot more. Behind Mahaffey is Jim Owens (28), who came along strong at the end of last season, and Cal McLish (36), the only oldtimer on the staff. After these three, it's a parade of young hopefuls: Ed Keegan, 22, Jack Hamilton, 23, Dwight Siebler, 24, and Chris Short, 24. Jack Baldschun, 25, who relieved in 65 games last year and had a good 3.87 ERA, will be the big man in the bullpen.

Rookies and new faces: Frank Torre, the former Brave first baseman, is expected to relieve Sievers and supply an experienced bat in the pinch. Sammy White, the ex-Red Soxer, could win the first-string catching job. McLish, who came from the White Sox, adds vintage to the young pitching staff. Outfielder Ted Savage, 25, was the MVP in the International League last season with a .325 average. A right-handed batter with a good arm and fine running speed, Savage is a Henry Aaron-type hitter who can be fooled on a pitch and still line it for a double. A sleeper in the Phillies' camp is an 18-year-old Cuban pitcher named Marcelino Lopez. He handled major league hitters with ease in winter ball, is very quick and has the poise of a veteran.

OUTLOOK: The Phils came in eighth the last four years, lost more games each time. They will have to be very lucky to finish eighth again this season, will more likely be an embarrassed ninth or 10th.

How to lose 23 games in a row

Last August 20 the Phillies beat the Braves 7–4 in the second game of a doubleheader. It was their first win in 24 games.

"It just built and built each day," Catcher Clay Dalrymple said of the record losing streak. "We were only out of a couple of games real bad. Most of the time we lost them in late innings. By our own average, we figured to lose 12 or 14 of those games. Then we lost about six more on bad breaks. A ball hits a pebble, a pop fly is missed, a line drive is caught. When you're going like that, every bad call goes against you. No umpire can ever see it your way.

"Near the end we might have pressed a little. You get to worrying what you'll do when you're up and you worry in the field. Then somebody hits a ball to you and you tighten up. The next thing you know three guys are on and somebody doubles and you're down again. It was awful. There are no soft teams in this league. You can't ever go into a town and be sure you'll win at least one."

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For the first time since 1948, Robin Roberts was absent from the Philadelphia training camp. The newsmen and the photographers following the club turned their attention instead to a dark-haired, 23-year-old right-handed pitcher named Art Mahaffey. He is the one Phillie player described as untouchable in Manager Mauch's rebuilding program. In a game against Chicago last season Mahaffey struck out 17 batters.

"It was a funny thing about that game," Mahaffey said. "I was in the groove, I just felt loose and the ball wouldn't go anyplace but the corners. It didn't seem as if I was throwing hard at all, yet I was striking a lot of men out."

The major league record for strikeouts in one game is 18, shared by Bob Feller and Sandy Koufax.

"Nobody told me about that until after the game," said Mahaffey. "I was just going for outs. If I had been told I was going for the record, I could have eased up on a couple of the tough guys and pitched to the other ones. I was real strong at the end and could have had a couple of more strikeouts easy. If I had had 19, that would have been worth some dough."

At 23, Art Mahaffey is a worthy successor to Robin Roberts.

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"It's actually easier to hit well in the majors than in the minors," Frank Torre said. In 1958 Torre hit .309 for the pennant-winning Braves. Then he started slumping and was shipped to the minors last season after 4½ years in the big leagues. This spring Torre was trying out for a spot on the Phillies.

"In the minors the pitchers change so much and the conditions of the fields are a lot worse. If I didn't get back to the majors this year, I was through with baseball. Now I have a good chance to make this club. I only need six more months for my pension. That'll keep me hustling."

FAMILIAR AND FRUSTRATING Phillie tableau shows Manager Mauch (4) and Pitcher Mahaffey (28) looking to the bullpen for help.

HOUSTON COLT .45s

A popgun attack in a big park

Strong points: Defense, especially the infield. The Colts designed both park and club with defense in mind, and it should be reasonably good. Aside from ex-Dodger Norm Larker, who lolls at first base between at bats, the infield is filled with erstwhile second-stringers of the good-glove variety. Joey Amalfitano, the ex-Giant bonus baby, is a smooth second baseman. Shortstop Don Buddin, at last sprung from Boston, could improve on his mediocre record. Bob Aspromonte, onetime Dodger shortstop, is expected to bloom at third base. The infield has a good can-field, can't-hit reserve in remarkably versatile Bob Lillis. Hal Smith is an experienced catcher who hits with some power. The outfield is adequately equipped with speed and arms; best by far is ex-Cub Al Heist, who is one of the league's best defensive center fielders.

Weak spots: Lack of power and left-handed hitting. The probable starting lineup lists only two left-handed hitters—Larker and Left Fielder Al Spangler, who hit home runs only in batting practice. Power is hardly rampant among the righties either; the infielders are all banjo hitters and among the outfielders only Roman Mejias in right and reserve Jim Pendleton have shown any long-ball ability. All will have trouble reaching 360-foot fences in Colt Stadium, but so will the opposition.

The big ifs: The pitching is iffy on all draftee-laden clubs, and the Colts are no exception. The biggest names are Bobby Shantz and Dick Farrell. Shantz, a 24-game winner with the old A's 10 years ago, will join starting rotation if he is physically able. Reliever Farrell, a major disappointment with the Dodgers last year, has embellished his fast ball with a tricky slip pitch. Best bets to make it as starters are Jim Golden (20–9 with St. Paul in 1960), knuckleballer Ken Johnson (6–2 with Reds last year), lefty Hal Woodeshick, right-hander Bob Bruce and rookie Dave Giusti. Giusti, 22, who has had only a half season of pro experience (he pitched for Syracuse in the College World Series and then compiled a 2.29 ERA in 118 innings with Jacksonville), often uses the palm ball as an out pitch. Bobby Tiefenauer and Al Cicotte figure to relieve. There isn't much talent here, but General Manager Paul Richards is used to that. "Richards always takes a few retreads and a couple of youngsters," says Coach Luman Harris, "and comes up with a damned fine staff."

Rookies and new faces: In addition to Giusti, the best-looking rookies are Merritt Ranew (23), a line-drive hitter who will be second-string catcher, and Outfielder John Weekly (24), a power hitter.

OUTLOOK: ***Manager Harry Craft hopes that the Colts' tight defense will keep the team out of last place. It is his only hope.***

New life for Mr. Buddin

When Shortstop Don Buddin came up to the Red Sox, much was expected of him. "They gave me a real great buildup," says Buddin, "and I wasn't ready to live up to it." Boston fans, traditionally a grumpy bunch, wouldn't accept less. From April 1956 until the close of last season, they booed, jeered and maligned Buddin far past the point of reason.

Buddin is now with Houston, but the memory of those Boston days is still bitter. When he is asked about them, his mouth tightens and he chooses words carefully. "I got a bad start that year and I never did get over it," he says. "I didn't hit too well, but my fielding was the trouble. I made a few errors—a few too many, and they got on me. If there are 25,000 people in the stands, maybe only 5,000 don't like you. But those are the people you hear."

Boston's tempestuous writers were implicated, too. "When you have so many papers there's tough competition among the writers," says Buddin. "Some of those guys would write nasty remarks about their mothers if it made a good story."

Buddin shook his head. "You can't figure them in Boston," he says. "They just pick out certain guys. They got on Jackie Jensen terrible, when he was having his greatest years. Last year it was Carl Yastrzemski. They expected him to hit .320 his first year. For a couple of months it was more like .230, and the writers started chewing him up. It wasn't his fault, but they didn't care about that."

Buddin says he never asked to be traded, "but the front office got the idea through the grapevine. Actually, last year wasn't so bad in Boston, because I had a good year [.263]. But I'm glad to be out of there. This year I'll be more relaxed, and I think the Houston people will appreciate me. In Boston if I did 40 things right and one wrong, I was a bum. I hope those days are over."

•

Wherever Paul Richards goes, the slip pitch goes with him. Richards, so they say, invented the pitch. Now, as Houston general manager, he is seeding it throughout the Colt staff. "All our pitchers are trying it," says Coach Luman Harris, who has been with Richards for more than 15 years. "Paul always manages to find one or two guys who can throw it." Adds Harris loyally: "Once you master the slip pitch, it's the best changeup there is."

Harris grabbed a ball. He held it with forefinger and middle finger across the top and thumb extended straight underneath. "You keep the tips of your two fingers off the ball," he said. "That takes the spin off. You throw it hard as you can, with a regular fast-ball motion, but you squeeze it out of your fingers. It goes up there and just seems to quit. Breaks down and away most of the time. Sometimes it drifts one way and sometimes another, according to what you do with your wrist and how you release the ball.

"Jim Konstanty was a true master of the slip pitch. He worked on it with Richards in the International League. Then he went up to the Phillies and was a whale of a pitcher."

COLT'S BRAINTRUSTING General Manager Paul Richards (*left*) and Field Manager Harry Craft face task of building first Texas team.





LONGTIME FAVORITES AND BIG WINNERS IN NEW YORK ARE FORMER DODGER GIL HODGES (LEFT) AND EX-YANKEE CASEY STENGEL

NEW YORK METS

Old sluggers and young pitchers

Strong points: Potential power and the incomparable Casey Stengel. Gil Hodges, Frank Thomas, Gus Bell, Second Baseman Charlie Neal and Third Baseman Don Zimmer can all reach the cozy right- and left-field seats of the Polo Grounds with ease, if they haven't forgotten how. Manager Stengel, bubbling with enthusiasm, carries an "I'll show 'em" attitude back to the Yankees' hometown. Says the veteran Richie Ashburn of his new boss: "I never knew a man could know so much about the game."

Weak spots: Old age and shallow pitching could hurt the most. Of the regulars, only the shortstop candidates—Elio Chacon and Felix Mantilla—are under 30. The outfield, especially in the roomy Polo Grounds, will be porous, if Bell (33) is in right, a slowed-down Ashburn (35) is in center and Thomas (32) is in left. Reserves Joe Christopher and John DeMerit can run but their hitting is questionable. Gil Hodges, at 38, will need frequent help at first. Except for Thomas, who had a big year in 1961 (27 HRs), none of the home run hitters have reached many fences in the last few years. Catcher Hobie Landrith (32) is a good receiver but a light hitter. At short, Chacon is an exciting but undependable fielder, and Mantilla has some glove talent but little with the bat (.215 BA). Roger Craig, with five wins last year for the Dodgers, is the Mets' "ace" pitcher. After him, there is a plethora of inexperience.

The big ifs: The fate of the Mets depends on how young the oldtimers act and how fast the young pitchers develop. Jay Hook (25), Craig Anderson (23), Ken MacKenzie (28), Bob Miller (23) and Sherm Jones (26) all have promise. Herb Moford (33) will start and Clem Labine (35) will relieve if his arm holds out. This spring the pitching was surprisingly sharp. It could turn out to be the strongest part of the Mets.

Rookies and new faces: Rookie Pitchers Al Jackson, Ray Daviault and Bob Moorhead looked good this spring, could make the team. Jim Hickman, a muscular young outfielder, might play a lot in center. Rod Kanehl will be an outfield spare.

THE OUTLOOK: If the Mets don't get off the ground in a hurry, look for General Manager George Weiss to trade, buy or steal a parcel of new players who can "execute" for Manager Stengel. Seventh place is not a remote possibility.

continued

MAN SIZE

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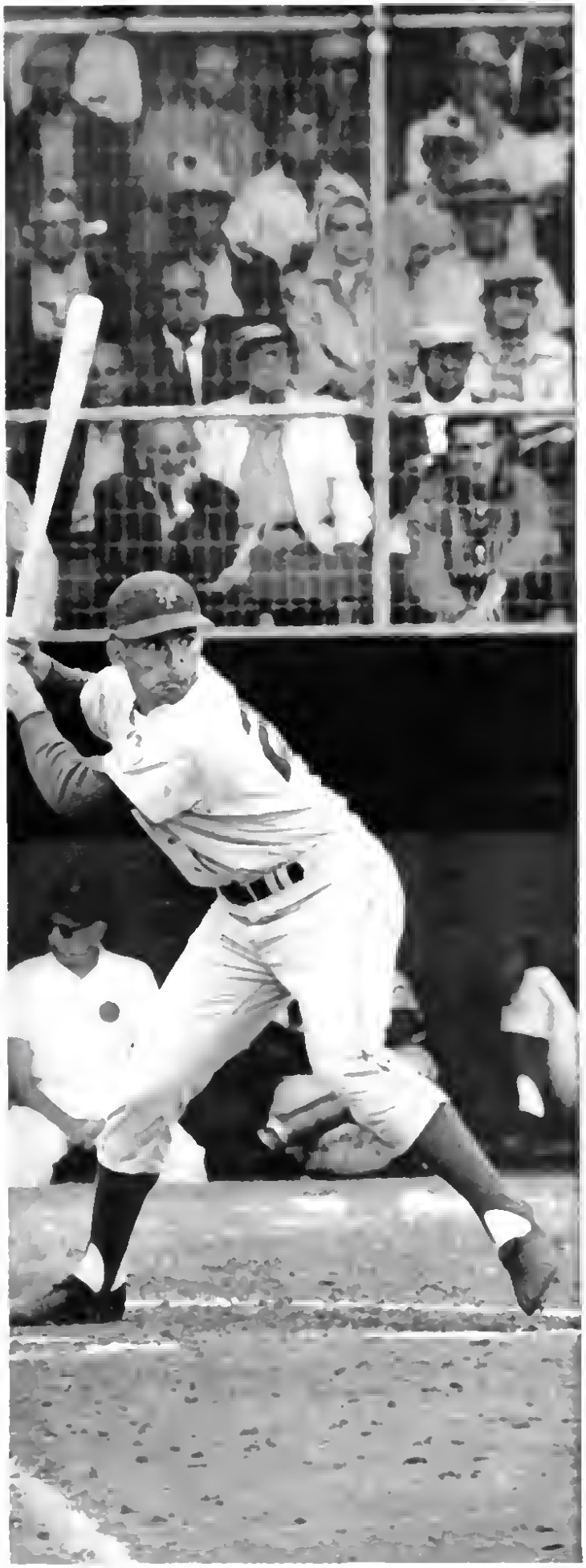
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Painful days for Casey

Casey Stengel looks about the same as he did during his last year with the Yankees. The name on the front of his uniform is still New York, the style is still pinstripe, the number on his back is the familiar 37, and when he speaks it is as no other man can—or would—speak. "I would say that we have three men who can move in the outfield," he said during spring training. "Put these names down—Christopher, Hickman, DeMerit. They can run and two of them are tall so I don't know why they don't have power. They're fast enough to play on any ball club. Hickman should hit the ball hard—if we can develop them enough in baseball ways. They all say we never got to play. DeMerit—how many games has he played? Only 79. His extra-base power wouldn't show up in that many games. Now if someone takes an interest in them we could strengthen our club."

It is grand to hear him, grand to have him back, because baseball is cluttered with people who give only name, rank and serial number. But it is sad, too. You can sense the man straining, trying too hard to be Casey Stengel, the attraction. That, of course, is why he was hired—to create interest in a team that cannot possibly finish higher than seventh. But to hear the man ramble on about his plans for some borderline players and to see the group of reporters around him depart one by one until he is left alone on the bench is painful.

•

This spring every ball hit into the air in batting practice by the New York Mets was judged as a home run or an out according to the peculiar dimensions of the Polo Grounds, with its short foul lines and vast center-field area. Thus, when Hobie Landrith would pop one up behind first base, the familiar cry was "home run in the Polo Grounds." When Frank Thomas drove a ball deep to left center, it was "just an out in the Polo Grounds." Sometimes there was considerable disagreement among the players and among the reporters covering the team whether certain fly balls were home runs or outs in the Polo Grounds. One day a disputed ball led to the question of the exact distance of the two foul lines. Ralph Branca, the old Dodger pitcher, who will be handling the Mets pre-game radio show, supplied the answer: 279 feet in left, 257 in right. He said it automatically, like a man reciting his Army serial number. Such discussions of Polo Grounds home runs must be hard on Branca, the man who gave up the home run heard round the world to Bobby Thomson.

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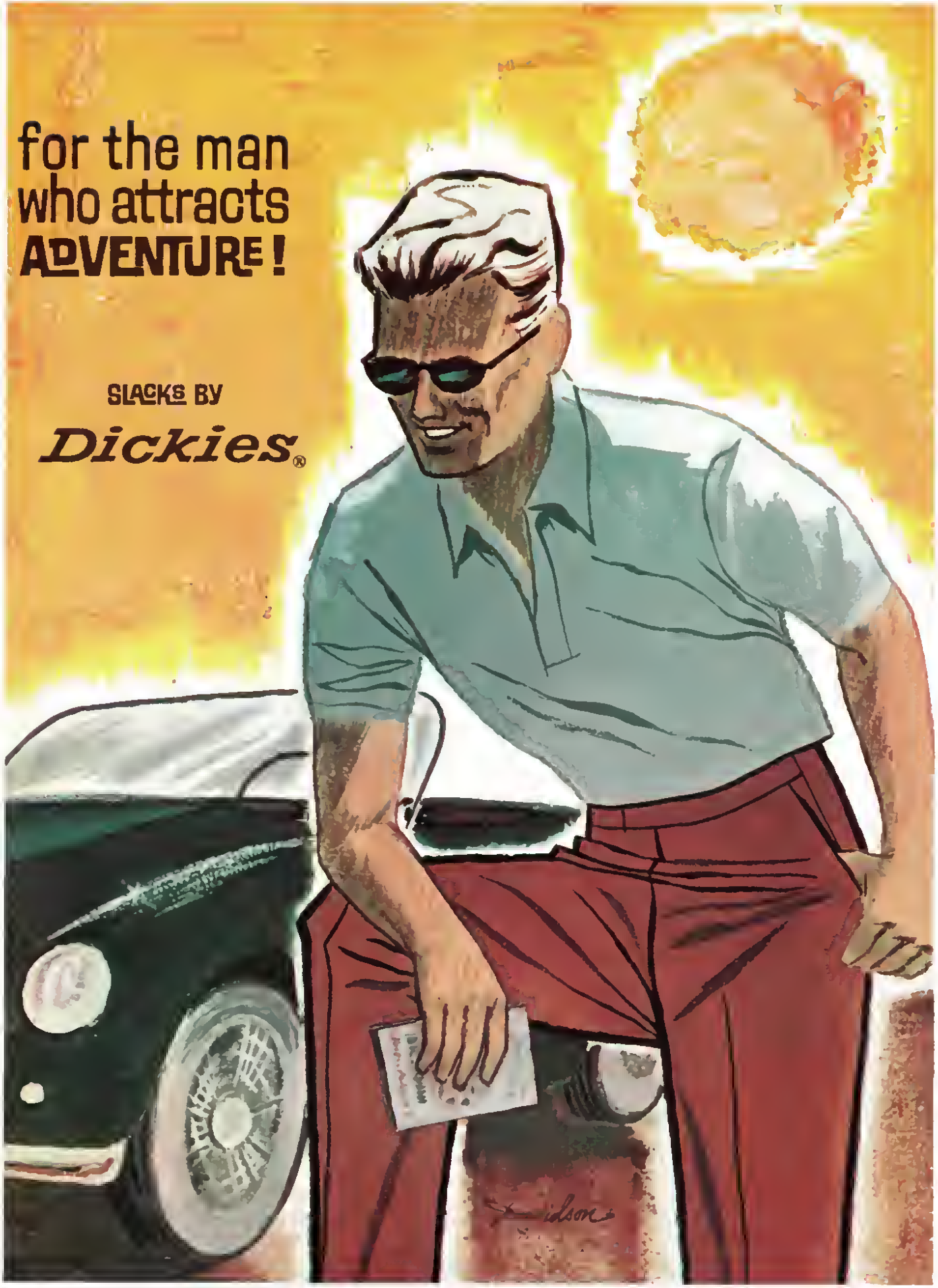
"I feel fine," said Gilbert Ray Hodges, the 38-year-old first baseman of the New York Mets. "Physically I'm in good shape and I'm happy to be back playing in New York."

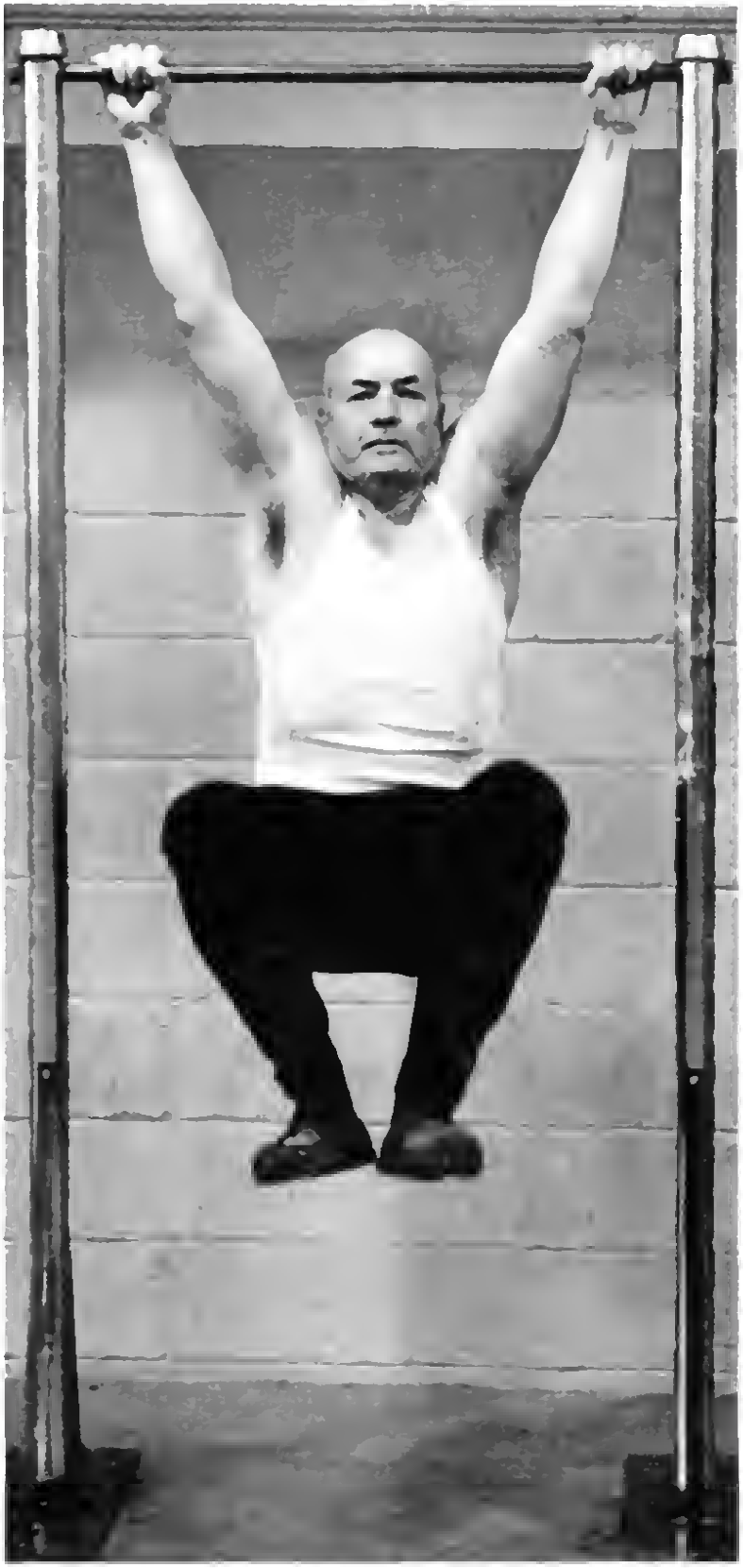
As he stood in front of the batting cage waiting for his cuts, Hodges conceded that the game was more work and less fun. "Each year," he said in his gentle voice, "it's harder to get loose. Your muscles don't respond as well. I can remember when I was ready in a couple of days. Not anymore. At my age your body just slows down a little. I know I'll be physically able to play at least 100 games." Then he paused a little and the creases of his face deepened as he smiled. "I just hope I'm good enough." **END**

METS' POWERMAN Frank Thomas, a deadly pull hitter, is counted on to pop home runs down the Polo Grounds short left-field foul line.



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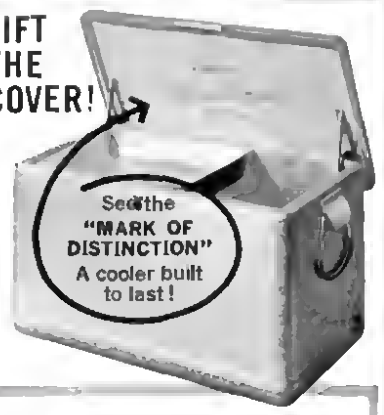
"I think I am one of the most modest men around," says Bob Hoffman, the millionaire president of the York (Pa.) Barbell Co., undoubtedly the best-known organization of its kind in the world. "I don't really feel so important, but I do have a reputation as the man who knows more about physical fitness than anyone else. I was born with a desire to be strong. I have even permitted men to place a 150-pound anvil on my stomach and hammer on it with a 15-pound sledge. But I am most renowned as the world's greatest chain-breaker. I have a large chest with little meat on it, and because

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of this I don't have to worry about the chain cutting me too much. With my amazing chest muscles I have broken chains that lift over 5,000 pounds.

"My first memory in life is of me trying to stand up in bed after I had typhoid," Hoffman continues. "I fell down. I had scarlet fever when I was 3, but at age 4 I ran 100 times around a double tennis court. On my 10th birthday I won a modified marathon. I've always had tremendous endurance, and some of the kids I used to play against would just give up because they knew I would always win. I've been a champion at every sport I've tried, including swimming, weight lifting, golf, handball, football and canoeing. I've won over 600 sports awards."

("When I think back on my childhood," he said a few years ago, "it does not seem possible that today the whole world looks up to me as the most ideal specimen of the human body. It is a great responsibility.")

"Remember, you are talking to the world's healthiest man. I have not been ill in 42 years. The last time I was sick was back in 1919. I had ptomaine poisoning. I had just got out of the Army and was on my way home. On the train I ate a ham sandwich and that's how I became ill. Before going home I stopped in Pittsburgh to compete in the national canoe championships.

"Even though I was sick I still had such terrific endurance that I was able to win the quarter-mile championship, as well as several other events. One of the others was the canoe-tilting. That's where one man in each canoe tries to knock the other into the water by use of a long pole. I was always pretty smart, and I became champion at this by outthinking the others. One thing I did was lift dumbbells with my feet so I could stand in the canoe and actually get a better grip with my toes. Another thing I did was chin myself from a bridge and lift a 70-pound canoe with my toes. The paddle and stroke I used were much the same as the Germans used to win with in the last Olympics. I used a scoop paddle and I made a lot of short fast strokes rather than a few long, slow ones. That helped me win the quarter-mile championship in 1919. I had also won it in 1915, '16 and '17. I was busy in 1918."

Hoffman was busy with World War I. "For 11 days in a row I led the advance patrols in the Argonne Forest. Three times I was the only man to return from patrol. One day I led 17 other men, and one by one they were picked off. I was the only one to make it back. That's why I tell people I am supernaturally lucky. Once I had marks from 12 bullets on my body and uniform and a grenade went off near my face. Another time I captured 38 prisoners singlehanded. I got a lot of medals, including the Belgian Order of Leopold. In some of my early ads I used to have a little write-up about my accomplishments during the war. Joe Weider [Hoffman's archenemy in the muscle field] didn't believe I had won all the medals I mentioned and he demanded an investigation. All it proved was that I had more medals than I even knew about. By the time it was all over I found I had been awarded 11 medals."

The DSC and the Golden Rule

Hoffman does not like to be reminded that a Federal Trade Commission investigation showed that he had never won the Distinguished Service Cross, a claim he also had been making in his advertisements for barbells. Nearly all his life Hoffman has been getting into trouble and making enemies because of things he has said. (Hoffman's defense usually consists of a statement that he lives by the Golden Rule, to which he adds, "Let them take potshots at me. They shot McKinley and Lincoln, and *they* were both nice guys.")

"It's true that Bob has an awful lot of muscles," says one of his York neighbors, "but it's too bad so many of them are attached to his jaws." On the other hand, it also is true that Bob Hoffman has been largely responsible for U.S. success in weight lifting in the past few decades; indeed, without him this country might never have entered teams in international competition. Hoffman has coached nearly every team we have fielded, including the last four Olympic squads, which won 27 medals. Certainly it is because of his constant lobbying and numerous trips abroad (at his own expense) to promote competition that the world championships were scheduled to be held this summer in Hershey, Pa., just a short drive from York. Hoffman was planning to help pay for the feeding and housing of all participating athletes. A few weeks ago, apparently for political reasons, the championships were shifted to Budapest. Hoffman will pay much of the expense of sending a U.S. team. No recent squad of American weight lifters has competed internationally

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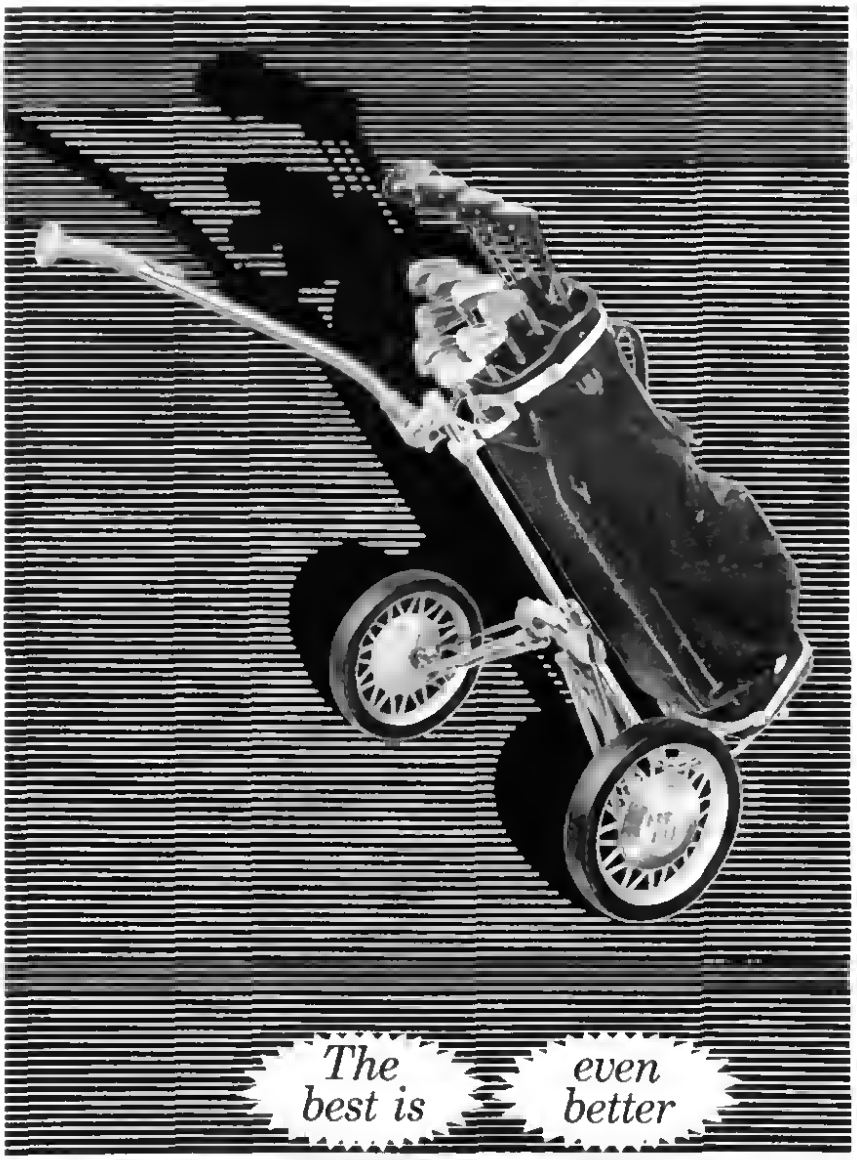
Distinguished Fashion for Men

Fresh and crisp the long day through in comfortable light weight suits by CURLEE. A wide choice of fabrics and patterns to please the most discriminating man. If you insist on quality, insist on CURLEE.

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BAG BOY WITH WIDE SOFT RIDE

The great NEW '62 Bag Boy golf cart gives the softest ride of them all. Perfectly balanced, Bag Boy floats effortlessly over the roughest fairway. You see the difference at a glance . . . you FEEL the difference the moment you roll it away. Bag Boy is the very finest golf cart you can buy! See and try the sparkling new '62 Bag Boy at leading pro shops, sporting goods and department stores or write Jarman-Williamson Co., 601 N. E. 28th Ave., Portland 12, Oregon for free catalog. Special $29.95; Deluxe $37.95.

WORLD'S FAVORITE GOLF CART Bag Boy®

without substantial support from him.

Hoffman himself still looks and acts like an athlete. He is 6 feet 3, weighs 239 pounds and at 63 he can lift 250 pounds with his right hand; he was 43 when he set the world record of 282 pounds in the one-arm bent press.

It is as the head of seven corporations, including the Aircraft Tool and Engineering Corp., the York Precision Co. and the Swiss Automatic Division that Hoffman makes his money. Although he sold 75,000 sets of barbells last year, he says, "This business is so competitive that it's hard to make any money in it." One of his most profitable sidelines is the sale of food supplements such as Hi-Protein, Energol and Protein-from-the-Sea. He also grows vast quantities of soybeans on farmland near York; these go into the production of some of his special foods.

After World War I Hoffman came to York and joined his brother in the oil-burner business. "We had a swear box at the company," he recalls. "You had to put so much money in the box each time you cursed. When we got enough money together I went down and got a set of barbells for us."

Ads and feuds

Hoffman got the barbells in 1923 and was off on his unique career. In 1932 he began publishing the magazine *Strength & Health*, the leader in this highly competitive though specialized field. It has never made money (circulation now is about 115,000) but it sells his products. A recent issue contains 21 pages of advertising, 17 of them for Hoffman's own merchandise. Most important, the magazine serves Hoffman as a medium for carrying on his feuds among the weight-lifting and body-building fraternities. Two of the loudest of these have been with Joe Weider and Charles Atlas (SI, July 27, 1959).

The trademark for Atlas' training technique is Dynamic Tension. Hoffman referred to it as Dynamic Hooey. While admitting that Atlas has an imposing set of muscles, Hoffman contended that his rival got them from "a lot of hard work and exercise" and not from any special training method. He wrote in *Strength & Health*, "Chas. Atlas claims that a physician warned him against walking up stairs when he was 16 years of age . . . After 27 years of following his own system of training he can now

continued



Photographed at Grand Bahama Hotel beautiful resort on Grand Bahama Island

The Pepperell Family takes a casual approach in the Cotton Cay Open.

Of course. They know the surest way to score is to play it cool. How? Wear clothes so chic you'll disarm the competition—so casual you'll feel "cool" in any situation. In short, wear sports clothes with the Pepperell Tag. Because they're 'Sanforized Plus,' you'll find Pepperell fabrics really do machine-wash. And, this wash-wear performance lasts for the life of the garment. So they hardly ever need care. Many people ask if this is the same New England company that's been making Lady Pepperell Sheets for over a century. It is.

Pepperell
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Pepperell
the ultimate in wash and wear

Pepperell cottons

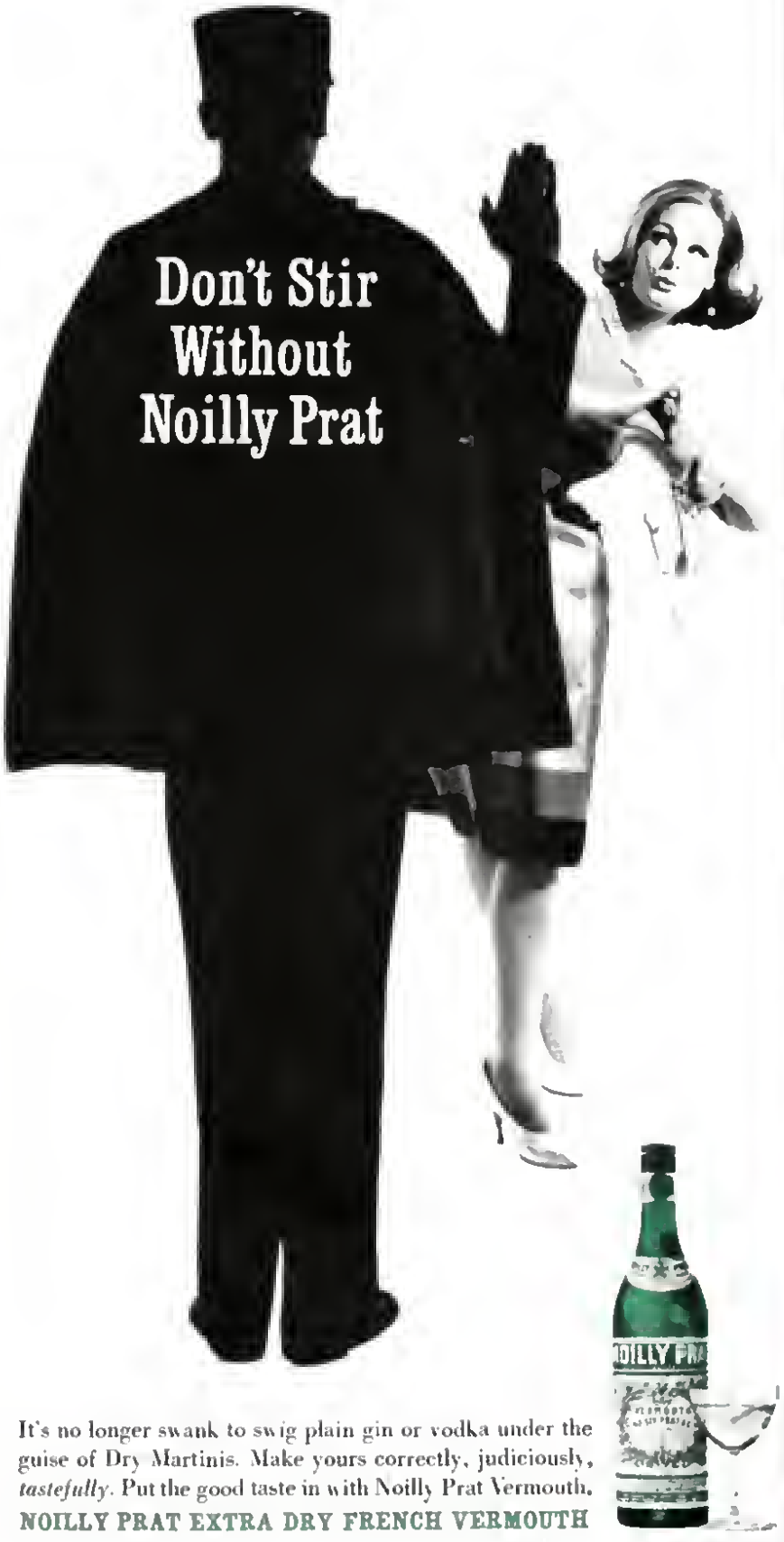
walk up stairs. . . . I believe this . . ." That was about all Hoffman believed.

He took exception to some of Atlas' advertisements, saying, "He cannot run ten miles in an hour and he cannot tow a boat load of hysterical women a distance of one mile against the wind, waves and tide as he claimed to do." Inevitably, the arguments landed in court. There, to disprove an Atlas claim that weight lifters were muscle-bound, Hoffman arranged for one of the most bizarre displays in legal history. He had one of his trainees, Bob Jones, do a handstand in the courtroom. It was not an ordinary handstand. Jones began by conventionally supporting himself on both hands. Then he lifted finger after finger from contact with the floor until he was held erect by only his thumbs. What this or some of the other exhibitions of health and muscle power proved is somewhat obscure, but the judge finally grew tired of the show, suggested that the parties try peaceful coexistence and dismissed the case.

Vituperative journalism

Hoffman's hassle with Weider is still going on and has split most weight lifters and body-builders into two camps, with the weight lifters for Hoffman and the body-builders supporting Weider. (Weight lifters exercise to develop their strength and technique, body-builders to develop beautiful bodies.) After years of squabbling, Weider has instituted an $800,000 libel suit against Hoffman. Part of his complaint concerns a Hoffman editorial in *Strength & Health*. In it, speaking of Weider, Hoffman said, "A rat is everything that is opposed to goodness, purity, and gentleness; it is debased, filthy, frequently diseased, certainly evil and malicious—yet a rat has friends—at least other rats live and associate with it. . . . Even the most degraded types of human beings have their friends and associates. . . . There are humans who are counterparts in every way of the rats. . . . In our wonderful sport we have a small Hitler, a small Stalin who is a master in all the despicable tactics imaginable . . ."

Hoffman believes that Weider exploits weight lifters. "They write to us by the score," he says, "and they tell us that they never took his [Weider's] course, never ate a mouthful of his food products, that they have no contact with him, but he goes on making his claims



and exploiting them just the same. . . ."

Typical of the Weider camp's rebuttal is an article in *Mr. America* magazine several years ago called "The Hoffman Expose," which is included in the subject matter of a $2.3 million suit by Hoffman against Weider. In it, Leroy Colbert writes, "There is a self-styled dictator in weight-lifting who has obtained some control in our beloved sport through the slandering scandal sheet he calls a magazine. . . . Hoffman . . has the audacity to imply that bodybuilders are freaks, criminals . . . [and is] concentrating on a perverted campaign to ruin bodybuilding. . . .

"Fellows whose pictures appeared in *Muscle Power* and *Muscle Builder* [Weider publications] stood little chance of placing in the AAU sanctioned contests. Hoffman had brow-beaten the judges. . . ."

Colbert also accused Hoffman of having rigged a Mr. Universe contest, and concluded, "Whoever told this out-of-shape dictator that he has the power to get rid of anything but himself?"

Weider's principal charge is that Hoffman dictates the conduct of weight lifting in this country. He says, "Hoffman thinks that because he spends so much money on the teams that this gives him the right to decide who is going on these trips and who is not going. He has the AAU sewed up and he uses the team as a promotion for his business. He makes the boys wear T shirts advertising his York barbells."

Anteroom electioneering

These are not the only charges against Hoffman. On Feb. 4, 1956 *New York Daily Mirror* Columnist Dan Parker wrote: "My only contact with Hoffman was in an ante-room at Madison Square Garden one night about a dozen years ago when I was . . . a judge of a 'Mr. America contest.' . . Mr. Hoffman called each judge aside and, in a few ill-advised words, told us we should cast our vote for [his man]." Hoffman's man won the contest, despite Parker's dissenting vote.

"They have accused me of a lot of things," Hoffman says. "I just do what I think is right, and when I think I am right I think I am terribly right. They have even called me a Communist and an anti-Semite. It's unbelievable how these things get started. Once I said that we had to give the Communists credit for their progress in sport. So right away I'm a Commie. Another time a writer

continued



1/125 sec, f 8, 200 mm Pentax Takumar lens

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When you look through the lens of your Honeywell Pentax, you see exactly what you are going to get on film. For a rapidly moving subject, you simply pre-focus your camera on the desired spot, then "track" your target until it comes into the focus desired. At this point you operate the precision shutter release, certain in the knowledge that your Pentax has captured the exact picture you wanted.

Why not hop on your bike today and get over to see your Honeywell photo dealer? He'll be glad to demonstrate the Pentax H-1, which is no more than $149.50. He'll also show you the Pentax H-3 which is no more than $199.50. Both of these cameras are acknowledged to be the finest 35 mm single lens reflex camera values—products of a classic design and incomparable workmanship.



Pentax H-3 with accessory Clip-On Exposure Meter (as shown), no more than $232.00.

For an illustrated brochure, write to Gene Cooper, Mail Station 209 Honeywell, Heiland Division, Denver 10, Colo.

Honeywell

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slipped an uncomplimentary name for a Jewish person into the magazine. It got by without my seeing it. That's how I became an anti-Semite all of a sudden."

Speaking up about speaking up

"Then there was the Melbourne thing. I was at the Olympics and one day an A.P. reporter came up to me and wanted to know how I thought the team would make out. I told him we had an excellent team but I doubted we would do well because of the officials. Judges from nations that are Communistic or who fear the Commies have to consider that in their judging, and that hurts us. The next thing you know, the story is all over the world. I almost got kicked out of the Olympics. But someone had to talk up. If I hadn't, Paul Anderson would never have won the Olympic heavyweight championship. He fouled on one of his lifts and a lot of people noticed it. That was after I had spoken out, so the officials let it go by. After I spoke up other coaches did, too. Russia is out to enslave us; we *have* to speak up."

Obviously, speaking up has never been a problem for Hoffman. He seldom stops, either verbally or in writing. He wrote his first book—more than 500 pages—in less than 10 days. In all, he has written 24, including *Why Grow Old?, How to Relax, How to Be Strong, Healthy and Happy* and *The Big Chest Book*. But the spoken word is still his favorite means of communication. Since he is also so often the subject, it is hardly surprising that one of his friends has summed up their relationship thus: "I like Bob, but I can't stand him."

Several months ago Hoffman was invited to join a group of AAU officials who were presenting an award to President Kennedy in the White House. Kennedy shook hands around and had a few words to say to everyone. When he got to Hoffman, though, Kennedy was soon on the listening end. Hoffman began expounding on the virtues of isometric contraction as a means for curing the President's aching back. As he spoke, Hoffman went through the motions of some of the exercises, grasping his ankles and pulling up and later pushing with his hands against an imaginary overhead bar. Kennedy listened patiently until Hoffman was through. When Bob Hoffman starts talking, there isn't very much anyone can do. END



However you score, your Morpul socks are always sure to be par. You'll like their easy comfort, wonderful fit, and exclusive patented construction that keeps the top up—no matter how you move. In sporty crew styles—gaily blazer striped—with or without cushion sole. At favorite stores everywhere or write to Morpul, Incorporated, 350 Fifth Avenue, New York 1, New York.

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ACTION CUFF SPORT SOCKS



Your night on the town is so much more fun when you go "first class"—in Oldsmobile's dazzling Dynamic 88! Smooth elegant lines, luxurious interiors with deep-cushion seats plus a gas-saving, high-compression 280-h.p. Rocket Engine . . . all at a price that's mighty attractive, too! Your nearby Olds Quality Dealer can show you how easy it is to get out of the ordinary . . . into an Oldsmobile!

OLDSMOBILE DIVISION • GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

There's "SOMETHING EXTRA"

about owning an

OLDSMOBILE

NINETY-EIGHT • SUPER 88 • DYNAMIC 88 • F-85 • STARFIRE

Owens charts the course of fun for all the family with the seagoing luxury of complete inboard cruisers



Whatever your purse or purpose, you'll find a handsome, modern-styled Owens inboard for you. Owens' versatile, rugged Sea Skiffs, Flagships and Yachts . . . in hull lengths from 25′ to 40′ . . . are built to highest standards. Built for the sea, yet fashioned for the family, everyone will enjoy living to the fullest in handsome interiors with all the comforts of home, and on decks large enough for gracious entertaining, fishing, skiing or just plain relaxation. All models are powered by Flagship Marine V-8 engines . . . trolling-steady and responsive.



OWENS
YACHT DIVISION
Brunswick CORPORATION

BALTIMORE 22, MARYLAND





Robert Bruce charts the course of fashion with colorful knit shirts, deck pants and swimwear for men and boys

ABOVE, Left to right: Fleece-lined after-swim shirt with piped cardigan neck and tri-flag emblem ($5.00) worn over blazer-striped formfit trunks with new Nassau leg ($5.00); knit terry shirt with plaid flag motif ($5.00) matches plaid boxer trunks ($3.98); boldly-striped boatneck shirt ($3.98) matching deck pants with elastic inserts ($5.95). *Boys' sizes slightly less.*

LEFT: Great mates are the half-sleeve mesh shirt with ivy collar ($2.98) patterned to match Madras walking shorts ($3.98); casual-collared shirt in bold stripes ($2.98) with solid twill deck pants ($3.98). *Men's sizes slightly higher*

Robert Bruce

At fine stores everywhere or write:
ROBERT BRUCE, INC., PHILA 34, PA.





In a lovely floral centerpiece...in sparkling Hiram Walker's Cordials ...make color sing for your supper!

Irene Hayes, famous New York expert on flower arranging, sets the stage for a Spring supper with an elegant floral centerpiece. And, as a grand climax, she sweeps in with a trayful of sparkling drinks, alive with the Spring colors of Hiram Walker's Cordials!

The leaf-cool green of Creme de Menthe, the creamy rose of Blackberry Flavored Brandy, the golden brilliance of Orange Curacao, make a delicious bouquet for any Spring party.

All you need for the drinks are the recipes on this page and a few bottles of Hiram Walker's Cordials. To make a striking centerpiece, send for the booklet "Flower Arranging—A Bouquet of Ideas from House & Garden." Mail 25¢ in coin to House & Garden, Dept. A, Box 211, Village Station, New York 14, N.Y. (Offer ends May 31st.)

HIRAM WALKER'S

CORDIALS

A Rainbow of Distinctive Flavors



Orange Curacao, Green Creme de Menthe, White Creme de Cacao, 60 proof; Blackberry Flavored Brandy, 70 proof; Hiram Walker's Brandy, 84 proof. Hiram Walker & Sons, Inc., Peoria, Ill.

1 GRASSHOPPER 1 oz Hiram Walker's White Creme de Cacao, 1 oz. Hiram Walker's Green Creme de Menthe, 1 oz. fresh cream. Shake earnestly with ice and strain into chilled cocktail glass.

2 BIARRITZ COCKTAIL ½ oz Hiram Walker's Orange Curacao, 2 oz Hiram Walker's Brandy. Juice of ½ lime. Shake with ice, strain into cocktail glass.

3 MINT FRAPPE Pack shaved ice in cocktail glass. Pour enough Hiram Walker's Green Creme de Menthe over ice to fill glass, serve with two straws.

4 MILADY'S COCKTAIL 2 parts Hiram Walker's Blackberry Flavored Brandy; 1 part fresh cream. Shake with ice, strain into cocktail glass.

$10,000 WORTH OF SWEETBREADS

In the red-hot national Cookout Championship in Honolulu, Gail Stout (right, with a Hawaiian admirer) won with e daringly conventional dish

by ***PERCY KNAUTH***

One incontrovertible fact was proved beyond dispute at the great national Cookout Championship for Men Only, held March 10 in the Ale Ale Kai Garden of the Hawaiian Village in Waikiki, Hawaii. Men cooking under pressure can be as calm as women, if not more so.

What woman, for example, might not have screeched and torn her hair if—like young Bob Haaheim, the mathematics teacher from Richfield, Minn. (he was on his honeymoon, yet)—she had to put together twice in the course of the five-hour contest the complicated structure of the Porcupineapple, a creation that consisted of an entire pineapple sliced into inch-thick pieces, skewered with pork chops in between, held together with a girderwork of toothpicks, basted with ginger honey sauce and fixed up, at the very last, with eyes, ears, nose and tail? Or what hostess, well aware of the pretensions of all her backyard-neighbor Joneses, would have had the cool nerve of George Gail Stout, the food salesman from Arvada, Colo., who prepared the simplest of dishes, sweetbreads en brochette, which was nothing more than sweetbreads skewered alternately with marinated mushroom caps and bacon, brushed with butter as they grilled?

Stout's nerve—and the skills he displayed—won him the $10,000 first prize put up by the Kaiser aluminum foil people, who sponsored the contest. It was no mean achievement to win the Kaiser Cookout, which very likely in coming years will rank with the Pillsbury Bake-off as the prime contest of its kind. Consider, for example, what Stout had to go through. His was one of more than 2,000 recipes entered, and all but 100 of these were elimi-

continued



THE WINNER: SWEETBREADS EN BROCHETTE

- 1 pound veal sweetbreads
- 24 mushrooms
- ⅓ cup lemon juice
- 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
- 1 teaspoon salt
- ⅛ teaspoon pepper
- ⅛ teaspoon dry mustard
- 12 bacon slices, halved
- ½ cup melted butter or margarine
- Chopped parsley
- Broiling foil
- 4 10-inch skewers

Simmer the sweetbreads in boiling salted water, covered, for 25 minutes. Drain and place in cold water; remove the membranes and veins. Cut them into 24 pieces, cover and refrigerate for several hours or overnight.

Remove stems from the mushrooms. Place the mushroom caps in a mixing bowl; combine the lemon juice, Worcestershire, salt, pepper and mustard. Pour over the mushroom caps and refrigerate several hours or overnight, tossing occasionally.

Line the firebox with broiling foil, let the coals burn down until they are covered with gray ash.

Roll up the bacon pieces and string on the skewers, alternating them with the sweetbread pieces and mushroom caps. Brush with melted butter; grill 15 to 20 minutes, turning often and brushing with butter. When the sweetbreads are golden and the mushrooms are done, place on a warm platter, pour the remaining butter over all and sprinkle with parsley. The recipe will provide four servings.

Steer clear of FALSE ALLIANCES



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Steer clear of and AVOID making common cause with any but those who, by reputation and PRECEPT, are renowned for their skill and learning in this exacting CRAFT

Such a one is DAROFF, tailor of Philadelphia

You will find his wares for the NATURAL GENTLEMAN to be AUTHENTIC in cut, tasteful in fabric, honest in Value.

Best of all, you will find each GENUINE item clearly marked with the 'Botany' 500 tailored by Daroff label.

Suits $69.50, Sport Coats $39.95, Topcoats $69.50 (slightly higher in the West) For the merchant nearest you write us H. Daroff & Sons, Inc., 2300 Walnut Street, Philadelphia 3, Pa. (a division of Botany Industries)

'BOTANY'500'

tailored by DAROFF *of Philadelphia*

(The Cradle of Freedom in Menswear)

nated before things even started getting to the cook-'em-and-taste-'em stage. Of the 100 left, 30 were chosen after being prepared and tasted by professionals. Of the 30, a final 25 were picked: their creators were invited to Honolulu to prepare their original dishes for five of the nation's best food judges: Clementine Paddleford of *This Week* and the *New York Herald Tribune*, Julie Benell of the *Dallas Morning News*, Helen Robertson of the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*, Isabel DuBois of the *Chicago Daily News* and Gaynor Maddox, the pepper-sharp expert of the NEA syndicate.

Shoveling out the grill

When Gail Stout got the word in February that he had made the finals, the weather around his Colorado home was extremely wintry, the temperature a pretty steady zero. Nonetheless, he had to practice, so he marched out into his backyard, shoveled his grill out of the snow and grimly skewered sweetbreads. "He kept on trying," his wife, Pat, recalled in Honolulu's warm sunshine the other day, "but it was no use. You just can't cook outdoors in zero weather. So we got a portable grill and he did his practicing inside."

Similar problems did not beset Arthur L. Butler Jr., the young vice-president of Johnson's department store in Scottsdale, Ariz. Where he lives, he can barbecue year-round. Butler faced, however, a challenge no less serious: in Gaynor Maddox's words, that of "competing with the kitchen stove," which is a grave disadvantage in competitive backyard cooking. The general idea, in a barbecue dish, is to produce something which, in its final flower, could only be produced on a barbecue grill, a dish to which the charcoal fire adds a final and unique touch of flavor, texture or appearance. Yet Butler chose to enter a strictly gourmet concoction involving, as its basic ingredients, spinach, wild rice, mushrooms, macadamia nuts, Parmesan cheese and lobster—and all of this encased in fresh coconuts with a hollandaise sauce that also had to be prepared right there on the grill. He pulled it off, he won one of the four Jeep station wagons Kaiser gave out as second prizes. As Julie Benell said afterward, "It was so absolutely gourmet that we just had to give it a prize."

The judges had difficult problems. In the course of five hours they had 25 dishes to sample and rate. Simple mathematics might indicate that this meant one dish every 12 minutes, but cooking is not as simple as mathematics. It was an hour and a half before the first dish came. Then there was a long lull. Then the judges suddenly were besieged by dish after dish. Every one of the five judges realized that the judging process could not be a hurried one, no matter how great the pressure (or, for that matter, how great the pangs of hunger or the indifference of satiety). Three main characteristics had to be considered: 1) *originality*, for which they could give a top score of 20 points, 2) *flavor*, for which the top score was 50 points; 3) *attractiveness*, for which the maximum was 30 points. Within these basic categories they had to consider such matters as aroma (Is it good? Tempting?), taste (Is it distinctive? Does it give you pleasure?), texture (Is it crusty where it should be? Not soggy or greasy?), overall appearance (Not scorched? Not underdone?), color (Is it pleasing? Golden-brown?) and arrangements and garnish (Original? Well presented?).



PORCUPINEAPPLE made by Bob Haaheim won the audience's admiration but no prize.

Taking all of these things into account, it is no wonder that tension was high in

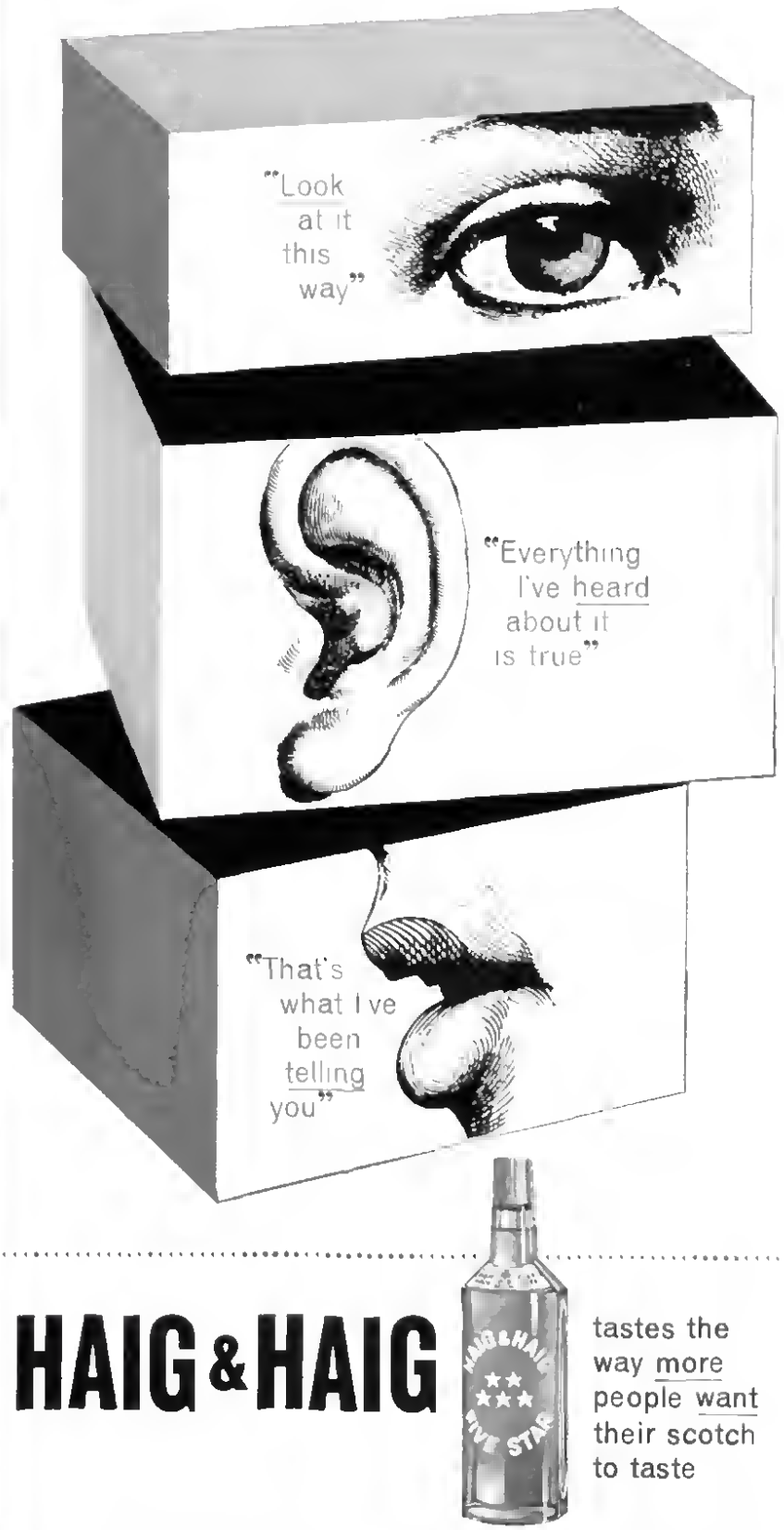
the Ale Ale Kai Garden when the contest got under way. It was a brisk, bright, windy day—perhaps a shade too windy (flambeing, for example, was impossible). The contestants, dignified and fit in their white caps and aprons, lined up to begin their formal march into the arena to the tune of *The Road to Mandalay*. Joan Crawford was on hand (she would ultimately present the winners with their prizes), and so were at least 250 spectators, who crowded against the hedges, the temporary fence set up around the garden and into the small bleachers put up at one end. At 10:17 a.m. the starting signal was given. "Gentlemen, good luck to you all—one, two, three, *go!*" and every man turned immediately to his grill. Seconds later, flames were hissing out all over.

Hands that trembled

In the hour and a half that followed before the first dish was completed, it was interesting to observe how the different contestants worked at their different jobs. All, of course, were subject to the common pressures of time and money, and here and there were hands that trembled over the chopping board. "This is only the beginning," one said, trying hard to force a smile. Young Walkie Templin of Lakeland, Fla., one of the first to get his fire lit, was typically disparaging. "Nothing fancy here," he said, pointing to his work table, on which were only a juicy cut of steak, salt, pepper, butter and blue cheese. "I'll just get her ready, plant her in the grill and let her rip. Of course, it would help if I knew how to cook. . . ." Cecil Gilman, 61, civil engineer in the Public Works Department of Concord, N.H., sat bowed and patient before his slowly turning Bar-B-Q Banquet Lamb—in the fashion of his New England forefathers, he had long since resigned his destiny. "It's in the Lord's hands now," he said. "I've done my best."

By 11:35 John King of Corona del Mar, Calif., had his Crown Rack of Lamb ready for pictures—the first man to hit the finish with an entry. And here began the long, hard day of lovely Kanani, the golden-skinned Polynesian hotel hostess whose job it was to lend the warmth and brilliance of her smile to every picture of every finished dish (*see page 107*). For three and a half more hours, while the most delicious cooking odors in Hawaii constantly assailed her, she would know the pangs of Tantalus, always seeing, never touching, as dish

continued



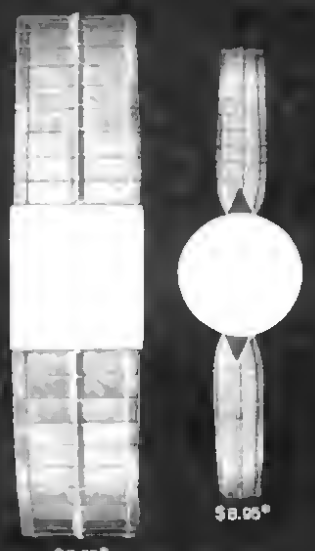
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after marvelous dish was brought up and she was called to pose. Yet only once throughout her ordeal was she heard to sigh. "Ah, I wish I could have a sandwich!"—but immediately, as if ashamed of this lapse from duty, she smiled again and carried on.

In the warming oven set up on the secluded back porch of a nearby beach house where the tasting took place, dishes began to stack up shortly after noon. Nonetheless, the atmosphere in this extraordinary judge's chamber, where the brisk wind whipped the palm trees and the sounds of distant cheering could now and again be heard, remained one of composure, even, as if to relieve the tension, occasionally of some slight levity.

"My, isn't that pretty?" said one judge, confirming the belief that first impressions count for something. "Yes, but is it original?" asked another, demolishing the theory. Small helpings were served all around, judicial heads were bent to sniff, and then each judge took a small forkful. "The texture is very nice," said one, munching. "Taste is a little bland, though." "Bland!" said another. "It's *ladylike*. You can't serve ladylike dishes at a barbecue." That seemed to settle this particular hash.

By 2 o'clock the judges were tasting steadily, and out in the garden the field of combat had perceptibly cleared. Many grills now stood idle and empty, their coals dying—their users, having finished for the day, were off in the hotel restaurant having lunch. But among those who remained the strain was greater than ever.

Don Plant of Bellevue, Wash., for instance, was busily making up the coral sauce for his stuffed Pacific salmon. His difficulty was peculiar: he is colorblind. "I can tell when it's dark enough," he said, "but I can't tell when it's red enough." So while a University of Hawaii page girl, thoughtfully provided to help the contestants deal with small crises, lent him her sense of color, so to speak, Plant mixed, compared, added coloring and mixed again until he felt he had it right.

Over at Grill 25, Don Warren, a Scranton, Pa. grocery clerk, who last year pulled off a remarkable feat by wresting a prize from the ladies in the Pillsbury Bake-off, was experiencing a more common trouble: one of his beautifully prepared tiny Cornish game hens (they were filled with a most edifying

wild-rice-and-mushroom stuffing) had got stuck. Small beads of perspiration were appearing on his brow as he carefully slid his knife under the delicate skin and tried to loosen it without damage. But it was no go: the skin tore and Warren could only do his best to conceal it when he arranged his hens on his platter in little nests of ti leaves.

A cry of relief

Last to finish, at 3:10, only seven minutes short of five hours after the starting signal, was young Bob Haaheim, he of the intricate and striking Porcupineapple. With the pressure full on him and the minutes ticking away, his labors were excruciating to watch. Once his creation had been roasted to doneness, he had to remove it from the spit, substituting half a dozen skewers bunched together. He stood there, skewers braced against the tabletop, while with infinite care he held his magnificent creation aloft and slowly, slowly, slid the spit out as he slid the skewers in. The beautiful Kanani, her feet sore and her smile worn after hours of standing and posing, watched in open-mouthed admiration, and neither she nor any of the other watchers could suppress a cry of relief when the job was successfully completed. If the judges could only have seen young Haaheim's ordeal, as well as its end product, he might at least have won some sort of Purple Heart award: surely his was the most taxing of all the dishes prepared on that great day.

But the four Jeep station wagons went to Art Butler, for his gourmet dish, Lobster Cocamellia; to Ben Sanders, the cigar-smoking, cash-register service man from Granite City, Ill., for his Pork-U-Pine, similar to but simpler than Bob Haaheim's recipe, to Dr. James W. Rhea, the surgeon-pediatrician from Columbus, Ga., for his Baker's Dozen Decker, a multilayered sandwich baked in biscuit dough, and to Joseph D. Stephens, a mortician from Fresno, Calif., for his Barbecued Lamb Shanks Armenian. Gail Stout's sweetbreads had been a unanimous choice for first place.

On Monday night, after Joan Crawford had kissed them all and had wiped blonde Pat Stout's uncontrollable tears of joy from her youthful cheeks, someone suddenly commented that among all the winning recipes there was not one that featured beef, that most traditional of barbecuing staples.

Things certainly have changed in the old backyard. **END**

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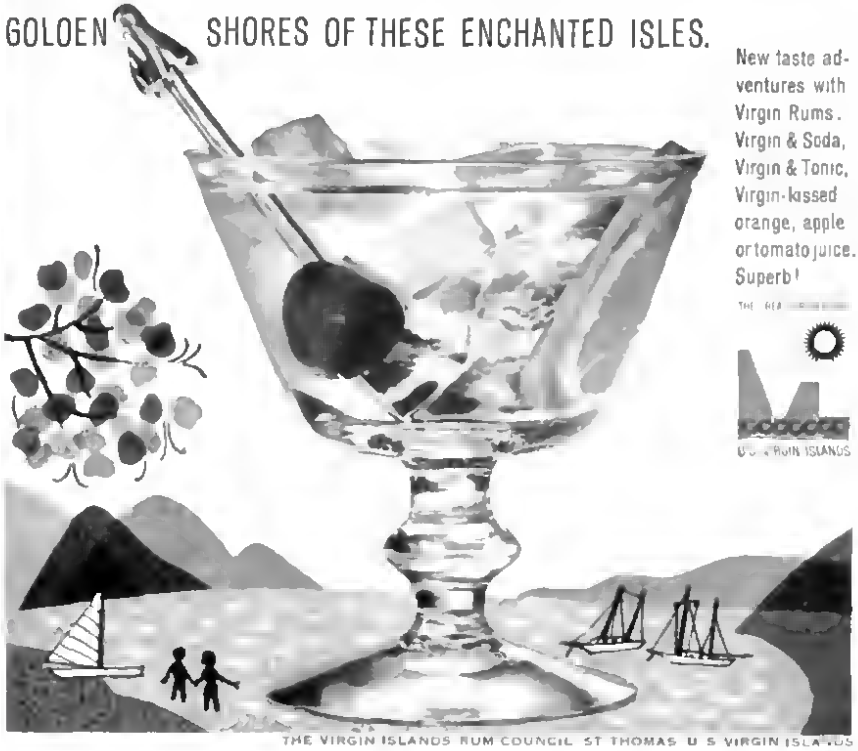
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Jim Brosnan's debut as a pro ballplayer came in 1947 with the Class D Elizabethton (Tenn.) team; his debut as a writer came in 1958 with SPORTS ILLUSTRATED (*Rookie Psychiatrist*, July 21). Since then the Cincinnati pitcher has moved ahead on both fronts. After a successful book, *The Long Season*, he checked in last year with 10 wins, four defeats and a 3.04 ERA. The following is taken from his new book, a collection of observations of the 1961 season, to be published in May by Harper & Brothers ($3.95).

PENNANT RACE

BY JIM BROSNAN

As we rode the bus to Busch Stadium for our first road game of the season, Jay Hook, his attitude anxiously sincere, asked me, "What do you think of the academic quality of the engineering school at the University of Cincinnati?" I no more knew the answer to that question than a girl hopscotch player would know how to handle Warren Spahn's curve, so I paused, pseudosagely, and said, "One of the best in the country."

Hook nodded, saying, "I've got to start a lab project somewhere. My whole summer is just about wasted, don't you see. Researchwise, that is."

"Sorry baseball's interfering with your career," I mumbled.

Hook, who has earned a B.S. in mechanical engineering and intends to pitch in the major leagues each summer while studying winters for his master's and his doctorate, was scheduled to start against the St. Louis Cardinals in their home opener. In four years as a professional, Hook had shown the kind of ability that brands young pitchers as "potentially great."

"How about researching 27 hitters for tonight's game?" I thought to ask, but held my tongue, forgoing such mundane matters. Maybe Hook relaxes before a game by planning his future.

Nearly 10,000 fans decided to miss the game and its festivities, which included five pretty girls smiling in convertibles as they rode around the park. Not a princess in the bunch.

Hook ignored the parade. As it passed by, he tightened his belt, fingered the ball and walked out to warm up. His first 50 pitches were thrown sidearm instead of overhand. "Somebody better tell him to get on top of the ball," I said to The Fox [Relief Pitcher Marshall Bridges, *continued*

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now with the Yankees] as we sat down in the bullpen.

No one told him.

"He'll walk five men in the first three innings," I predicted. "He's got to get on top of his pitches to have good stuff."

"No, he won't," said Jim Maloney. "He'll be all right." (Those young kids stick together.)

Hook walked two. He also hit two, was wildly and generally ineffective, and disgusted himself as well as Hutch [Manager Freddie Hutchinson], who got him out of there in the fifth.

I ran up to the dugout for a drink of water and a fresh chew of tobacco. Hook was still in the anteroom behind our dugout, pacing back and forth, back and forth, dragging his windbreaker over the wet, muddy concrete floor. His cap was pulled down tight over his forehead, his face drawn upward into the cap, his cheeks pinched in and flushed with an awesome, extreme anger. Self-hate.

You can't say a word that will help.

I looked up just in time to see Wally Post hit a home run, high off the scoreboard. Before our half of the ninth was over we had five more runs, the Cardinals had used three more pitchers, and Solly Hemus, the Cardinal manager, was flinching from the boos of 19,000 irritated fans. Since it was my job to get the last three outs, I silently prayed for "just one more run." You can't have too many.

In this, my first game of 1961, I felt as nervous as a doubt-ridden rookie. "Where, oh where has my slider hall gone?" I hummed to myself as I walked out to the mound. My name, announced over the P.A. system, drew a few expected boos. One loudmouth cried, "Go write a book, you hamburger!" (Well, now. Is it better to be a "hamburger" than a "hot dog"?) Distracted by the semantics of the insult, I warmed up leisurely.

Red Schoendienst bounced a slow ground ball down the first-base line, and off I went after it, with somebody yelling, "Get off that mound!" Probably Otis Douglas, incited by Hutchinson. Hutch jeers at my graceless attempts to field my position.

The second bounce came up knee-high and into my lunging glove hand, surprising me and Gordy Coleman, the first baseman, who let me take the tag myself. Extraordinary play for me, but then, with such a lousy slider, I had to contribute *something* like a winning effort.

I did. We had three wins, no losses. Good God! We might never lose a game all year!

The beer was cold, gorgeously, tastefully cold. It always is after you win. So was the shower water. Somebody had used up a tankful of hot water.

(Had Hook tried drowning?)

Ordinarily the major league ballplayer looks at the question of nationwide television through rose-tinted glasses. Certain profits from TV sponsorship have enabled us to share in an attractive pension plan. And security is what we're all playing for, isn't it?

The reflective eye of the TV camera could hardly hurt a numbered hack on the diamond, but the hands of big business behind that camera certainly can shape the pennant race and shake up the ballplayers. Consider Busch Stadium on April 15, a day dedicated to our fighting leeches of the Internal Revenue Service. Natural elements of rain, wind and cold made the playing field suitable for sowing rice, perhaps, but not for playing major league baseball. In the heated press box high above the mortal fans and players sits Arthur Routzong, business manager of the Cardinals. His eyes closed as he surveys the nationwide audience about to view the game on NBC TV, Routzong parries a reporter's question with a readymade policy answer: "Yes, it looks bad down there, but don't you think NBC would be very unhappy if we didn't play this game?"

Amen.

And, with a stiff bow to the TV director, Umpire Dusty Boggess started the game—in the rain, in the cold, persistent rain.

As a championship exhibition of professional baseball the game could have pleased only a well-soaked TV addict and bar patron. Our outfielders slipped and flopped twice while gloving fly balls. Cardinal infielders couldn't pick up two wet ground balls, which went for errors.

And it wasn't lack of talent that caused Plate Umpire Vinnie Smith to make some apparent bad calls.

"I may have missed eight or 18 pitches," he said. "I just couldn't see."

The gloom was even more irritating in our dugout because the Cardinals scored two in the first inning, and Ernie Broglio, their pitcher, looked unbeatable, weather or no. Boggess, umpiring at first base, stared straight ahead, refusing to look up at the sky or to the left toward our dugout, where players were shouting: "Who's running the league this year? NBC?" and, "Why don't you call Sarnoff, Dusty, and see if it's all right to call the game?"

By the end of the fourth inning the outfield was a dank green morass through which both teams' outfielders trudged, bitching loudly. The pitcher's mound, muddy and slippery, became increasingly dangerous. Broglio, an outstanding star and valuable Cardinal property, seemed likely to pull a leg muscle or strain his back as he delivered the ball. In the batter's box Cincinnati hitters stepped in and out, hoping Broglio's arm might stiffen from the cold or melt in the rain. Finally Broglio called time and asked the groundkeeper to blot some of the puddles with sand. Two hours had dripped by.

Umpire Boggess supervised the hopeless task of drying the muddy mound with sand, then halted play for 30 minutes. His blue suit sopping wet, he suffered the insults from our bench with bedraggled dignity. Finally he called the game. Five innings had been completed, an official game, as any TV fan in sunny Florida could attest, and we had lost our first game of '61, 4–0. The fine blue smoke that rose from our dugout at the end was a vehement, profane blast, a lightning bolt of protest aimed at the fat wet head of Dusty Boggess as he walked off the field.

You wouldn't think they'd allow such language on TV.

The baseball fan comes in every emotional size and shape. It is not surprising that in Los Angeles, where religious sects of outrageous and neurotic

continued



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extremes are embarrassingly common, some baseball fans go batty. One kook, not even lovably harmless, sends a mimeographed letter to visiting major league clubs, analyzing the Los Angeles Dodger ballplayers for all us stupid professionals. Convinced by his own wild imagination that after just one year as self-appointed Super-Scout and Instructor, he is "now revolutionizing our National Game," he advertises his "Method Laboratory" as the "Home of Baseball's 'Orbit Swing' and 'AstroNaut' Pitch developments, of 'Gyroscopic Space Age Balance.'"

Hoo boy. The mail you get some days.

At the Coliseum, as we gathered for our usual pregame meeting on the hitters, our self-appointed adviser's instruction drew a giggle or two. Hutchinson reading from it to warm up, or relax, his audience.

"Now," Hutch said, turning to the scorecard, "about Moon. You all know he has been hitting the hell out of the ball."

Wally Moon is a medium-sized, slightly bowlegged, left-handed-hitting Dodger outfielder. He doesn't look like an athlete particularly. He looks more like a skinny, beat-up cowboy, wiry but tired of the game. (As a contrasting matter of fact, he has a master's degree, is a clever guy despite all that, and uses his brain to make good money playing baseball.)

"Moon's always been a good fast-ball hitter," said Hutchinson. "Now he's slicing pitches over that left-field screen. Inside pitches. Fast balls as well as other stuff." Hutchinson paused, pursing his mouth in proper salute to Moon's accomplishments. "He's dangerous, real dangerous right now. Don't let him beat you."

That's not a lot of help, Hutch! Presumably one had to learn how to pitch to Moon by pitching to Moon. Still, he can't hit the inside fast ball *and* the outside fast ball the same way, with the same stroke. Suppose we make him hit nothing but fast balls away from him, low fast balls. Perfect pitches right on the back part of the plate. Or walk him. He can't be a Dodger hero walking all the time.

Moon hit a high outside fast ball over the screen in the second inning, a run that didn't beat us but which received a grudging acknowledgment from the bullpen.

"He's changed his style of hitting," I said.

"Yeah," said Bill Henry. "Sure. You're real smart, aren't you."

"*I'm* not smart," said Hal Bevan, buttoning his parka over his windbreaker.

"You're stupid," said Jerry Zimmerman.

"You just wanta be as dumb as I am," Bevan retorted. "I'm so dumb I thought it would be as cold here as it was in Friseo, so I brought this big coat out with me."

"Did you bring one for me?" I asked. "I'm captain down here, ain't I?"

"Freeze, you smart guy!" invited Bevan, pulling the parka hood up over his head.

The Dodgers won 5–3, and as the two clubs trudged up the ramp to the clubhouse I walked along next to Wally Moon.

"Enjoyed your book," Moon said. "You doing any more writing?"

"As a matter of fact, yes," I said and, like a typical writer, asked, "What are you doing different this year?"

"Nothing," Moon said, shrugging his shoulders. "Just a hot streak."

"Beautiful stroke you got, though," I said as we reached the locker room doors.

"Why don't you catch pneumonia for the weekend?" I added to myself.

Where's the *Dexamyl, Doc?*" I yelled at the trainer, rooting about in his leather valise. "There's nothing in here but phenobarbital and that kind of stuff."

"I don't have any more," said Dr. Rohde. "Gave out the last one yesterday. Get more when we get home."

"Been a rough road trip, huh, Doc?" I said. "How'm I to get through the day then? Order some more, Doc. It looks like a long season."

"Try one of these," he said.

"Geez, that's got opium in it! Whaddya think I am, an addict or something?"

Ken Hunt started for us in our second game with Chicago, eager to pitch a shutout and give us a chance to win. Don Cardwell started for the Cubs and hit a two-run homer in the second, adding despair to the cold in the bullpen. An attitude of let's-get-it-over-with prevailed. Cardwell pitching as well as he had swung the bat.

"Watch your hat after the game," said Henry. "The kids steal 'em here in this park."

"Game's not over yet, Gah," said Hook.

"Keep your eye on 'em," Henry warned.

Frank Robinson hit a hanging curve for a home run in the sixth, but Frank Thomas hit one for them in their half. The wind was off Lake Michigan, blowing into the plate, but a pitcher still cannot hang curve balls! I pulled my cap down over my eyes.

Hunt was relieved by Howie Nunn in the seventh, but Howie couldn't get the third Cub out in the eighth, so Hutch asked me to. Ernie Banks hit my first pitch to Vada Pinson, and I hustled into the clubhouse.

"One pitch!" I smiled to myself in the shaving mirror. "One pitch a game. That's the way to work!"

"Congratulations," Bevan whispered. "You looked great. Listen. Guess what happened to Gabby Henry. All that jazz about kids stealing hats here? Well, some little brat reached over the screen—six feet at least!—and took Gabby's. How about that?"

"Crazy. Some kid lifted mine in L.A., you know. Hazards of the profession."

The long bus ride to Midway Airport and the bumpy plane ride to Cincinnati were equally depressing. After winning four of six to start the season we'd stumbled down the long road trip and returned home just one step out of the cellar. Where we looked like we belonged.

Hutchinson was paged in the lobby of the Greater Cincinnati Airport just after our plane landed. The sportswriters dashed for the phone booths.

"Somethin's happened," said Zimmerman. "Look at 'em go. Bet somebody's been traded."

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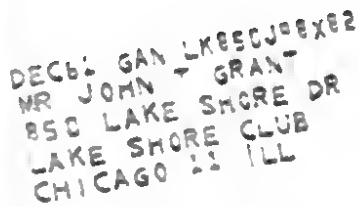
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PENNANT RACE *continued*

Ed Bailey, his face white, rushed into the baggage room, where most of the club had gathered. "Boys," he said, "I'll see ya. I'm goin' to Frisco."

"Forget it," said Robinson. "You ain't goin' anywhere."

"Believe me, now! Hutch just told me! I gotta be in Milwaukee to play tomorrow." Bailey started to shake hands right and left. "My wife's just driven in from Knoxville today," he added. "Can you imagine that?"

"Well," said Robinson, "since it's you that's been traded, we won't have to change our signs!"

Bailey didn't join in the laughter. "It's rough on a guy's family."

"The first time's always the hardest, Ed," I assured him. "You've been with this club too long, anyway."

"Yeah. Ever since '53." Bailey paused and shook his head. He started to say something, then stopped and remained silent for several minutes. (A shocking feat in itself. I once thought his nickname "Gar" stemmed from "garrulous.") Finally he said in a low voice, "It's a funny feeling, you know?"

Baseball is not the career for a man who needs security.

On this cold Monday night with the Philadelphia Phillies in town and the game being televised locally, nobody expected a crowd. Gene Mauch, the Phillies' manager, claimed he had a young, exciting ball club, but only 2,000 people cared enough to come see them.

"Did I ever tell you about the time Mauch hung 'em up?" Zimmerman asked me in the bullpen.

Teeth chattering, I shook my head. "No," I said. "Don't tell me. I don't want to hear it. Every time you open your mouth you obscure the field with your foggy breath."

"I'll tell you anyway," he said. "Mauch's the playing manager at Minneapolis, see. So he goes 2 for 56 or somethin' and finally he asks the clubhouse man for a hammer and some nails and he nails his shoes—right through the soles—into the wall behind his locker. That was two or three years ago. Now look where he is—in the majors."

"Barefoot?" I wondered.

He was with the right club.

The major league ballplayer is paid twice monthly, on the 1st and 15th. Which accounted for the tranquil facial glow that lit up the clubhouse after the game. We won the game 3–2, extending our winning streak to two straight, which made the beer taste better. And the beer, we learned, was FREE, courtesy of the brewery sponsoring the broadcasts of the games.

Beer makes some players happy. Winning ball games makes some players happy. Cashing checks makes me delirious with joy.

I opened my envelope to look at the deductions. Two weeks of hard labor. . . . Rapidly I calculated my time on the mound in five games between April 15 and May 1. I'd actually toiled a total of 10 minutes and 13 seconds—and here I had eight columns full of deductions: F.I.C.A., city tax, withholding tax, pension plan, accts. receivable, advances, fines and net amount. Damn good thing the beer *was* free.

"What should a starting pitcher in the majors make per year, Broz?" Maloney asked me in The Barn, a restaurant where we ate dinner after the game.

"If he starts 30 games he should make at least 15 grand—no matter how young he is," I said.

"That should stir up the troops," I thought. The Cincinnati Reds of 1961 obviously had the youngest, lowest-paid starting staff in the league: Hunt, Maloney, Hook, Jim O'Toole and Joey Jay. Maloney forked a sauce-covered sparerib into his mouth, swallowed some beer and frowned. "I'm worth more money," he said. A big, blond kid, not yet 21, he already had made enough money out of baseball to buy an apartment building. His $100,000 bonus had made him the biggest bonus baby on the team and stamped him as money-oriented.

"Do you think if I pitched tomorrow night like, say, Robin Roberts," Maloney went on, "that they'd give me a raise?"

continued



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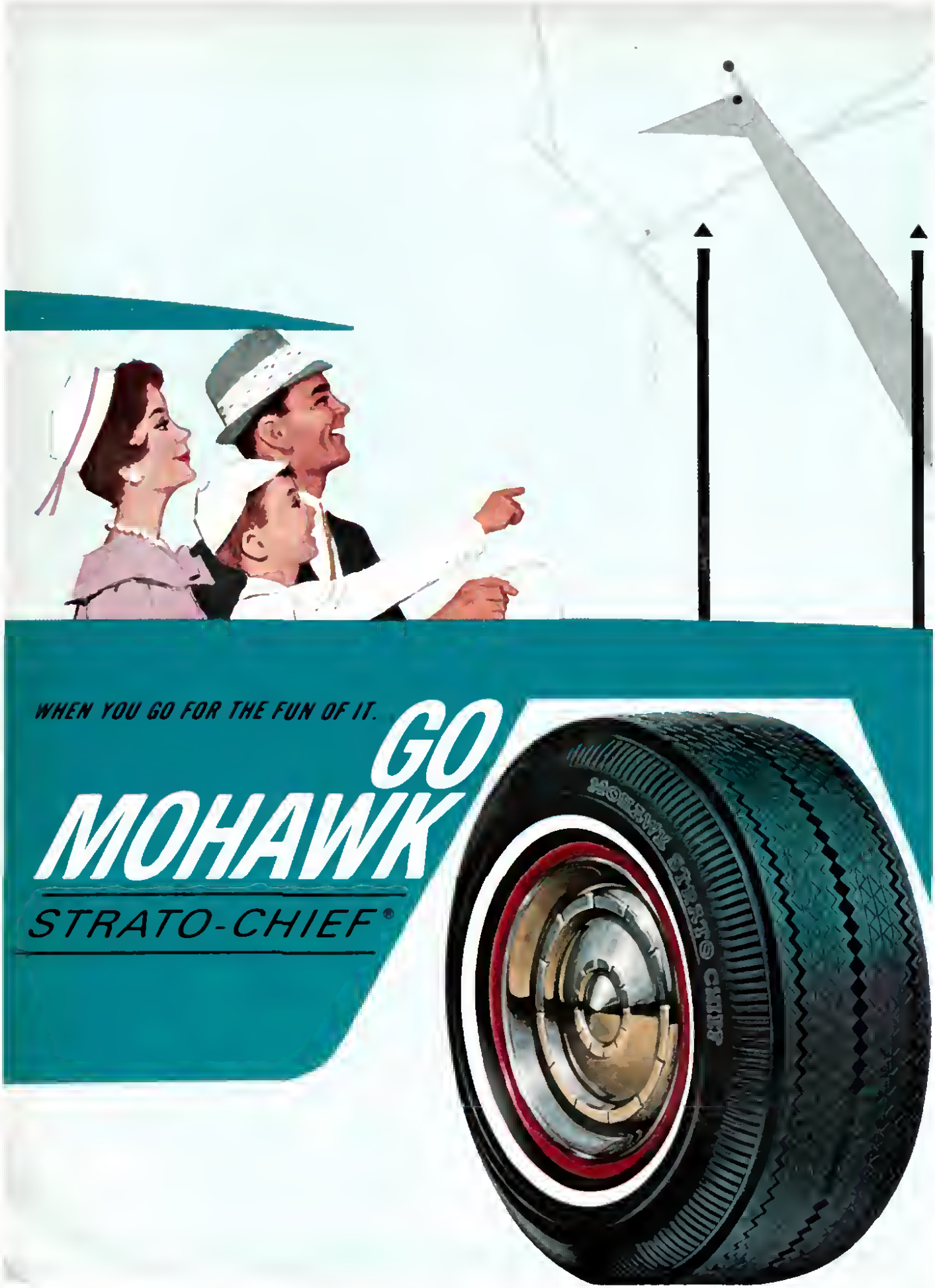
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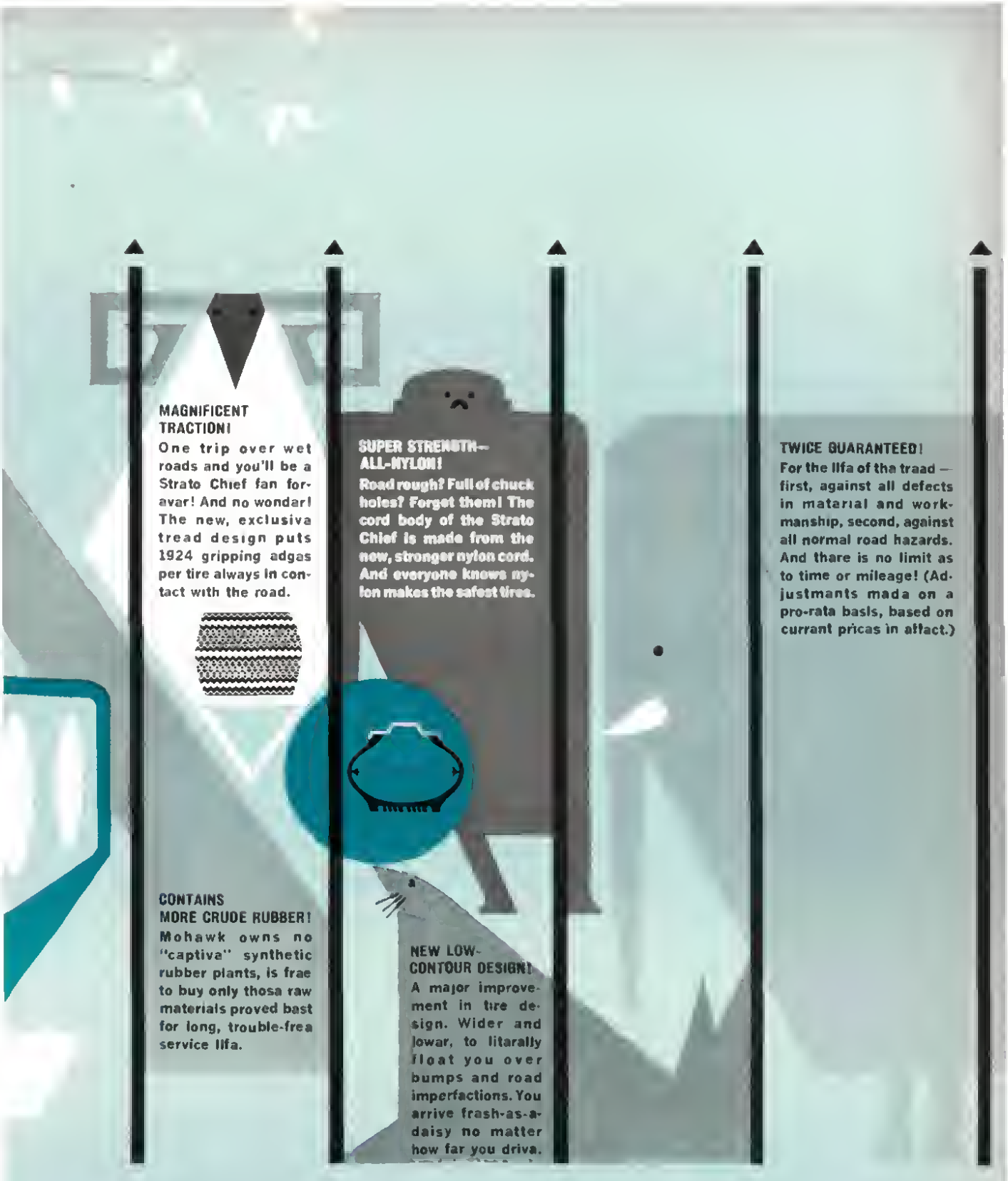
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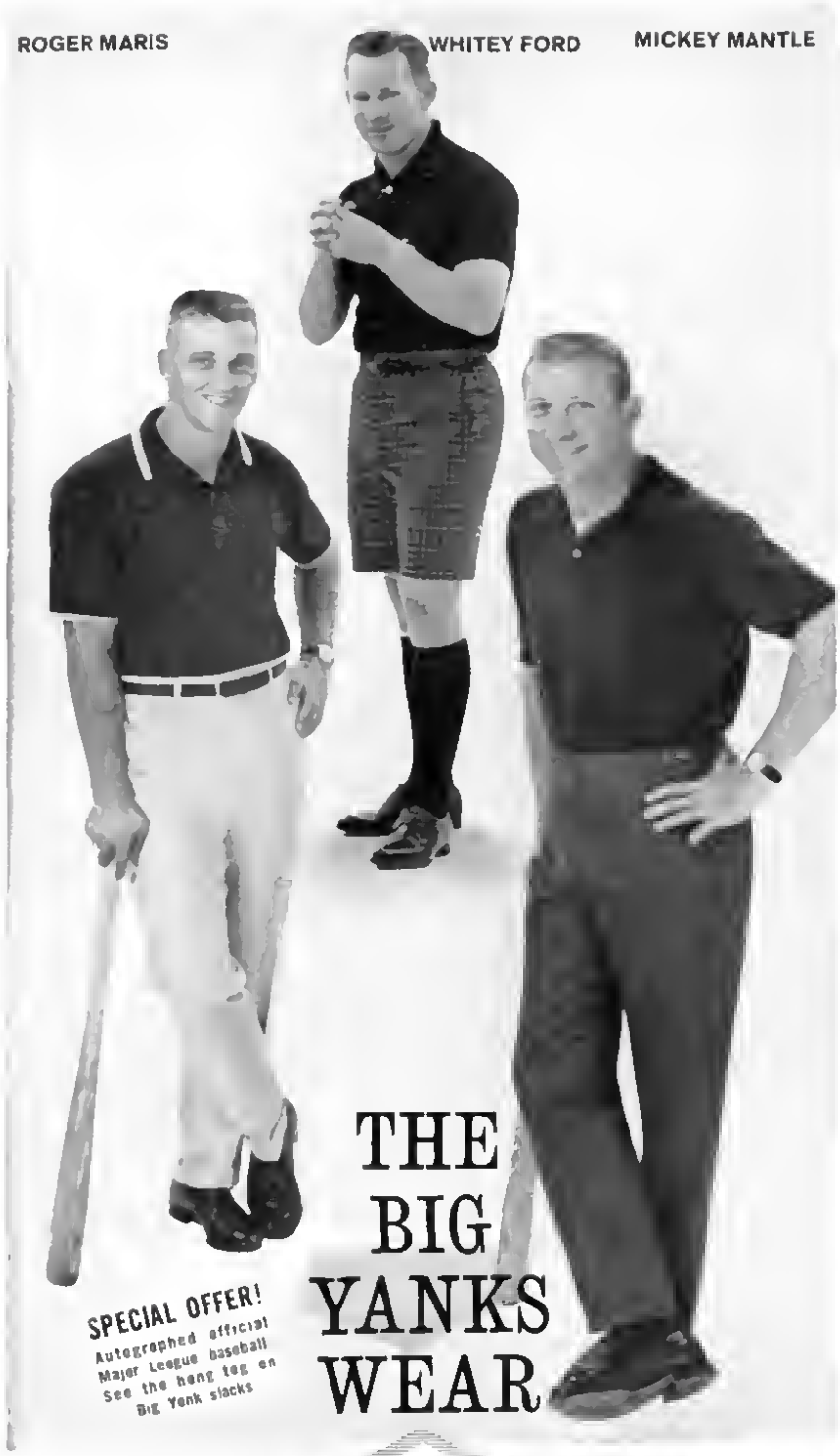


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"Roberts is 0-4 this year so far," I said. "You pitch like him and they'll send you to Indianapolis."

"He was a helluva pitcher, though, Broz."

"You're damn right. Some days he still is. But you're not him. Don't try to imitate him. Or anybody else. When you go out there you pitch like yourself, not like Jim Maloney imitating Robin Roberts—imitating Robin Roberts. Ol' Robby ain't what he used to be."

"Bet he's makin' over $15,000," Maloney muttered.

The next night Ken Hunt, not Maloney, started the game, and threw 158 pitches in the first eight innings, which is a tough way to make a living. Still, he had a 3-2 lead when we came to bat in the bottom of the eighth. The bullpen phone rang.

"Tell Brosnan he's gonna finish up," said Hutchinson.

"Good God!" I grumbled. "He's mollycoddlin' the kid! Just 'cause he's underpaid doesn't mean he shouldn't try for nine innings!"

Seventeen pitches later Hutchinson shook my hand and said, "All right. You needed the work."

"Why did you hitch on that curve?" asked Willie Jones. "You know that just makes Barlick mad behind the plate."

"I was crying for later," I said. "Y'know that last pitch? It was a slider, three inches inside. But Barlick gives it to me. I did think he missed the curve earlier. It was right on the black. So I bitched a little. Not too much. Just enough. And he gives me the third strike a couple minutes later."

Jerry Lynch laughed. "That's our Broz. The Old Prof's always thinkin'."

What do you think I'm overpaid for?

Coincidental pitching patterns seem to be established early in the season and nothing short of monsoon rains can change them. Certain relief pitchers soon become attached to certain starters, making a tandem entry in the late-season gambling market, where the day's line is made on the basis of who's pitching the day's game.

Bad weather plagues the appearances

continued



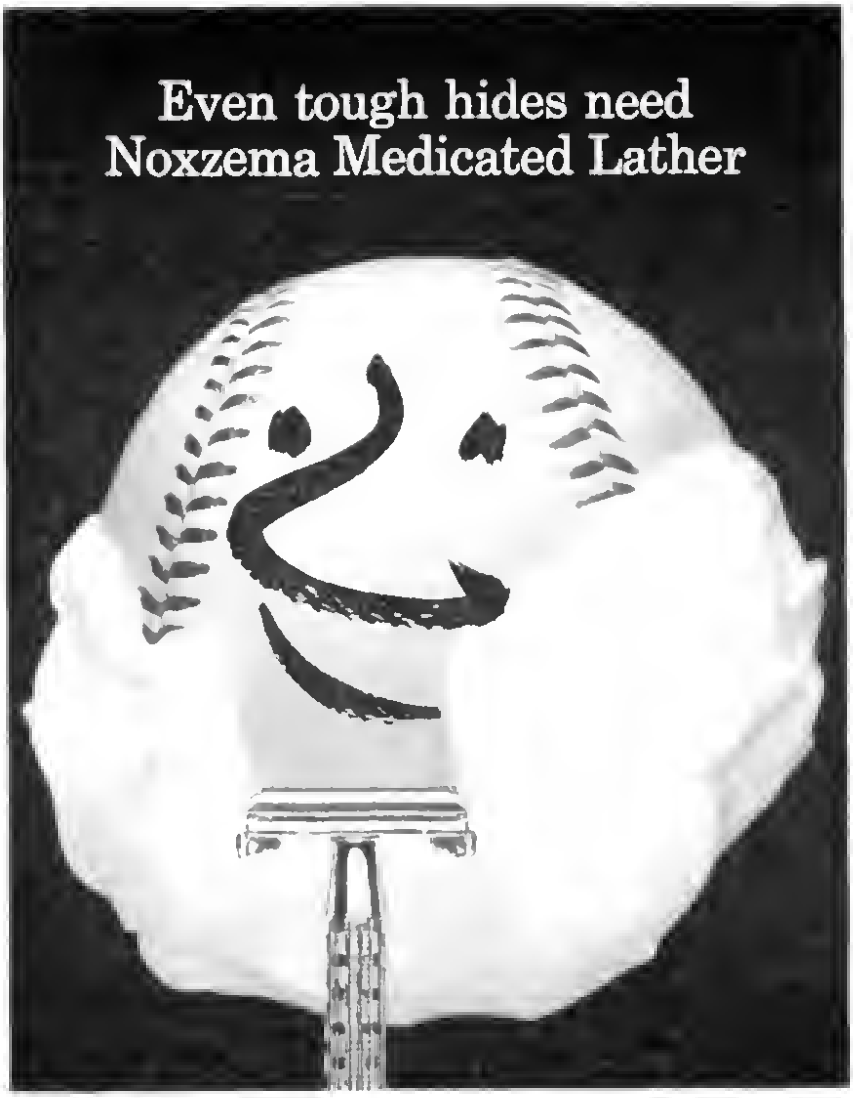
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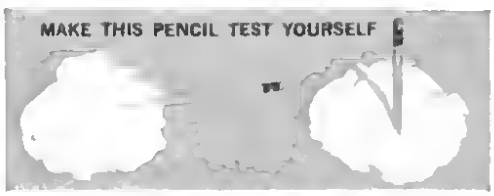
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of one starter. He's a rainmaker. Another starting pitcher is an automatic run maker, and his appearance on the mound makes his team's bats jump. Conversely, another poor slob is doomed to draw an unbeatable opponent most of the time.

Joey Jay looked more resigned than nervous as he waited for Doc Rohde to give his arm a massage. In three starts he'd pitched well enough, but we hadn't scored a single run for him!

"Listen, Joe," I said, "if we get you a couple of runs in the first will you go nine?"

"It'll be a pleasure," he said.

"O.K., we'll root for you tonight in the bullpen," I said. Not that we don't support all starters, but in most cases it's covert, subconscious sympathizing that doesn't interfere with the latest tale by Marshall Bridges about his bachelor days.

"... so Ah start in ta sweet-talkin' this li'l ol' lox, y'see." Bridges went on and on—and on.

"And you mean she put you down?" said Nunn. "That's hard to believe. In fact I believe that's the first time that's ever happened—at least in this bullpen."

"It's mah story, Nunn," said Bridges. "You gotta story? You jes wait. Now, y'see, Ah figgah Ah made a wrong move. Ah started scufflin' too soon."

"Scufflin'?" cried Nunn. "What the hell kinda language is that? Try and talk English, why don't ya?"

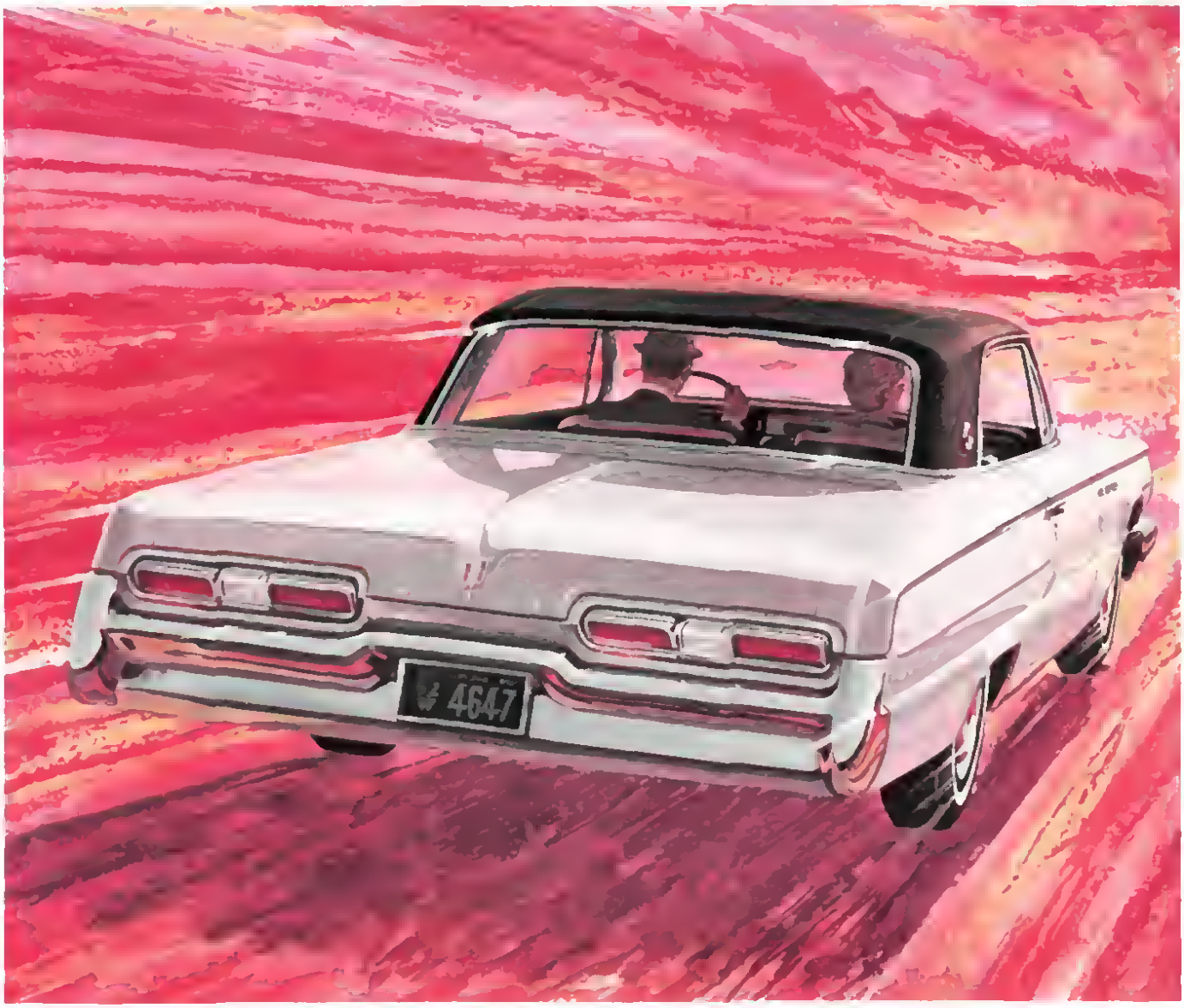
Bridges spat tobacco on the floor of the bullpen, stood up, buttoned his jacket and said, "That does it. Ah'm leavin'. Goin' up to the bench where Ah's 'preciated. And where it's warm."

The weather suited Joey Jay. He smiled briefly when we got him two runs in the first inning. Then he went to work, retiring 24 of the next 25 batters he faced. To start the ninth he threw two pitches over Ruben Amaro's head, in retaliation for a knockdown pitch that had bounced off Frank Robinson's helmet in the eighth. Ed Vargo, the plate umpire, ran out to the mound to warn Jay not to throw at another hitter. And Hutchinson ran out to tell Vargo that he, Hutch, had told Jay to knock some Philly hitter down "because I'm not

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gonna stand by and see my boys hit in the head. I'll do something about it. You umpires don't seem to be able to."

Hutch told Vargo to throw *him* out, not Jay, and when Vargo did just that Hutch told him what he could do with the automatic fine that results from an umpire's eviction order. (What's more, a question was raised as to Vargo's parentage, which hadn't been at issue during the entire game. Vargo had called a remarkably good game.)

Jay threw a third strike past the last Philly hitter, jumped off the mound, danced a little happy jig, pounding his glove.

Shut 'em out and you will eventually get your first win.

At midnight 30 days after the season opens, the major league roster is reduced to a maximum of 25 players. Frequently three men are cut off each squad. To each it means loss of status, sometimes loss of salary, always loss of pride. Cut-down day is a time of man-sized tears and tribulations.

The rookie, being optioned to a minor league club, asks, "Do you think I really had a chance?"

The fringe player, his hopes of bench warming dashed, splutters, "It's all politics."

And the veteran, his age showing, tries to take it on the chin gracefully. He talks about the past, ignores the present, doubts his future. Any game on cut-down day has the elements of a last-chance drama.

In our bullpen Bridges dispelled the tension with a Mississippi tale of life with his wife. Supposedly, Mrs. Bridges enforces discipline with a broom, sending The Fox scurrying through the swamp, making up stories on the run. He paused for breath and I jumped at the chance to sell a stolen, disguised aphorism.

Holding up one finger for extra attentiveness I declaimed: "One wife is too few, two are too many, three are not enough."

"Forget it, Brosnan," said Bevan.

"Dat's a good line, Boz," said Bridges. "Kin I use it?"

"Why not? I got it from James Thurber."

"Who he?"

"Good God, Bridges," said Nunn. "Everybody knows who James Thurber is."

"Well, I ain't no college grad-jurwate," said Marshall the Fox.

"I guess not. You can't even speak English," said Nunn.

"Don't get nobody out with good grammar," The Fox retorted.

Just then Jim Turner ran out from the dugout and said, "Bridges, you're in there. Get loose."

The Cardinals had threatened to score repeatedly against Joey Jay, but he took a 3–2 lead with him into the shower after the seventh inning. Bridges took over and walked the first two men he faced.

St. Louis had cut their squad before the game, and for a while it looked like 25 players would not be enough to finish the game. Hemus, substituting indiscriminately, now sent Ray Sadecki, a young pitcher, in to run for Musial. Sadecki was promptly picked off second for one out. Bridges mumbled, "Thanks, Ray, ol' buddy," then threw a hanging curve on a 3-2 pitch to Joe Cunningham. Joe lined to center, and Pinson doubled Daryl Spencer off third.

Bridges, sweating, said in the dugout, "When you's wild you gotta use them trick plays."

Hutchinson nodded, unsmiling, and called for Henry to pitch the ninth. Gabby fanned the side.

"Why did Hemus use a kid pitcher like Sadecki in that situation?" asked the sportswriters after the game. "He had Curt Flood ready to go into the outfield."

"Solly likes his pitchers to get plenty of running," I recalled. "You wouldn't be second-guessing him now, would you?"

A press release circulated throughout the clubhouse. Harry Anderson, Jim Baumer and Claude Osteen were sent to the minors. Willie Jones got his unconditional release.

Any contract assignment depresses a ball club but "unconditional release" sounds so damn final. Old Willie gone! He was one of the original Whiz Kids of

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PENNANT RACE *continued*

Philadelphia. The press release said he was 35. He looked 40, a happy, good-natured, well-used 40. Jones liked major league life. He treasured status symbols —Beefeater's, Early Times and $6 Scotch. He liked to win so he could laugh it up.

He had a small smile left as we shook hands. "You never know when it's gonna come," he said.

It's coming, though. For all of us.

A scheduled day off followed by a day of rain disrupted "Colonel" Jim Turner's little black coaching book.

"Colonel's probly gon' run us with a fungo tonight, huh, Broz?" asked Bridges. We stood behind the cage waiting for the batting-practice pitcher to warm up so we could take our cuts. Bridges mooched a chew of tobacco from me, and as he stuffed it into his mouth I saw he was wearing glasses.

"Welcome to the club, Fox!" I said. "When did you decide you needed the specs?"

"Mah pitches comin' back at me faster' Ah'm throwin' 'em, Broz. Got to do sumpin'."

"You haven't been buggy whippin' that ball lately, either, Bridges," added Nunn.

Bob Purkey pointed at us from the starting pitcher's side of the batting cage. "Look at 'em. That's our hullpen. There aren't two good eyes in the bunch."

Nunn, Bridges and I wore shatterproof lenses with steel frames; Maloney had on a pair of tinted contact lenses; Hook also wore contacts. Henry, who could see the slightest opening from 200 yards, laughed smugly at the nearsighted group of us.

"Don't smile, Gabby," I said. "At your age your eyes are ready to fail, too."

"Forget it," Henry said. "That's what booze and tobacco'll do for you." Henry, a nonsmoking teetotaler, looked 10 years younger than 43 (and even claimed he was *not* over 34!).

"Listen, you old grouch," said Nunn, "when we win the pennant you're gonna drink a glass of champagne if we gotta force it down your throat!"

"Don't worry about it," Henry said. Joey Jay was scheduled to start for

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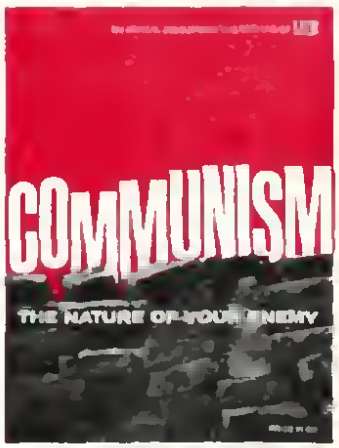
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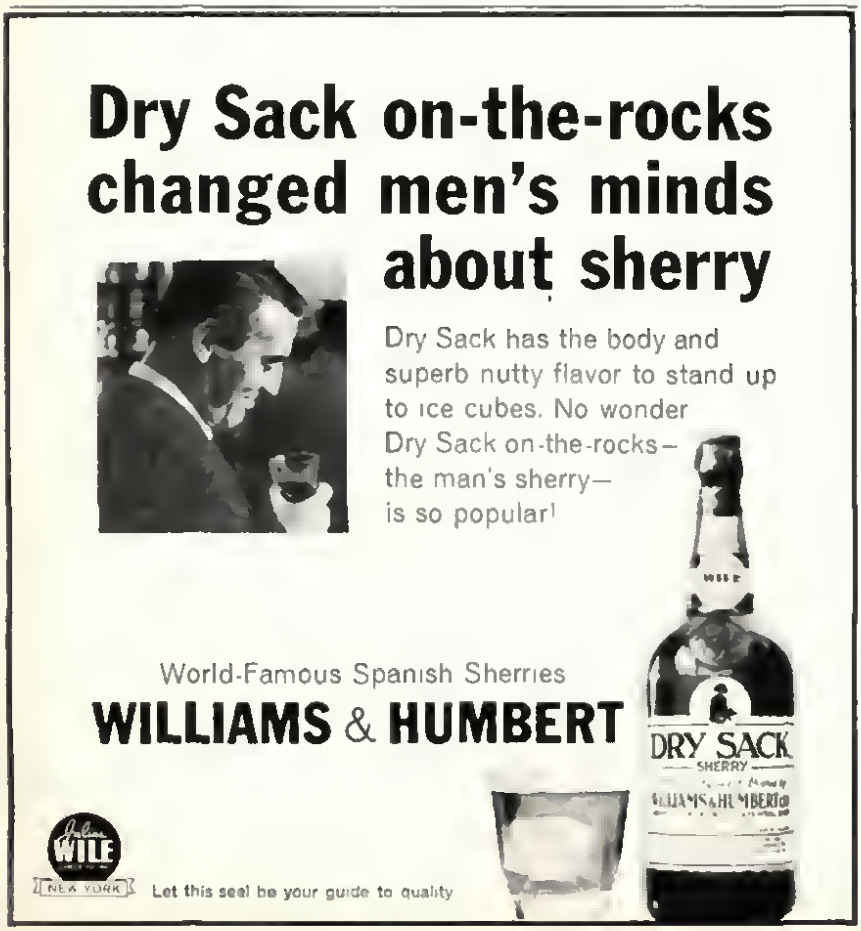
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the third time against Philadelphia. He'd handled them easily in the other two games and they hadn't changed their lineup. Jay proposed to experiment on the mound.

"I'm going to use my 'slop slider' tonight. Just flip the ball over the plate when I want a fast strike. They can't hit any off-speed pitching. If I get in trouble I can go back to hard stuff."

Jay *was* in trouble throughout the game; he survived only because of three sensational plays in the outfield. The Phillies seemingly weren't strong enough to hit the ball out of the park, and neither Robinson nor Pinson let anything fall safely. Pinson caught one ball just as it was dropping over the bleacher screen at the 390-foot mark. That ball *did* get out of the park, but it was inside Vada's glove which was still on his right hand. Pancho Herrera, the Cuban first baseman, who'd hit the ball, made a disagreeable remark in Spanish when he saw Pinson trot back in with a tight grip on the ball.

Bill Henry eventually relieved Jay when the Phillies came to bat in the ninth inning. Bill had a "save" in his pocket when with two out the Phillies sent up four right-handed pinch hitters. The first three hit safely, and Hutch told me to get the last one out. I did and stole the save for myself. Henry treated the whole thing as a loss, dressed and left the clubhouse in a hurry.

Gene Mauch, the Phils' manager, enraged because the Phils had thrown the ball all over the ball park to give us the win, flung chairs and towels around their clubhouse. He could concede us the possibility of winning seven straight from him, but he hated giving anything away.

A Philadelphia writer came to our clubhouse and asked, "You guys would like to play us 75 games a season, I guess, huh?"

"Why not. Victory tastes the same no matter how you suck it up," I thought, weighing myself in the trainer's room.

"Broz," said Maloney. "I'm getting married after the season and I read somewhere that when you're a newlywed your weight just automatically stays down. That right?"

I was 10 pounds overweight, the scale said. **END**



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The Finch Who Came to Dinner

A foundling bird took on an importance in the family out of all proportion to her size

by RUTH H. DUDLEY

Some boys found her one evening in the suburb where we live—a tiny, partly-feathered baby bird cheeping helplessly on their lawn. One boy took her home and tried to feed her sugar and water.

The next day they brought her to me—with very little life left in her. It was my first meeting with Jujube, who took on an importance in the life of my family out of all proportion to her size.

The first problem was to get some food into her as quickly as we could. A quick mixture of Pablum and water was offered, in a medicine dropper, until a better formula could be prepared. But she seemed too weak and frightened to open her mouth. Her bill was so tiny, so delicate I was afraid to force it open lest I hurt her.

Twelve-year-old Steve dug out his Audubon Bird Call. He twisted this little gadget over the baby bird's head, hoping the sounds that came out would remind the creature of its mother. I held the medicine dropper poised hopefully, handily. Suddenly the tiny bird came alive. The little wings fluttered. The mouth stretched wide. Quickly I popped in some food.

Now the medicine dropper meant food and she begged for more—and more.

By next feeding time—half an hour later—I had made up a formula that has successfully taken care of many kinds of birds: one tablespoon Pablum, one tablespoon egg yolk, one tablespoon mashed potato (the prepared kind). And, since this was a seed-eating bird (her tiny size and stubby bill suggested

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Foundling Finch *continued*

that she might be of the goldfinch family), I added a tablespoon of canary nesting food.

At first we kept the bird in a small box—a twig inserted crosswise on which she could perch. We tried a cage, but she almost strangled herself trying to squeeze through the bars.

Then she discovered a small coffee pot on the table, and this she took over, perching happily on the rim. We bought a little "picnic parasol"—a cheesecloth affair that opens up like a little umbrella and is used to cover picnic food. Steve rimmed it with a four-inch base, to make it higher, and hung a little bird swing from one of its ribs, and the finch had a new home with her favorite coffee pot inside.

Soon she was learning to feed herself. Her feathers were coming in fine, her tail growing a bit each day. Color began to show on her breast—pale yellowish, a hint of greenish on her back, her tail and wing feathers dusty. A female green-backed goldfinch, we decided.

One day her cheep had a new note. A two-note call. "Ju-bee—ju-bee—" or so it sounded to us. From then on Jujube was her name.

An amusing guest

And what an amusing, undisciplined house guest Jujube was. She spurned her water dish—but came streaking out to the kitchen whenever I turned on the faucet. She'd fuss around, chattering in excitement, until I'd cup my hands under the running water. Then down she would hop for a satisfying drink. Sometimes she would flutter her little wings and take a bath in my cupped hands—a bit gingerly at first, but working up to a water-splashing crescendo. Then, soaking wet and happy, she'd fly to my shoulder where she'd give herself a thorough shake—and me a secondhand bath. And away she'd fly, high up onto the valance board atop the dinette windows.

This soon became her new home base. She no longer liked to be put under her cheesecloth canopy, but wanted to be free to take off on her various exploratory flights.

She loved to ride on our shoulders from room to room, exploring the while our hairlines, necks and ears, tugging at a hair.

At mealtime she'd hop chattering onto a plate, a fork or spoon, trying to sample each morsel.

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The ringing of the phone was a cue for instant action. Down she'd swoop to peek into our mouths, peck at our lips and teeth as we talked.

One day there was a new, impatient note in her voice. And now and again a "chittering" flight toward a window. Was she trying to tell us it was time for her to go free?

There were plenty of goldfinches in a nearby canyon. So one morning, with somewhat heavy hearts, we hiked up the canyon, Steve carrying Jujube in her original box. Then—one moment she was on his finger chittering in excitement. The next—away she flew into a nearby tree.

We watched her flit from branch to branch, eagerly investigating every leaf and twig. She seemed perfectly happy and content. Would she be all right? We didn't know. But soon we had to leave. At 4:30 in the afternoon we checked back.

"Jujube—Jujube—" Steve called. There was no answer. We hiked a bit further, calling and calling as we went. Still no response. We waited as long as we could. Then Steve gave one last loud call, before turning back.

"Jujube! Jujube!"

Far, far up toward the hilltop, something caught my eye. A very small speck against the sky.

It came nearer, nearer—a little bird, flying straight toward us. "Ju-bee Ju-bee—" came the plaintive, familiar cry. And down swooped our Jujube. Right onto Steve's head.

At home Jujube ate hungrily for a while, then settled on her high shelf, head beneath her wing. For a long time she stayed there, motionless, resting.

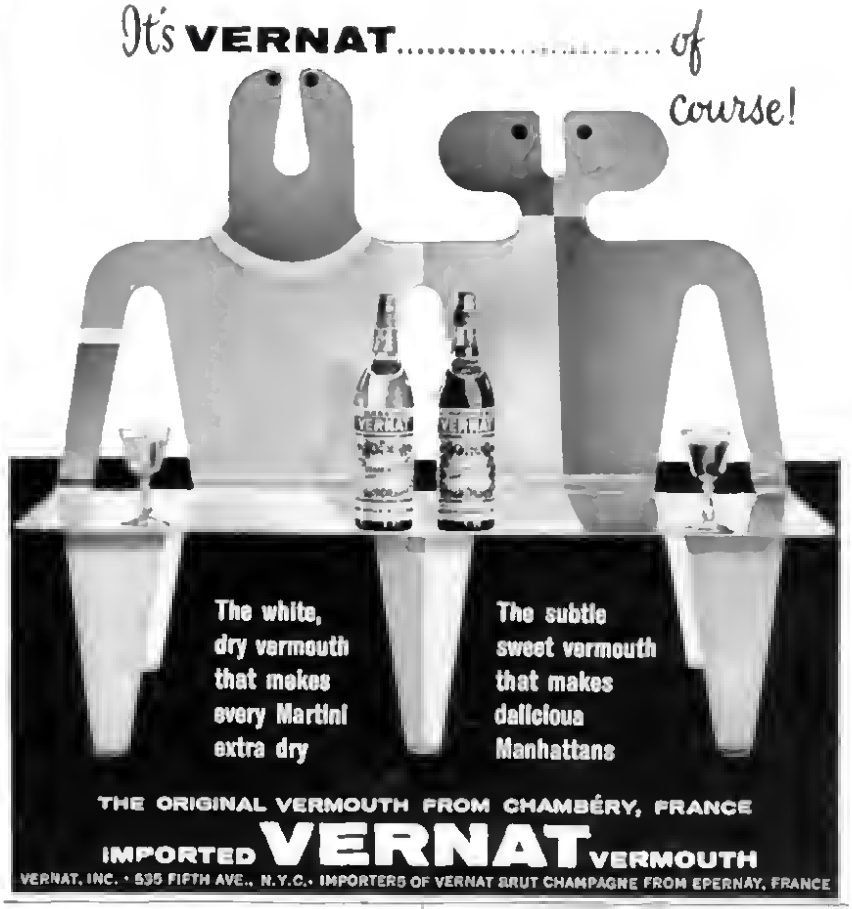
We decided to try letting Jujube out in our yard while we worked in the garden. She flew to our sycamore tree and remained there happily for a time. Presently, with a happy "ju-bee," away she flew into the distance.

Within an hour her call came again from the tree. And down she flew to my finger, begging for food. She rode my shoulder inside and flew to her high shelf and dish of seed.

Trial flights

As the days went by, Jujube left earlier in the morning and stayed away for longer and longer intervals, usually till sunset and sometimes later. But one day she came back early—four in the afternoon. Instead of calling to us she took a quiet, leisurely bath in the birdbath on

continued





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SHE WOULD SIT ON A FRIENDLY HAND

Foundling Finch *continued*

the lawn—something new for her to do. When Steve called to her she flew to him, still wet from her bath, and rode in on his shoulder.

She seemed very restless that evening. And next morning she ate very little, but rode my shoulder as I tried to get breakfast, chittering at me impatiently, pecking at my neck and ear.

Steve opened the sliding glass door and she flew swiftly into the sycamore tree above. She perched there hesitantly, looking down at us for a moment.

Then she slipped off, winging quickly away and away and away into the distance. Something seemed to tell us this was our final goodby.

And we were right. Jujube did not return that night. Nor any night thereafter. We went around calling her for a while. Especially at sundown, her usual time to come home. But there was no eager answering note. No whirr of wings to our shoulders.

A group of pretty little goldfinches stopped at our bird bath the other afternoon.

"Jujube, Jujube," I called softly. One—only one from among them all—flew to a lower limb. She looked down at me from her sycamore perch.

"Ju-bee—ju-bee—" she said softly. Quickly then she took flight, streaking away and away with her pals into the distance. Was it our Jujube? We like to think so. **END**

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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

BASKETBALL AAU PHILLIPS 66ers of Bartlesville, Okla. beat the Denver Truckers 70-59 in Denver to take their 10th AAU title and first since 1955 in a game featuring a highlight between Denver's Harris Satz and the 66ers' Jerry Shipp.

ALL-STAR EAST beat the West 123-110 in the Shrine All-Star match at Kansas City although Ohio State's Jerry Lucas pulled out 23 points for the West and high-scoring honors for himself. Sid Sherard of Army made eight out of 13 field goals and was named most valuable player.

NBA BOSTON took a 1-2 lead over Philadelphia in the best-of-seven Eastern Division playoffs as Bill Russell and Wilt Chamberlain teamed back and forth in blocking and scoring. Chamberlain held Russell to nine points, scored 42 himself as the Warriors won the second game 113-106. But Russell tied down the 7-foot center during a crucial first half as Boston won the next 129-114. Then Philadelphia evened the series with a 110-106 win, but the following day Chamberlain flared up, players fought and fans jumped onto the Boston Garden court before the Celtics surged ahead 119-114.

LOS ANGELES led by Elgin Baylor took the first three Western Division playoff games from Detroit with apparent ease but then went down twice. The Pistons held off elimination by squeezing out a one-point victory, 118-117, in the fourth game and internalized Detroit team led by Gerard Willie Jones and Terry and Bruce Bunnell came back to add a solid 135-125 win and join the series at 3-2.

BOATING PAPER TIGER, the St. Petersburg cabin cruiser that picked up the Southern Ocean Racing Circuit title last winter, won the St. Petersburg-Venice race in the Florida Ocean Racing Association's 86-mile classes by two hours over second-place *Dauntless* of Tampa. Then on to lunch in the first of 16 and first in Class B, Jack Pettit's 40-footer corrected his 50 hours in the corrected time of 30:05:42. *Dauntless* was first in Class A in 31:44:53.

BOXING DICK TIGER, the British Empire middleweight champion from Nigeria, won a unanimous 10-round decision from Henry Hank of Detroit in New York.

ARCHIE MOORE scored a KO in the first round of a scheduled 10-round bout in Los Angeles over heavyweight Alejandro Lavorante, 25, of Argentina who was carried unconscious from the ring.

FENCING NAVY edged New York University 7½ to 7½ at the NCAA finals in Columbus, Ohio, ending NYU's 16th-year winning streak by taking a first in the epee, second in the sabre and fourth in the foil.

GOLF DAVE MARR, a Texan playing out of Sun City, Ariz., knocked in a three-foot birdie putt on the first hole of a sudden-death playoff with Jerry Steelsmith, a redhead from Glendale, Calif., to break a tie and win $2,800 top money in the $20,000 Azalea Open at Wilmington, N.C. Marr, 28, whose last major victory was the PGA circuit came in a playoff in Seattle last fall, and Steelsmith, 26, who has yet to win his first professional tourney, each had locked at 281 after the 72-hole course.

GYMNASTICS SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA took the NCAA title west of the Mississippi for the first time. USC gathered 95½ points at the Albuquerque meet, barred Southern Illinois dropped to second with 75 and defending champion Penn State ninth with 13½. Robert Conrad of the USC trio mighty boosted with four gold medals, parallel and horizontal bars, free exercise and the all-around. Dale Cooper of Michigan State polished off defending champ Fred Orthlieb of Southern Illinois in still rings and Rusty Mitchell of Southern Illinois won the tumbling.

HOCKEY TORONTO whipped New York 4-2 and 5-1 in the first two Stanley Cup playoff games in Toronto, but the Rangers came back on home ice and led by Johnny Wilson's own goals subdued the Leafs 5-4. Montreal and Chicago were also 2-1 in their best-of-seven series. The Canadiens took the first two 2-1 and 4-3 at home, but then in Chicago the Hawks teamed to win 4-1 as Glenn Hall kept Montreal scoreless for 54 minutes.

HORSE RACING RIDAN ($4.70), with Manuel Ycaza up, survived a steward's inquiry at the $125,800 Florida Derby at Gulfstream Park, Fla., to win the mile-and-a-furlong race. Mrs. Maude Jolley's 3-year-old went ahead of Cicada, the only filly in a field of 11, in the last stride after a stretch duel. GLOBEMASTER ($1.80), heavy favorite in the $28,750 Westchester Stakes at New York's Aqueduct, won the mile race in 1:34[illegible]. Leonard P. Sasen's 4-year-[illegible] with John Ruiz up, [illegible] after the start and won by a neck from Tattler Stable's Ridenbush.

KILMORE, a 28-to-1 shot at the riches Grand National Steeplechase in history—$69,958 with a winner's purse of $56,666—won the 4-mile 856-yard race over a 30-hurdle course drenched with snow, sleet and hail at Aintree, England. A 12-year-old owned by two London businessmen, Kilmore was ridden by Fred Winter and came from behind to beat two other 12-year-olds, Woodbridge and Mr. What, second and third in the 42-horse field.

BURRAIDH, a 7-year-old bay gelding splashed over a turf-cluttered three-mile track and 18 fences to win the Carolina Cup Hunt in Camden, S.C. Joseph Stanglein of Lexington, Ky., husband of the owner, rode the winner who at the first mile chased all five rivals owned by Richard W. Atkinson Jr. of Newton Square, Pa., in front in first by half a length.

MOTOR SPORTS WILLY MAIRESSE of Belgium piloted the only Ferrari in the Brussels Grand Prix through three 60-mile heats averaging 80.8 mph in the last one to take two firsts and one third place and win on a low-point score of 5. Second went to Joakim Bonnier of Sweden with 10 points.

SWIMMING NCAA coaches meeting in Columbus, Ohio unanimously voted $4.00 to lay plans for a new U.S. swim federation to replace the AAU as America's international representative in the sport and named a committee of eight to study the mechanics of forming the federation. High school coaches also passed a similar resolution.

OHIO STATE came back into the big time by winning seven of 16 events in the NCAA championships at Ohio University and Jim Bugg, 241 Coach Mike Peppe's Buckeyes captured 92 points for their 11th NCAA title. Other than with a more immediate aroused college's Southern California was second with 46 points and Dick Cleary's winner Michigan fourth with 32 points. The Ohio State mermen had three and three more strokes Tom Woodell, 200-yard butterfly, Artie Wolfe (1:58.1, 200-yard backstroke), Bill Schaefer (1:58.8) and Schaefer in the 100-yard backstroke (:53.4), 200-yard individual medley, Mario Mull (2:02.3), 400-yard medley relay with Schaefer, Tom Kimmes, Artie Wolfe and John Plant (3:37.6 a new American record). Other NCAA titles: 880-yard freestyle, Steve Jackman, Minnesota (21:11.2); 220-yard freestyle, Jim Spreitzer, Illinois (2:00.9); 200-yard breaststroke, Yng Luken, Minnesota (2:16.8); 400-yard free relay, a tie between Michigan State (3:15.8, breaking the United American mark) and Minnesota (3:15.9); 1,500-meter freestyle, Murray Rose of USC (17:26.7); and Rose in the 440-yard freestyle (4:50.1); 100-yard butterfly, Ed Spencer, South Dakota State (:55.5); 100-yard freestyle, Steve Jackman, Minnesota (:47.5); 100-yard breaststroke, Dick Nelson, Michigan (1:01.7).

TENNIS GWYN THOMAS of Cleveland, a journalist, banked Nick Pietrangeli, an exceptionally tall baseline gamesman, upset Maria Bueno of Brazil 3-6, 6-3, 6-1 in the San Juan, P.R. tournament, and Roy Emerson defeated Rod Laver 7-5, 2-6, 9-7 in an all-Australian men's final.

TRACK & FIELD JOHN UELSES, 30 days after his discharge from the Marines, cleared 16 feet ¾ inches again this time midnight at the Santa Barbara (Calif.) Easter Relays. It was a perfect vault on a windless day; the first time 16 feet was reached in the open air.

OREGON'S powerful team set nine American college record and broke seven meet records as the Ducks won a fifth straight Far West Relays title at Corvallis, Ore., with 102½ points to runner-up Oregon State's 79. The distance medley team of Sig Ohlemann, Archie San Romani Jr., Vic Reece and Doral Burleson won in 9:36.2, bettering the previous record of 9:40.5. Oregon's Jerry Tarr clocked the fastest time this year for the 120-yard high hurdles (:13.7).

MILEPOSTS DIED: KING BUCK, one of the world's great retrievers, in Brighton, Ill., just one week before his 14th birthday. The black Labrador, known to millions of hunters as the dog appearing on the 1959-60 federal duck stamp, was owned by John M. Olin of Alton, Ill., and was handled by T. W. (Outpost) Perchall in seven National Championship Stakes, winning two and completing 81 series—an all-time record.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

22 24 [illegible] 25 [illegible]
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[illegible] 48—[illegible] 51
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[illegible] 78 [illegible] 81 [illegible]
82 [illegible] 85 [illegible] 86 [illegible]
[illegible] 89 [illegible] 90, 92 [illegible]
95 [illegible] 107, 108 [illegible]
133 [illegible]

FACES IN THE CROWD



JOHN KING of Sault Sainte Marie, Mich., flipped in three goals during the national junior midget (teen-agers of 15 and 16) hockey finals held in Muskegon, Mich. To help the Soo team beat Fort Wayne, Ind., 10-1. It was the second hat trick of the season for King.



ABE EVERHART JR. coached the Uniontown High School basketball team to a Pennsylvania Class A title with a 70-57 victory over Norristown in the Harrisburg finals. The last time the school won the championship was in 1925, when Abe Everhart's father was the coach.



McGREGOR STEWART, 24, a Baltimore travel agent, took command in the Middle Atlantic badminton finals in Philadelphia to defeat Abbie Rutledge of Hempstead, N.Y. for the title. "The birdie were very fast," Miss Stewart said, "so I relied on the drop shot."



BILL ROCHELLE, a University of Texas student working for a Ph.D. in aerospace engineering, hoisted a total of 740 pounds in the middleweight division of the first southwest collegiate weightlifting championships in Dallas and was named the meet's best lifter.



SALLY SISE, 17, high school honor student from Wellesley, Mass. and a junior Class A racer, snaked through a giant slalom in Mad River Glen, Vt. in 1:51, won the New England Kandahar. Earlier she took eastern women's combined skiing award at Sugarloaf, Me.



RICHARD ROTHENBERG received Columbia University's highest-ranking student athlete award for the second year in a row. A pre-medical student from Jamaica, N.Y., he kept up an A average for the past two semesters and played unbeaten in Ivy League foil bouts.



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19TH HOLE THE READERS

ON THE ROPES

Sirs

The tragic ending of the Paret-Griffith bout (*The Deadly Insult*, April 2) demonstrated the desirability of changing the design of the boxing ring.

With only two ropes, the top rope about three feet above the ring floor, boxers would fall out of the ring instead of being hung up on the ropes They could fall onto a padded strip about four feet wide, if the ropes were moved in from the edges of the ring floor.

DAVID JOHNSON

Alexandria, Va.

Sirs:

I have a program which I think will improve things immensely without essentially changing the character of this time-honored sport:

1) Limit all fights to seven rounds.

2) Cut rounds from three minutes to one minute

3) Eliminate judges and make all exhibitions no-decision contests

4) Eliminate gloves and allow contestants to carry a knife in each hand, the length of the blade being limited to eight inches

REAR ADMIRAL D. V. GALLERY, USN (ret.)

Oakton, Va.

Sirs:

Let's call it by its right name: murder.

WM. B. KING

Bartlesville, Okla.

Sirs:

What price a world championship?

KENNETH L. HIXON

Fontana, Calif.

Sirs:

Brutal beatings like that don't do anything for boxing Help stop them.

HERB BUECHER

Maplewood, N.J.

Sirs:

Whatever else you may say about boxing either pro or con (and I personally think there's a lot to be said that's pro), you cannot accuse it of ever hurting anybody who didn't know the risk he was taking Facing that risk always involves courage, and sometimes it involves foolhardiness, but it is never inadvertent To treat boxing as though it were a public menace, like narcotic drugs or drunken driving, is to hold in contempt the sincere enthusiasm of millions of light fans and the sporting skill of thousands of boxers past and present If prizefighting were all that bad, true sport fans would have turned their backs on it years ago.

GODFREY EARNOT

New York City

● For this magazine's attitude on the question, see page 19 — ED.

NO. 1

Sirs:

Ray Cave was right: Fred Taylor took his bath (*Cincinnati is No. 1*, April 2) But he wasn't smiling

BILL MARTIN

Cincinnati

Sirs:

We Cincy rooters hope that you continue to pick our opponents to win You are consistent and we do not wish to mar your record

RUSSELL ARLY

Cincinnati

Sirs:

The big question in Cincinnati is will Ray Cave turn pro?

BRUCE TOMPKINS

Cincinnati

Sirs:

True greatness is measured by something more than victory The thing about victory and defeat which is similar is that both must be accepted graciously and with some semblance of humility Ohio State, in being defeated two years in a row, did not dishonor its reputation

E. S. BLAIR

Baltimore

UMP'S DEFENSE

Sirs:

Referees aren't the only ones at fault (*Anarchy on Court and Field*, March 26). Try our nation's coaches These ill-mannered, belligerent men, or shall we call them boys, who are supposed to be capable of setting an example to future Americans, are doing a poor job of it.

DAVID F. CROWLEY

Newton, Mass.

Sirs:

Both sides are at fault (and I have been on both sides of the fence) but the coaches and school administrations are far more guilty. They won't hire the men who'll put them in place with the kind of discipline the rulebook calls for. A young official trying to

TAKE OVER

move up (why anyone wants to today is the $64 question) is expected to curry favor and fraternize with the all-powerful coaches not only to make himself known to them, but because it is the only way he can "get games."

CARL F. GALOW JR.

Valparaiso, Ind.

Sirs:

Your article dealt mostly with the professionals and the larger educational institutions. The sad part is that precisely the same conditions that you wrote about exist in the smallest school of the lowest classification.

ERWIN GINSBURG

Fresno, Calif.

Sirs:

You failed to mention one influence over public opinion which seems to be free from censure, that is, the announcer of games that are broadcast.

RICHARD HENLEY

Worthington, Ohio

Sirs:

It seems the trend is away from everything our athletic programs stand for—sportsmanship, leadership and respect for authority, plus that intangible—the ability to take the sour with the sweet—defeat as well as victory.

NORRIS FOX

Bald Knob, Ark.

Sirs:

We appreciate the support you have given officiating. For the record, however, the Pacific Intercollegiate Officiating Bureau and its predecessor, the late Pacific Coast Conference, have not permitted coaches to blackball officials or to request them preferentially for more than 10 years. As for Al Lightner's forfeiting the game at Berkeley in January 1956, this did not prejudice his career. He received 27 varsity assignments from us that season and has averaged 28.7 since.

BERNIE HAMMERBECK
Commissioner, PIOB

Los Angeles

● Al Lightner has officiated exactly one game in the Berkeley campus gym since the 1956 incident.—ED.

Sirs:

As coach I was particularly interested in the statement by the officials: "Spectators

continued





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have become intolerant—and intolerable." I definitely agree.

When I am on the bench I thank heaven that my obsession to stay on it and keep my mouth shut over a disputed call has never left me. Should I ever rise it would probably be to slap some hippy fan senseless rather than sound off to a man who is trying to do a difficult job.

ROBERT PINKERTON

Dexter, N.Y.

BOSTONESE

Sirs:

I must confess I enjoyed being detected as a Boston Brahmin 'Enry 'Iggins with Mel Allen, Bob Elson, Ray Scott, etc., collectively cast as a potential claque of Liza Doolittles (SCORECARD, March 26).

Spreading the gospel of Bostonese among the barbarian grammarians who inhabit the great wastelands west of Waltham, Mass. must, indeed, be a cause to which we all are dedicated. As everyone I met in Copley Square today commented, "How else would anyone pronounce 'STAL-ad' or 'FIST-ah'?" [*i.e.*, Stallard and Pfister]

There is only one thing wrong with your comment, as we see it: the caption should *have read "from Fenway Pahk."* It's pronounced the same as Hahvid College, of course.

JOSEPH W. MCKENNEY

Boston

• The caption indeed read "Fenway Pahk," but one of those typographical errors "corrected" it.—ED.

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